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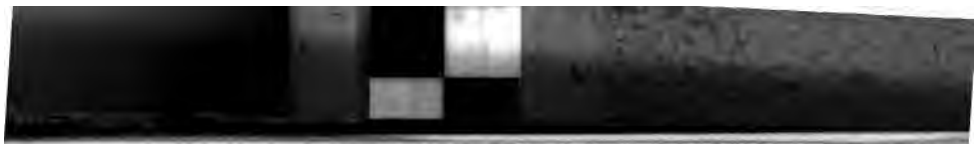
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Pioneers of Catholic Columbian Literature

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O. ST. U.



8

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Ursulines

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July 3rd 1895

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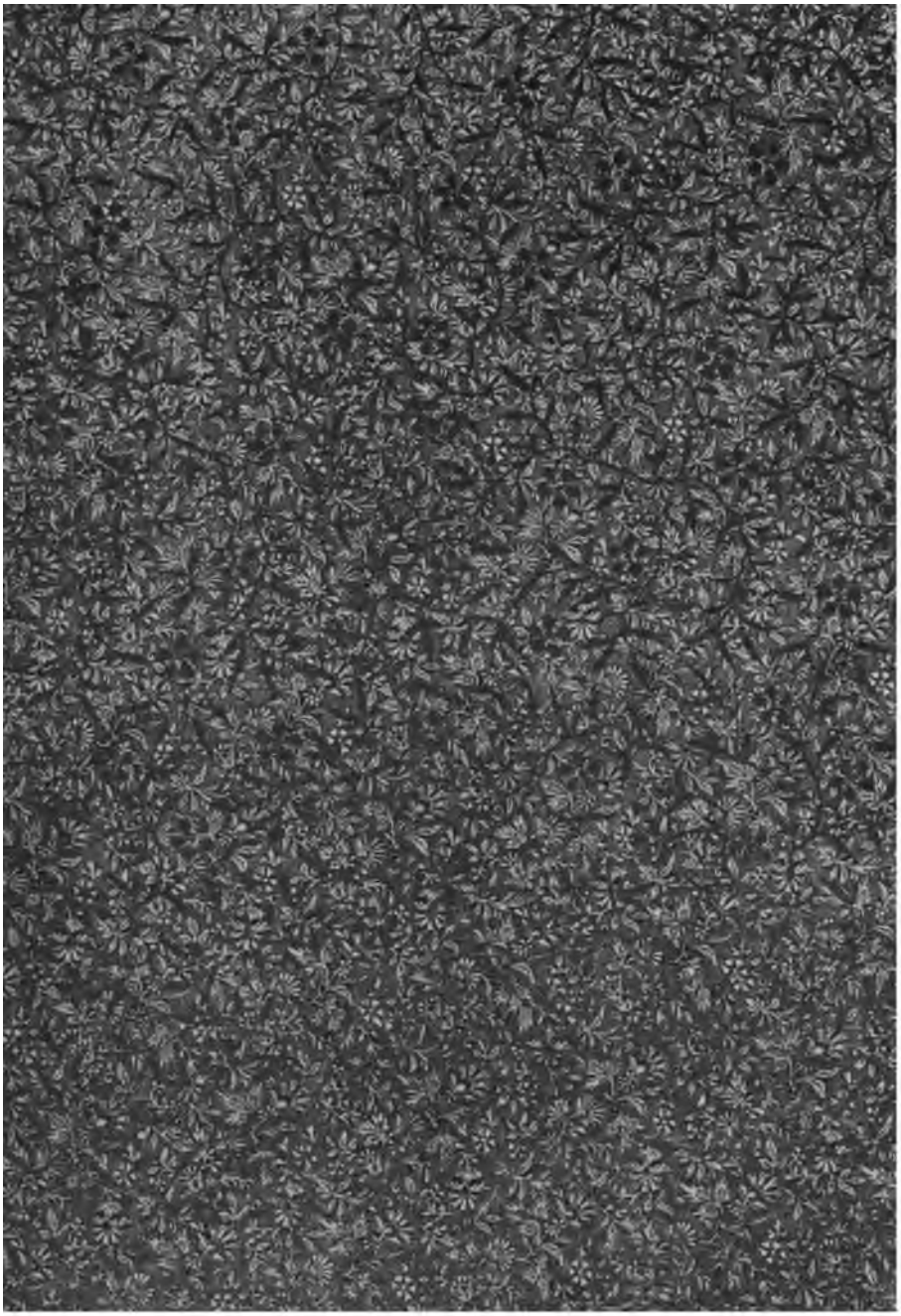
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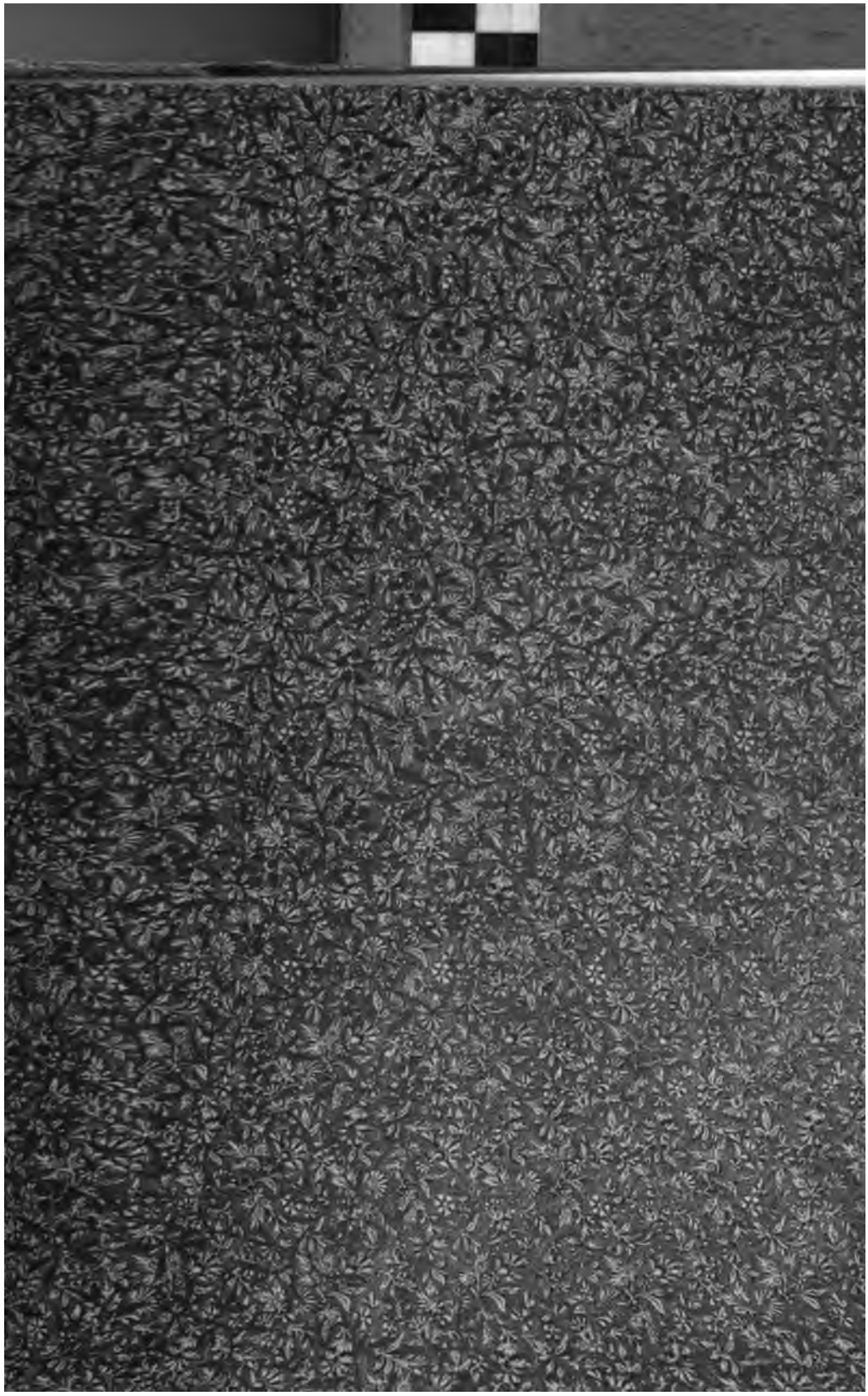
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Very faithfully Yours.

M. A. Corrigan

Abp.





1. American literature — Collections.
2. Women — Authors — U.S.
3. Catholic literature — Collections.

NBF
Ursulines
New York

Archbishop's House,
452 Madison Avenue,
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July 3rd 1895

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I am. Rev. dear Mother,

Very faithfully Yours.

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Abp.

IMMORTELLES

— OF —

CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN LITERATURE

COMPILED FROM THE WORKS OF

AMERICAN CATHOLIC WOMEN WRITERS

BY THE

URSULINES OF NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED

AKRON, O.
CHICAGO—NEW YORK
D. H. McBRIDE & COMPANY
1897.

EN

TRANSFER

2122068

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PREFACE.

This work, which we have entitled "Immortelles" of Literature, is wholly made up of characteristic and topical selections from our women writers of this century; and is intended, not merely to show the versatility of their talents, but also the lofty planes of thought and feeling which they, severally, occupy.

We have a pardonable pride in thus presenting these, our brain-workers, to the public; and, in so doing, we have a large assurance that the measure of the offering is, in itself, a radiant prophecy of what the future holds in store.

We have made no attempt to classify or analyze; but are content to leave this pleasant task to the reader.

The admirers of our "Immortelles" may pluck and bend them into nosegays, arrange in vases for the decoration of home, or form boutonnieres, by choosing the best according to the best standards, not only from the selections here given, but from other works of these writers who have so generously co-operated by their contributions, and whom we take occasion to thank for their prompt and cordial assistance in this work of love for the writers and future readers.

In placing before the American public this exhibit, we have done so only after having asked and obtained the blessing and approval of his Grace, our loved Archbishop, attested by his kind letter herein.

The Ursulines,

1897. New York City.

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INTRODUCTION.

"To the nineteenth century alone belongs the authorship of American Catholic women. It has scarcely more than reached its golden jubilee, yet, while England points to many, America enshrines in her heart of hearts the names of a host who blend their sweet voices to the grand cantata of Columbian Catholic literature.

"No meed of earthly glory shall fill the aspirations of the true Catholic woman writer. No crown of laurel or of pine shall satisfy the brow created for the amaranth of eternity. Her face is set toward the white city of the Heavenly Jerusalem; her pen is illumined with the splendor that streameth from its gates of pearl; her highest ambition is to write her name in the book of life, beside the names of those whom her genius has ennobled, whom her gifts have drawn closer to God, whom her works have established in the perfection of His law. She may not be crowned after death as one of Fame's immortals; her memory and her writings may not long survive her own day and generation; but having done what she could in her time (and with it instructed many unto justice), she shall be crowned by the Lord God in His everlasting Kingdom as one of those blessed toilers

> " 'Whose works shall last,
> Whose name shall shine as stars on high,
> When deep in the dust of a ruined past
> The labors of selfish souls shall lie.' "
>
> —From the Home Journal and News, Yonkers, N. Y.

From these timely words of the Home Journal the inspiration came to collect the "Immortelles" and place them at the feet of our Holy Mother, the Church, as a fin-de-siecle offering, with the hope that the people of the next century may emulate those of this and weave a yet brighter crown.

In our collection no attempt has been made to classify, for, like one rushing into a garden filled with varied and beautiful flowers, exotics, field-flowers or cultured blooms of hot-house growth, or what you will, is entranced, not knowing which to choose, and seizes and appropriates indiscriminately, so have we simply culled and thrown together as they appeared to our eyes desirable, leaving the arrangement to other times and other hands, so anxious are we that the readers of to-day shall see the richness of our dear Mother's garden and know the loved flowers that have bloomed ere the dawn of another century.

Thus, dear readers, you see we challenge no criticism for our collection. We ask only that you will observe its evidence of fertility and versatility in our Catholic literature yet in its springtime. Each full-blown blossom can bear the microscope of art, each bud is willing to receive its meed.

M. Seraphine,
O. St. U.

IMMORTELLES.

I.—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Eliza Allen Starr.

INVOCATION.

O Thou whose way is on the sea,
Make known to me
The path thy dread Archangels keep
Across the awful deep;
Flash o'er the shadowy main,
Light from those stars that wane,
Beyond our welkin's space;
That I, a man, may trace,
Upon adoring knees,
God's highway o'er mysterious seas.

VOYAGE.

Christ, on these shoulders rest,
While I the billows breast;
My only care,
Christ and His truth to bear
To shores unknown;
Where God is not;
In His own works forgot!
Queen on the starry throne,
Cheer with thine eyes benign,
This lonely quest of mine!

LANDING.

Glory to God on high!
Thine be the praise
Through length of days!
Fly, royal Banner, fly!
Christ to His own is nigh.
For on this flowery strand
The cross doth now victorious stand!
Sovereigns of mighty Spain,
Joy to your reign!
Castile's most gracious Queen,
Await serene,
Thy future's double crown
Of just renown!

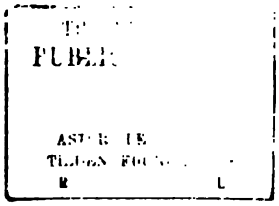
DEATH.

Hush! o'er that bed of death,
Swayed by the failing breath,
A clank of chains!
"Peace to the noble dead!"
With tears, by men is said;
While Angels sigh: "God reigns."

FOURTH CENTENARY.

To-day, what peans sound
The glad earth round!
"Colombo"! chime the bells;
Each breeze "Colombo" swells;
O'er land, o'er sea,
One burst of melody—
"A New World found."


Elizabeth Allen Starr
Mrs. M. G. Sadlier
Mary Ann Spooner
Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren
Anna Hanson Dorsey


PUBLIC

MRS. MARY A. SADLIER.

Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier holds a unique place among the Catholic litterateurs of America, and her life-work has been a service which amply deserves recognition. It carries one back to the time when large numbers of Irish boys and girls flocked to our shores seeking service in families where too often their faith was in jeopardy. Priests were few, and for multitudes of these immigrants the only vehicle of Catholic instruction was a good book. But there was practically no Catholic literature, and Mrs. Sadlier set herself to supply the need. How successfully she performed that duty we need not say. There are thousands of families in the United States that owe the preservation of their faith to her inspiring works, and in this fact lies her claim to the gratitude of the Church as well as of individuals. She made them proud of their faith at a time when it was despised and without honor. She sang of its past glories and prophesied its future victories; she struck the central chords of feeling, and on them played such rare harmonies as strengthened the faith of the friendless immigrants, and steeled their hearts against the temptations that compassed them on all sides.

Mrs. Sadlier, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Madden, is a native of Cootehill, in the County Cavan, Ireland, and was born on the closing day of the year 1820. Her father was Francis Madden, a man of refinement and literary tastes, and a highly respected merchant. Her mother, who died when her talented daughter was still a child, shared her husband's love for poetry and the legendary lore of their native land. Business embarrassments and financial troubles hastened Mr. Madden's death; and in 1844 his bereaved daughter came to this country, bringing with her, among her other treasures and relics, a goodly number of old and valuable books, including some rare editions of the English poets which had formerly belonged to her father. In November, 1846, Miss Madden became the wife of Mr. James Sadlier, one of the original partners of the well-known publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier & Company, and went to Montreal to reside, her husband being then the representative of his firm in that city. For the ensuing fourteen years Mr. and Mrs.

Sadlier remained in Canada, and it was during that period that several of her most successful stories were written; while, in addition to her other literary work, she contributed copiously to the columns of the New York Tablet and other publications. In 1860 his business interests compelled Mr. Sadlier to return to New York, to which city he accordingly removed his family; and he continued to reside there until the date of his untimely death, nine years subsequently.

During her husband's life Mrs. Sadlier frequently received most valuable assistance and inspiring encouragement from his wise counsel, keen business instincts, and truly Catholic spirit. In his capacity as publisher, Mr. Sadlier enjoyed especial facilities for ascertaining the tastes of the Catholic reading public of his day; and he was, consequently, enabled to offer his good wife many timely suggestions in regard to the character and scope of her novels. He would never permit her to become a contributor to any paper—and many were the publications which then sought her stories—of which his conscience in any way disapproved. And in matters of this kind he was not only a stern censor of his contemporaries, but also a model Catholic publisher himself, carrying his principles to that extent that, when he was the business manager of the Tablet—then the property of his firm—he time and again peremptorily refused advertisements, no matter how advantageous the terms on which they were offered, to which the slightest objection could be made by the most captious critic; preferring to sacrifice the popularity and prosperity of the paper rather than endanger its Catholic reputation.

Mrs. Sadlier's first literary ventures were sent, while she was still in her teens and a girl at Cootehill, to La Belle Assemblee, a London magazine of that time, of which Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson was the editor, and Mrs. Norton, the poetess, one of the chief contributors. After her marriage, and during the period of her residence in Montreal, Mrs. Sadlier wrote for many Canadian and American publications; frequent articles from her pen appearing in the Literary Garland and the True Witness, both Montreal papers; and in the Boston Pilot, the New York Freeman's Journal, then controlled by James A. McMaster, whose death is still deeply deplored; and the American Celt, the editor of which was the brilliant D'Arcy McGee, who during his life was one of our novelist's warmest friends and admirers. The simple fact that such editors as these not only accepted, but gladly welcomed and persistently sought her writings for their papers, is of itself sufficient proof that they possessed high literary merit. And in addition to the articles she sent these journals, Mrs. Sadlier was at this time a regular contributor to the columns of the Tablet.

The first book to appear with Mrs. Sadlier's name as its author was a collection of short stories entitled "Tales of the Olden Times," which issued from the press of John Lovell & Co., Montreal, and met with a very flattering reception from the critics. After this first venture, which proved a financial success, came "The Red Hand of Ulster," "Willie Burke; a Tale for Boys," and "Alice Riordan," a companion story for girls. The late Dr. Brownson was always a great admirer of "Willie Burke;" and readers of Brownson's own writings do not need to be told that it was no easy accomplishment for a woman to win his praises as a story-teller. "Alice Riordan" first appeared as a serial in the columns of the Boston Pilot. Among Mrs. Sadlier's other best-known works are "The Confederate Chieftains," "The Blakes and Flanagans," "Confessions of an Apostate," "Daughter of Tyrconnell," "MacCarthy More," "Maureen Dhu," "The Hermit of the Rock," "Bessy Conway," "Elinor Preston," "New Lights; or, Light in Galway," "Con O'Regan," "Aunt Honor's Keepsake," "The Heiress of Kilorgan," "The Old House by the Boyne," "Old and New," and "Father Sheehy and Other Tales." There were many others; her novels and translations numbering upward of sixty volumes.

Allusion has already been made to the fact that in all, or nearly all, of her works, Mrs. Sadlier had an especial aim and a distinct object in view, in addition to the general desire of furnishing the Catholic masses with reading that should be an antidote to the pernicious literature which was then current, and which was often thrust upon Catholics by persons desirous of accomplishing their religious perversion and ruin. For instance, "The Blakes and Flanagans" was written to warn Catholic parents of the perils to which the faith of their children was exposed in the public schools, wherein sectarianism was then so rife and belligerent. "Bessy Conway" was principally penned for those Irish-American girls who were employed in service where their religion, and, sometimes, their virtue were constantly and insidiously assailed. Again, it was chiefly for the purpose of ridiculing that silly and vulgar imitation of Yankee ways and speech which certain Irish immigrants affected, and to deride such individuals for being ashamed of their kith and kin, that "Old and New" was published. Others of her books aimed at making Irish Catholics, no matter to what other country they owed allegiance and fealty, proud of their native land and their mother Church; and at keeping alive and active their affection for the old folks at home, and the good old Catholic customs and practices of their forefathers.

Not a few of her books were written at the request, or upon the

suggestion, of eminent ecclesiastics or distinguished laymen, who, recognizing what a potent agency for good her writings were, naturally desired to see new additions made to the number of her books. "Aunt Honor's Keepsake," for example, was undertaken at the instance of Dr. Ives, with reference to the then vital issue of the New York Catholic Protectory, in which, as the prime mover of the institution, that distinguished convert took an intense interest. "Bessy Conway" was prompted by some conversations the author had with the late Father Hecker; and it was at the request of Archbishop Hughes that our author translated the Abbe Orsini's "Life of the Blessed Virgin," as a companion volume to which she subsequently rendered into English De Ligny's "Christ." Among her other devotional works, the greater part of which were translations, may be named "The Year of Mary," "Collot's Doctrinal Catechism," and "The Catechism of Examples." Mrs. Sadlier also compiled a "Catechism of Sacred History," which is still used in Catholic schools.

Perhaps the most prominent trait of Mrs. Sadlier's character is, and always has been, a natural love of retirement, that prompted her on all occasions to shrink from and to shun publicity as much as possible; and that rendered her indifferent to the distinction which her many literary successes often brought her. So long as she was assured that her books were being productive of good among the people for whom they were principally written, and as long as she knew that the purposes she had in view in writing them were being attained through their influence, she cared very little for the accidents of literary fame or reputation. Let it not be concluded, however, that she was in any sense cold or reserved. On the contrary, of a kindly and sympathetic nature, she received people of all ranks and conditions, befriended all alike; and the humbler or poorer the caller upon her was, whether it was her charity or her patronage that was solicited, the warmer was certain to be her welcome, and the more generous the assistance she proffered. The genteel poor were her especial proteges, and she was always gracious in her demeanor to young literary aspirants.

In recognition of Mrs. Sadlier's merits as a Catholic writer and as such a benefactress of her race in this country, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, presented her with the "Laetare Medal," on April 1st, 1895.

II.—O'CONNELL'S HEART.*

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully,
That heart of a nation which pulsates no more,
The fount that gushed ever with Freedom's pure lore.
Through years over Erin it brooded and wept,
It watched while she slumbered and prayed when she slept;
And the Saxon raged on that his chains had not crushed
The faith of a nation whose harp he had hushed.

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully.
It was broken at last when the famine plague's glaive
And the spade turned the shamrock in grave after grave;
When the angels of God turned weeping away
From the want-stricken earth, and its famishing clay,
And the wail of the dying arose from the sod,
The dying—those martyrs to faith and to God—
Came like the wild knell of his hope's fairest day,
Is it strange that its life-tide ebbed quickly away?

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully.
Oh God! how it struggled to burst the vile chain
That fettered thee, Erin—but struggled in vain,
How humble to God—to the Saxon what scorn,
To its friends true and loving, its foes proud and stern.
How strong, like a barrier of angels it stood,
Crying "Justice! We struggle for justice, not blood;"
And in Christ's holy name chided back the mad throngs,
Who indignant were thirsting for blood for their wrongs.

*The last words of this great and extraordinary man were, "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to God."

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully,
From Erin's sad sunset to Italy's light,
Where the sunshine of glory hath sprung from the night,
Where the golden-eyed spirit of freedom's new birth,
Aroused by a voice which thrills o'er the earth,
Will, with the fair angels, keep vigils around it,
Rejoicing that, freed from the fetters that bound it,
Released from its anguish, its watching, its weeping,
It rests far above where its ashes are sleeping.

Yes, bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully.
From Lough Foyle's dark waters to Shannon's broad wave,
To the rough Munster coast which the ocean tides lave,
Comes a sad note of wailing, it swells like the sea;
It sounds from the hill tops, it shrieks o'er the lea!
Oh Erin—oh Erin, what crime hast thou done
That the light should be blotted away from thy sun;
Thy Faith be down-trodden, they blessings all flee,
And thy sons and thy daughters be martyred with thee?

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully,
Where sleep the Apostles, where martyred saints rest;
Down near the shrines of the blest lay it tenderly,
For the spirit that lit up the casket of clay
Hath gone with the luster of faith 'round its way,
Appealing before the tribunal of heaven,
Oh Erin, for thee, that thy chains may be riven;
And the day hastens on when the Saxon with wonder.
Shall flee from the wrath of its answering thunder.

III.—THE BATTLE OF BENBURB, 1646.

(From Confederate Chieftains.)

As Owen Roe O'Neill rode slowly along the line, he was joined by Bishop McMahon, who had been surveying the ground and the different arrangements with the eye of a veteran soldier. "Owen," said he, "our position here is every way admirable, but how shall we manage the sun yonder, shining full in our eyes?"

"I have thought of that, my lord," said the general, with an anxious glance at the too brilliant luminary; "would the enemy but keep quiet for a few hours, all were well; but as they will attack us, we must e'en keep them in play till the sun begins to descend. How now, Rory?" He was passing the Fermanagh men at the moment, and the young chief stepped forward, indicating by a sign that he wished to speak.

"I fear for my poor uncle," said Rory; "he hath made up his mind that he is to die this day, but not till he hath worked out some conceit of his own, the which I take to be so perilous that it may well end as he forebodes. Could you not send him to keep guard in the wood yonder?"

"An' he did, too," said Lorcan at his elbow. "I would not go. Others can keep guard in the wood as well as I, and I might thereby lose my chance of revenge. For shame, Rory, plotting against your old uncle!"

"But, uncle, you do not know—"

"Lorcan, it were a post of honor, an' you knew but all."

"Small thanks to either of you," said the old man snappishly. "I know enough to take care of my own

honor. In the van I'll be, I tell you that; it wasn't to hide myself in the wood that I got the sight I did this morning."

"Steady, men, steady!" cried Owen O'Neill, "they are advancing rapidly. Keep your ground: obey your officers; they know my plans."

"The cavalry! the cavalry! oh! the hell-hounds, a warm welcome to them."

On they went, Lord Ardes at their head, their terrible claymores flashing in the sun. Heaven help the Irish kern, with only their barradhs and glib-locks to protect their heads! Yet firm as a rock they stand, with their pikes and bayonets firmly clasped, prepared to resist the shock. But on and still on they come, Monroe's bloody troopers. Hurrah! midway on their course they are greeted by a scathing fire from the bushes on either side; they reel; they attempt to rally; Lord Ardes waves his saber and urges them on; thick and fast comes the deadly volley from the brushwood; down go the Scots one after one, man and horse rolling over down the hillside. A panic seized the troopers, and their officers losing all command of them, they hastily made their retreat to the sheltering columns of the army. Loud and long was the laugh that pealed after them, and Owen Roe, riding once more to the front, cried out:

"Bravely done, my faithful Rapparees! I knew it was in you!"

"Methinks Lord Ardes will scarcely try it again, Owen," said Phelim, coming forward at a gallop.

"Whom may we thank for that?"

"Captain Donogh and his brave comrades," said Owen; "they are the boys for the scrogs and bushes!

But back, back, Phelim; as I live they're opening a cannonade! Heavens! what a peal! Spare, O Lord! spare our brave fellows! Ha! our Lady shields us well."

Again the shout of mirthful mockery burst from the Irish ranks as shot after shot boomed in quick succession from the enemy's guns without so much as harming a single man.

"Oh! the darling were you, Owen Roe!" "The Lord be praised! isn't he the wonderful man?" "See that, now!" Amid these exulting shouts and cries of admiration and the dull roar of the heavy cannonade a cry of anguish was heard so loud and shrill and piercing that every eye was turned in the direction of the altar whence the sound appeared to proceed. Few could see what was going on there, but those that did found it hard to keep their places in the ranks in obedience to the stern voice of the general calling out at the moment: "Stir not a man of you, on pain of death!" But the cry went round, "Poor Malachy na Soggarth!" and soon it reached the McMahons, and the bishop himself was quickly on his knees beside the bleeding body of his humble friend, for Malachy indeed it was. The poor fellow, in making some new arrangement about the altar preparatory to the celebration of Thanksgiving, to which he looked forward, had incautiously ascended the steps, and, thus exposed, became a mark for some deadly shot, the Puritans, doubtless, taking him for a priest. Fitting death, surely, for Malachy na Soggarth! Judith and Emeline were already on the spot, supporting the inanimate form between them and endeavoring to stanch the blood that flowed profusely from the breast.

"My poor, poor Malachy!" said the bishop in a choking voice as he leaned over him.

"Is there life in him, think you?"

Laying his hand on the poor fellow's heart, he shook his head mournfully.

"Alas! alas! Malachy," he murmured, while the tears streamed from his eyes, "it will never beat again! God rest your soul in peace! Let us lay him here on the steps, my daughters, till we see how the battle goes. Your lives are not safe here, and I must away where duty calls."

"But can we do nothing for him, my lord?" said Judith anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing! my poor Malachy is beyond mortal succor!"

"For heaven's sake, Judith, let us go!" said the more timid Emeline, shrinking with terror as a cannon-ball raked up the ground within a few feet and went bounding away toward the wood.

"She is right," said the bishop; "haste away, I implore—I command you!" and then tenderly he laid the body of his late sacristan on the lowest step of the altar, saying: "Rest you there, Malachy, till I return, if return I do or may."

By this time Angus and some others of the Rapparees were hurrying the ladies back to the woods, and seeing Malachy's body, they would have taken it, too, but hearing that the bishop had placed it where it was, they reluctantly left it behind.

"Poor Malachy na Soggarth! are you the first?" sighed Angus. "God knows who will be the last; you'll be well avenged, anyhow, before night!"

Back to the post of danger flew the bishop, and he

found the Clan McMahon busily engaged in a skirmish with the enemy, whilst Owen Roe himself and young Rory Maguire were charging with well-feigned impetuosity; indeed, all along the line the Irish forces were more or less in action, now advancing, now retiring, yet still maintaining their ground with all the disadvantages of a strong sun shining full in their faces, and the wind blowing the smoke of the Scottish guns right against them. Still they had the counter advantage of position, posted as they were between two hills with the wood on their rear, whereas the Puritans were hemmed in between the river and a wide-spreading bog. Little recked they, in their pride, that the saffron-coated kern held the hillsides above them. Were they not delivered unto them? Yea, even the elements lent their aid against them and the sun himself struck them, as it were, with blindness. Verily, God's judgments were upon those idolaters, and their strength must wither as grass before the wrathful eyes of the elect.

With this impression on their minds, the Puritan generals made charge after charge on the Irish columns—now with horse, now with foot, and again with both. Somehow the "idolaters" were not quite so easily overcome as they in their fanatical faith had believed. It is true they seemed to fight rather shy, as though fearing to come in too close contact with the swords of Lord Ardes' cavalrymen, but with the agility of mountain goats and the cunning of foxes they managed to elude the furious onslaught of the Puritans. Truly Owen Roe was styled the Fabius of his country, for such generalship has rarely been displayed in any age, such consummate skill and prudence as the field of Benburb witnessed that day.

MRS. ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, the pioneer of Catholic light literature in the United States, was born of Protestant parents, being the only daughter of the Rev. William McKenney, chaplain of the U. S. N., and his wife, Chloe Ann Lanigan McKenney. She is of old Colonial and Revolutionary descent, in direct lines from the Hansons, McCubbins and Lanigans of Maryland, who, with Carroll and other patriots, stood in the van with the men who "pledged their fortunes, their sacred honor and their lives" to the accomplishment of the independence of their country. Her parents were highly cultured and their companionship made a deep impression upon the mind of their gifted daughter at an early age.

A most singular prejudice against Catholics took possession of her mind, though her parents were most liberal in their tenets and not given to controversy. After her marriage she was led by a singular Providence into the Catholic Faith, where she rejoices in having found all that the soul needs.

About this time Mrs. Dorsey began to write, and for about half a century has stood in the front rank of writers of fiction for the young in the English language. Among Catholic writers, at any rate, she has had very few to equal or even compare with her. The admirable talents with which nature had endowed her, and the excellent education by which they were brought to full development, had superadded to them a position in life which gave her a very exceptional acquaintance with all sides of human existence.

Profoundly religious, not only by the gift of inheritance, but especially by the studies and conviction of mature age, she viewed all human things in the light of the divine. Thus she was enabled to give pictures of human life full of profound interest and of most valuable instruction.

The stories which she has woven in more than twenty volumes have been read by thousands of young and old during these many years, and they still continue to be favorite books in all distributions of school premiums.

When Mrs. Dorsey wrote her last beautiful work, "Palms," she said that this was to be the end of her literary career. Her in-

numerable friends and admirers are unwilling to believe that this can be true. Still they felt that the time had come to give some public token of their appreciation of the work which she has so nobly done. Pope Leo XIII. had already shown his estimation of her services to religion by sending her, through Cardinal Gibbons, his special benediction. The University of Notre Dame, in Indiana, bestowed on her some years ago the "Laetare Medal" in recognition of the excellence of her writings.

Now Cardinal Gibbons, as the spokesman of all the Catholics in the country, presented to her, through Bishop Keane of the Catholic University of America, an address, accompanied by a purse of fifteen hundred dollars. The venerable lady was profoundly touched by this expression (from so high an authority) of the estimation in which she is so deservedly held by the Catholics of America. Her response is conveyed in the following terms:

"To His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons:

"Your Eminence: The gracious words accompanying the generous offering presented to me by Bishop Keane in your name, are inestimably precious to me and crown my life-work like a benediction full of sweetness and consolation. I thank Your Eminence for them and I also accept with gratitude the fund given in testimony of good will and appreciation by those whose friendship I highly value. I earnestly hope that Almighty God will bless and reward Your Eminence and all who had share in the kind work. Asking your blessing and your prayers, I am, Your Eminence, faithfully and obediently,

Yours in Christ,

Anna Hanson Dorsey."

Her principal works are: "The Flemings," "Palms," "Ada's Trust," "Adrift," "Coaina," "Beth's Promise," "Warp and Woof," "Zoe's Daughter," "Heiress of Carrigmona," "Old House at Glenaran," "Fate of the Dane," "Mad Penitent of Todi," "A Brave Girl," "Story of Manuel," "Christ Child."

IV.—TO ANNA HANSON DORSEY.

(From the Ave Maria.)

There stood all day above the din and roar
 Of crowded streets a statue purely wrought,
 To heaven pointing. On its fair brow high thought
Enshrined was; and when the studded door
Of night had closed, it, more enraptured, bore
 The artist's touch; and those (the few that sought
 The sculptor's meaning) felt their chilled hearts fraught,
Under the silence, with God's love the more:
 So you, creatrix, with your noble art,
 Have worked serene above a sordid world;
 Not prizing much its praises or its blame,
 But telling secrets to the faithful heart,
 Learned well of God. Who reads your pages, pearled
 With faith and love, must hail and bless your name!

—Maurice Francis Egan.

V.—THE BLIND CHILD.

(From Palms.)

"Listen, my sweet one, to the cascade!" said Zilla. "It is fluttering down over the rocks like a tattered rainbow, chattering with the finches, and doing its best to catch them as they flirt their wings in the spray and dart off with wild trills that sound like derisive laughter. Even the marble naiad seemed merry as the sunshine glistens through the water that is dashing over her; she looks as if she'd like to step out and dance! Oh, it is very beautiful, my child! And, then, the smell of the new roses brought from a far Eastern land! They are just blooming, and the air is full of their fragrance. So rise up now, pretty one; don't lie there, with thy face hidden in the grass, saying no word, when even the butterflies would sing if they could."

The two were once more together in the child's favorite haunt near the cascade in the beautiful gardens of the villa on the Aventine; but the little one, silent and drooping, no longer responded to the gladdening influences of the spot. In vain Zilla's entreaty; she made no sign, uttered no word. She had thrown herself upon the grass, her forehead resting on one of her arms, while with the other extended, her fingers listlessly toying with a wild hyacinth they happened to touch. Her fleecy, shining curls strayed loosely over her shoulders, some of their long tendrils coiled like shredded gold among the fragrant grasses. Her tunic, of white Persian muslin shot with silver, falling in diaphanous folds around her, was gently stirred now

and then by a passing zephyr, but she herself remained motionless and silent.

"Perhaps," thought Zilla, "she is slumbering. The day is so delicious, the air so languorous with sweet odors, and the sunshine falls so warm out of the blue skies. What wonder if she should have dropped asleep?"

But she was not asleep, and Zilla could not see the warm tears that moistened, like precious dews, the wild violets against which her face was pressed. Whatever it was that held her so silent, she would not disturb it, but wait. While watching with eyes full of yearning love the recumbent form, a look of deep trouble clouded Zilla's face.

"She is slipping away from me," she murmured. "I no longer satisfy her; she is pining for other love than mine, a love coldly withheld, while mine has been lavished."

"My little lady," she whispered softly, unable to restrain herself any longer, "art thou awake? Ah! why refuse to speak to thy poor Zilla, who loves thee so?"

The bright head moved, there was a sound, half sigh, half sob. The hand toying with the wild hyacinth was held up, seized and kissed by the woman.

"Now, dearest one," she said, placing her arm tenderly under the child, lifting her gently until she rested against her bosom. Then she saw, with a sharp pang, that she had been weeping. But Zilla seemed not to notice; she only smoothed back the golden tangles from her forehead, and turned herself slightly, so that a current of fresh air drifting by fanned and refreshed the hot, flushed face. Then, still without a word, she kissed away very gently the traces left by tears upon

it. But her heart was not so calm as her outward seeming. It was burning with the fury of a Pythoness, and cried out in voiceless words: "May Nemesis speedily overtake him who would cause tears to a child like this!"

Then, after a space, the air like golden fragrant wine, the low whisper of leaves, the soft plash of fountains, the mellow fluting of the thrushes among the mulberry trees on the hillside, and the clear, wild trills of the goldfinches in the limes, fell like balms on both troubled hearts, soothing those discordant emotions, which, under Roman skies, are never of long continuance, until both woman and child were possessed by an indefinable passive sensation that made the sense of existence delicious, and banished the passion and sorrow which so recently disturbed them.

"Now, my child," said Zilla, "we will go and sit under the ilex trees near the Fountain of Diana, and I will tell thee how once the naiads caught a satyr, and tried to pull him into the stream."

"No! No! I don't want to hear stories like that!" answered the child, as they walked along a verdant alley.

"Then I'll tell thee about the great festa I once saw, when the priests of the temples, with music and banners and a great multitude in gay attire, all singing, carried the statue of Cybele from her sanctuary to bathe it in the Fountain of Egeria. Oh! it was a grand spectacle!"

"I don't want to hear about it!" interrupted the child in quiet tones.

"Well, then, here we are; and here, too, are those cypress-wood boxes that were brought weeks ago."

"Boxes! Tell me of them."

"Oh, they are only some rough boxes that arrived three weeks ago! I heard Symphronius say they contained statues—Grecian statues. It may be so; no one has seen them."

"Who sent them?" was the next eager question.

"Thy noble father, dear one."

Ah, now did the child's face glow and brighten! Here at least was something that spoke of him, something that she could touch and feel.

"Here is one," continued Zilla, "right under the dancing shadows of the leaves. We will sit upon it and rest."

Claudia laid her hand with a caressing touch on the wood; then, bending down, she kissed the rough case and pressed her cheek upon it.

"Yes, yes, he will come very soon now, Zilla. He will want to know what they have done with his boxes. It is very plain that he will have to come," she said joyously.

"I think so, my child; it is time," answered Zilla, sighing. "Oh! how brightly the light dances on the fountain, while the pomegranate flowers scatter their scarlet leaves in the basin, where they chase each other like elves at play——"

"Zilla, what is light?" interrupted Claudia, her wide-open, dreamy eyes gazing blankly away into the far distance.

"Light!" said Zilla, with a start, while her face grew very white. "Light is the smile of the gods, I think."

"Dost thou see it? Tell me what it is like?" persisted the child.

"Ah! my little one. I feel it. I smell it in the

flowers; taste it in the fruits; hear it in the winds; and when the birds sing, even as thou dost," said Zilla, evasively.

She had fondly hoped that this child, blind from her birth, would not discover her misfortune—at least until she was old enough to comprehend and make the best of it. Hence it had been her ever-tender and watchful effort to impress her with the idea—not by words—that she was different from others. All the little creature's other senses were so acute, and so faithfully was her deprivation supplied by every means that Zilla's deep love for her and her intelligent and refined mind could suggest. With such untiring vigilance did she guard her from learning even accidentally that she was blind, that until this moment she had never given the slightest intimation of an awakened consciousness of the fact that there was in her life a mystery of mingled shadow and blankness which she could not penetrate. Zilla was troubled, and sought to turn the child's thought in another direction. She was unprepared for the issue now. She must think it over, and see how best to meet it. She would use every art at her command, however, to put off the evil day as long as she could.

"See, dearest; I have brought my lute with me. Shall I sing the peasant's vintage song for thee? Or shall I sing about the fishermen, and how they sail out into the blue sea, chanting their gay songs, as their boats skim the waves like white birds?"

"Yes—that. But who knows?" she asked.

"The poets, who dream of all they tell. Are not thy dreams sometimes lovely? So are theirs."

"Yes. I love to dream strange, beautiful things.

Sing, my mother," for so the child often called her, "sing the poet's dream."

And with light, musical touches, and in tones sweetly clear and tender, Zilla played and sang her own far-away memories of the beautiful Ægean, with its mysterious islands, visited by the gods, and where the oracles sometimes declared their demoniacal inspirations in the sacred groves.

Seeing that Claudia was pleased, the good nurse played and sang on and on, merry airs, dance music and comic litle songs, that made the child laugh and clap her dimpled hands and beat her feet softly on the grass. Then, when afraid of wearying her, Zilla laid the lute aside, Claudia threw her arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Oh, I know now that he will soon be here!" she exclaimed. "I dream it like the poet. I feel it like the warm sunlight in my heart."

"Yes, dear one, I am sure of it," said Zilla, returning the sweet caress. Now we'll gather flowers, and make fresh garlands for Dū Penaets. He will like that, for he honors the gods."

"Oh, yes; but—how wilt thou find the prettiest?" she asked hesitatingly.

"By smelling and touching them," was Zilla's ready answer. "It is easy to tell a hyacinth from a rose, and a violet from a pomegranate flower, which has no perfume. We'll go nearer the fountain, my love, where the spray will fall on the garlands as we make them, and keep them fresh."

It did not take Zilla long in such a wilderness of bloom to collect an armful of the richest flowers, vines and leaves of the sweet olive. Then the two sat to-

gether on a low bank of moss, busy and chattering over their work.

"The blue ones are here to thy left," said Zilla, guiding the child's hand; the white ones just in front, close by the blush roses. These are the sweet olive leaves, and——"

"How canst thou tell one from the other?" interrupted Claudia. "I know thou hast not told me true!"

"I tell thee true; it is by the touch, the smell, the thorns that I know them."

"Why can not I, too?"

"Thou wilt do it just as I do when thou art older. Thou hast many things to learn yet. Now, here are some carnations, smelling like cinnamon — some red, some white. They will look lovely with the blush roses and almond blossoms, and the orange flowers," answered the unscrupulous Zilla, ready to say anything that would save her darling from a knowledge of the bitter truth. And presently they grew so intent on their work that Claudia no longer cared to talk, and Zilla was glad of silence, to wonder how she should meet the queries evolved from the child's ripening intelligence, which would not much longer allow the concealment of her misfortune. Never having seen, she was as yet unable to comprehend the dark side of her life.

Zilla was pondering the question. She fancied she heard a footstep, which might be that of one of the gardeners. But the sound suddenly ceased, and was resumed, as if some one were stealthily approaching. She looked up quickly, but saw no one. In a few moments she heard a rustling of leaves, and on casting a glance around, thought she discovered a quivering of the ivy

vines which covered a screen-work that furnished the background for a statue of Silenus. Another glance more steady and penetrating discovered a hand pressing aside the sprays, and through the space so opened were visible a pair of large, dark eyes intently gazing towards them. She dropped the garland she was weaving, and, crouching on one knee, threw one arm around the child, and, as swift as lightning, lifted the other to her head and drew out from the heavy coil of hair at the back a sharp, gleaming dagger, such as the Roman women in those days of violence had need to carry.

"It is one of those accursed Christians lurking about to watch for an opportunity to steal the child for their midnight sacrifice!" was the thought that flashed through her mind; "but there will be a struggle unto death first!"

Her teeth were set, her face rigid with her purpose and as white as marble in the concentration of her heroic will. She looked like a tigress ready to spring on the hunter who would rob her of her young.

The intruder, seeing that he was discovered, came from his place of concealment and stood in full view, the bright sunlight upon him revealing every feature. It was Nemesius. His complexion was bronzed, his face lined and grave, and the hair on his temples threaded with white. Zilla uttered a low cry, and pointed to the child still busy among the flowers. He lifted his hand for her to be silent. His emotion was too deep for words. His chin quivered and his face grew pallid as he stood gazing upon the image of his lost love. The silence was broken by the child.

"Zilla! someone is here. I am afraid. Come to me!" she cried.

"Let her come to me," he said, in low, hoarse tones.

"Yes, yes, dear child; someone is indeed here—he whom thou hast waited for; he stands there, and bids thee come to his embrace," said Zilla, in trembling tones.

Claudia threw back her head, a radiant smile lit up her lovely face; and she sprang up, grasping Zilla's hand, to be led to him, so dependent had she always been upon her for guidance. Her countenance glowed with joy, but her wide-open eyes turned blankly in another direction from where he stood.

"Where? Where?" she exclaimed, dragging at Zilla's hand.

"Here. Come to me; do not be afraid. Let go her hand," he said. "This way, my sweet child. What is the meaning of this?" he suddenly asked Zilla, as the child, while apparently gazing directly at him, went from him. In an instant Zilla was at his side.

"She is blind—blind from her birth!" she said, her countenance grave and stern, "but she is unconscious of her misfortune, and must not be told it."

For answer, he sprang forward, lifted the child into his arms, clasping her to his breast, and raining kisses upon her happy face. He had made a sepulcher of his heart all these years; now suddenly unsealed, the true, tender nature within awoke to new life; the deep fountain of his affection, so long pent up, flowed forth, mingled with an infinite pity and tenderness towards the innocent and lovely being that claimed it. He called her by the sweetest and most endearing names, covering her with caresses which she, radiant with happiness, returned with glad smiles and sweet, artless words.

The meeting had been entirely unexpected to the great captain, who had intended to go to his villa and return unseen to select sites for his Greek statuary. Going towards the spot where the cases were deposited, to see whether his orders had been carried out, he heard the sound of a lute, accompanied by a wonderfully sweet voice, which presently ceased. Then he heard a woman and child conversing, and he determined to conceal himself, ascertain who they were, and go his way. This was not altogether purposeless, for there was something in his heart that assured him he was near his child—his child whom he had never seen—and, impelled by the irresistible impulse, he, treading softly, passed behind the screen of ivy, and, gazing through, beheld that which has been already described.

"Why was this misfortune concealed from me?" he asked, turning suddenly to Zilla.

Zilla laid her finger on her lips and raised her hand to arrest his speech, then in a few brief words, spoken in her own sweet Thessalian tongue, she reminded him of the day he had ordered her from his presence, the day when, with aching heart, she had gone to his apartment to tell him of it.

"I was mad—mad with grief! I remember what thou recallest, and if thou canst not forgive my cruel neglect, let it comfort thee to know that I can never forgive myself," he answered, in the same language.

"Forgive is a word unknown in the vocabulary of a slave towards her master," she replied, in cold, quiet tones. "The child does not know she is blind. I have never spoken to her of her wanting sense nor allowed others to do so. I have guarded her from the remotest conception of her loss, which was not so difficult a task

as might appear; for, having been born blind, she is not conscious that she is unlike others. At least I fondly hoped so until this very day, when she asked me 'What is light?' I evaded the question, and beg of thee not to refer to her great deprivation. Her life so far has been very happy——"

"Made so by thee, Zilla."

"Her only ungratified happiness, noble sir, has been an almost feverish longing for thy presence," continued the relentless Zilla.

"And so thou didst teach her to love me! Faithful Zilla! how can I ever repay thy care and tenderness? From this moment thou art free!" he said with emotion.

"Thou meanest kindly," she answered, in low, even tones, but I can never be free from the promise I made to her dying mother. I understand thee to mean I am no longer thy slave, but I am hers by the affection I bear her, and by that promise; and unless thou dost compel me by force to leave her, I never will. It would kill me to be separated from her; for remember, noble Nemesius, she is the only thing Fate has spared me to love."

"Thou shalt never leave her by will of mine. I swear it by the altars of the gods!" he said. "She is thine by adoption and such love as only mothers can give their offspring."

While this conversation was going on in the musical Thessalian speech, the child, with one arm around her father's neck, had been busily tracing with her dainty fingers every line of his face, each feature in turn, following the outline of his head and chin, always bringing her hand back, like a white fluttering bird, to his eyes, as if to make sure of something. She felt that they

were full of great tears, which wet her cheek, close pressed to his, and dropped upon her fingers.

"Why dost thou weep when I am so glad?" she asked, tremulously.

"Aha! my little love! How could I weep, having just found thee? What thou mistakest for tears is the spray from the fountain, blown into my face by a zephyr," he answered, smoothing her hair from her forehead, that he might scan her wonderful loveliness.

"And thou wilt never leave me again? Oh! how I longed to see thee, but never could unless when I was asleep. Then, when I awoke, thou wert gone! Oh! it was very tiresome to wait so long; but now I have thee, and I will never let thee go!" she said, clinging closer to him.

"Nothing shall separate us again, my dove, not even death," he whispered.

The words, "not even death," of the brave, handsome pagan, it will be seen later, bore a strange significance to subsequent events in his history.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Eliza Allen Starr was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, August 29th, 1824. The founder of the family in America, Dr. Comfort Starr, of Ashford, County Kent, England, came to Cambridge, Mass., in 1634. On the maternal side Miss Starr is descended from the "Allens of the Bars"—originally of Chelmsford, Essex—distinguished in the colonial history of Durfield from the time of King Philip's War. While still in early womanhood she passed from these scholarly influences to enjoy all that was best in Boston culture and to profit, also, by the intellectual resources of Philadelphia, where her cousin, George Allen, LL. D., was professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Pennsylvania. In the latter city Miss Starr was privileged to number among her most intimate friends the illustrious Archbishop Kenrick, most widely known, perhaps, through his translation of the Holy Scriptures. With his encouragement several of her earlier poems found their way into print, and the influence of the same learned prelate, with that of her cousin, Professor Allen, introduced her to those deeper studies which eventually led her into the Catholic Church; although she was actually received in Boston, in the old cathedral on Franklin street, by Bishop Fitzpatrick, December, 1854. When the family about this time settled in the West, Miss Starr, while continuing her purely literary pursuits, began the special art work with which her name is inseparably associated—a work in form, scope and execution entirely unique. This work is not confined to the very original articles upon art and artists from her pen, with which readers of various periodicals are familiar, nor to the training of pupils in drawing and painting, but has its chief development in the inimitable lectures given in her studio, at the houses of friends in Chicago and even in several of our principal cities.

In 1876 Miss Starr published a volume of poems which was most favorably received, and later, two delightful books entitled "Patron Saints." A sharer in the terrible experiences of the great Chicago fire in 1871, our author, as soon as circumstances permitted, resumed her labors, and the generosity of a friend enabled her to visit Europe in 1875. After her return, "Pilgrims and Shrines" was given to the public, a most original and altogether charming contribution to art literature, embellished by her own etchings from drawings taken on the most interesting sites visited by her. The "Songs of

a Life time" was published in 1887, and has been since succeeded by "Isabella of Castile," "Christmas-tide," "Christian Art in Our Own Age," and "What We See."

In 1885, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, conferred upon her the Laetare Medal, as a recognition of her services to Catholic Art and Literature, and during the Catholic Congress held under the auspices of the World's Columbian Exposition, Miss Starr gave a paper on "Woman's Work in Art."

Miss Starr's quaintly beautiful home, "St. Joseph's Cottage," is a treasure house of "ideas," which, as she strongly expresses it, "must make the first furnishing of a town"—a center of art and education, of benevolent enterprises and social influence, the highest charm of which is the remarkable personality of its venerated mistress.

Miss Starr is the president of the Queen Isabella Association.

VI.—ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

Isabella was proclaimed queen (December, 1474), with the usual solemnities, on the great square of Segovia, from which the royal procession moved to the Cathedral; where, after the Te Deum had been chanted, she prostrated herself before the high altar, returning solemn thanks to Almighty God, who had thus preserved her for his service, and imploring the light of heavenly wisdom for the proper discharge of her high duties.

During her husband's absence in Aragon, in the spring of 1481, a quarrel took place in the ante-chamber of her palace at Valladolid, between two young noblemen, one of whom was a son of her old friend, the Admiral of Castile, and a kinsman of Ferdinand. Having taken the weaker party, the young Lord of Toral, under her protection by granting him a safe conduct until the affair was adjusted, she was filled with indignation on learning that the kinsman of Ferdinand, and son, too, of the admiral, had violated the peace by cudgeling his foe at evening in the streets of the city. She mounted her horse immediately, though in the midst of a heavy rainstorm, and rode so rapidly towards the castle, then in the possession of the admiral, where she supposed the offender had taken refuge, that the officers in attendance could not overtake her until she had reached the fortress, where she demanded of the admiral his son. He replied that he was not there. Whereupon she demanded the keys, and searched for herself, to return disappointed to Valladolid.

The next day the queen was ill in bed, as much from chagrin as exposure.

"My body is lame," she said, "with the blows given by Don Frederick in contempt of my safe conduct."

The empire of Isabella was not bounded by Castile and Leon, nor by her authority as sovereign; for it was true of her, as of hardly any sovereign in any age, that her empire was in the hearts of her people. She had endeared herself to them by her womanly sympathy, by the tears shed over their misfortunes; but when they saw her directing the national counsels, sharing fatigues, dangers, and all this with a broad intellectual power of comprehension usually denied her sex, the devotion to her was more than loyalty; was mingled with chivalrous veneration which woman alone can inspire; and woman, too, in an age and country which honors her who was called "Blessed among women" as the ideal type of all succeeding generations. Into the presence of this woman, whose royal endowments of heart, of mind, and of soul, had been re-inforced by a life of unselfishly heroic actions, now advances one whose fame is to be henceforth associated with hers as the crowning glory of Isabella, Queen of Castile. He bears with him no trapping of knighthood, and yet he stands forth from the background of grand Christian knights, of valorous leaders, and conquerors, as if he alone could have worthily filled a page of Spain's glorious history. He brings with him no credentials from other powers, although he has visited other courts, has laid his cause before princes. His only endorsement, that of a humble Franciscan friar, guardian of the convent of La Rabida, close to the little seaport town of Palos in Andalusia.

The motives which Columbus had put before the merchants of Venice and Genoa, before King John of Portugal, by an inspiration, it would seem, an instinctive appreciation of the motives which controlled Isabella, were laid aside in her presence. He spoke to her as he had spoken so often to Fra. Perez under the stars of La Rabida, of the absolute certainty of continents on the other side of this round world; continents peopled by races to whom the true God was not known, to whom the Gospel of the Nazarene had not been preached; nations sitting in the shades of death. The intellect of Isabella instantly seized the geographical problem, and her woman's heart and her lofty faith appropriated the future destiny of those races for time and eternity as in her hand.

Columbus, his genius, his exalted motives, had been appreciated by the queen as they deserved.

With all the warmth and enthusiasm of her chivalrous soul, she exclaimed: "I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to meet the expenses of the expedition if the funds of the royal treasury do not suffice." It was solely as Isabella of Castile that she pledged her support to Christopher Columbus, and as Isabella of Castile she would be the co-discoverer of the New World.

VII.—SAINT URSULA AND HER COMPANIONS.

One morning—it seems strange that the morning should have been just as bright fifteen hundred years ago as now—in the year of our Lord 450, there was

seen off that northern coast of France, called Brittany, a fleet of noble ships; not such as ride in our harbors on a bright morning in October, but noble in their day and century—ships made of twisted and knotted willow, smeared over with pitch and skillfully covered with stout hides; gay, too, with the royal colors of Britain, from which the inhabitants of Brittany, or little Britain, had formerly come. What a stir and excitement among the fishermen dwelling on the coast; and when word was brought to the king, Theonotus, he went with his courtiers to the high tower of his castle to watch the ships as they came to the nearest beach. Close to the king stood his beautiful daughter, his only child, Ursula.

"O, my father, whence come the noble ships; and have they come for peace or for war?"

"God knows, my child; but whether for peace or for war, our hospitality shall be offered to them. If for peace, we shall thus fix their good intentions; if for war, we may thus take the malice from their hearts. God knows, we have only to act like Christians, brave and hospitable."

It was not long, however, before the barons, who headed this expedition, with their long, fair hair, blue eyes and reddish beard, tall and sun-browned, but comely as they were hardy, appeared in sight, and one could plainly see that their errand was one of peace. They were greeted as friends by those sent out by the king to meet them at the gate and conduct them to the castle. The king commanded them to be brought to the banqueting hall, and then said to Ursula:

"My daughter, you have taken the place of your departed mother (may she rest in peace!), and to your

duty as a daughter is added the dignity of the queen of your father's court. You must help me, then, to welcome these strangers to Brittany."

"Your pleasure is mine," said Ursula, and without delay took her place beside her father, the king.

If the Britons were glad, after their safe passage to this coast of mists and storms, to be welcomed so heartily by Theonotus and his court, how they were charmed by the grace, beauty and modesty of the young princess! To the eyes of the Britons there was a kindness in the dignity of this Christian maiden which they had never seen before, and yet they were awed by her very gentleness.

"It is indeed true," said the oldest of the barons to his companions, "and more than true, what we have heard of this princess. Happy will it be for us if we can win so fair a bride for Prince Conon, and happy will it be for Britain to be ruled by such a queen. Our king was wise when he sent us across this rough channel."

So delighted were they, that they could not conceal from Theonotus, as soon as Ursula had retired from the banquet, the object of their visit—the sole reason for which they had turned their prows towards the stormy coast of Brittany—for it was no other than to secure the hand of the princess, whose graces of mind and heart, already famous, had come to the ears of King Agrippinus, for his son Conon, the heir of the British throne.

The good old king, Theonotus, heard the ambassadors with a heavy heart; but he carried, as kings must carry, be their hearts ever so heavy, a fair countenance.

"Noble lords, you honor me and my house, and I

know your young prince to be of a most royal mind, and of a good heart. But you must remember, the princess is my only child, and if her grace, and beauty, and modesty have so won your hearts, what must she not be to me? I beg you, noble lords and true ambassadors, to give me time for thought. Meanwhile, all that my castle and kingdom contains is at your service."

The Britons were well pleased at his manner; and, remembering all the mighty deeds of the Britons, and the manly beauty, valor and goodness of the young prince, they doubted not of a still more favorable answer in the end.

Although the day had been so full of events, and Ursula had been called upon, for the first time in her life, to appear before strangers, yet she did not forget her accustomed attentions to her father, but went to him as soon as she knew that he was alone. She was surprised to find him sitting dejectedly with his head upon his hand.

"What has happened, my dear father? The strangers came as friends, and the banquet was genial; why are you anxious and unhappy?"

"Ah, my child, all our peaceful years are over. The strangers came as friends, but they have come to take from me all that makes life happy. What would be a crown and a kingdom without you, my child? And they have come, in their brave ships and with all their grand equipage, to ask of me the only real pleasure left to me on earth, and that is my daughter."

"But, my dear father, you need only tell these noble barons, so honorable and so courtly, that your daughter is pledged to an eternal spouse; that, of all mortals, her father alone can claim her service."

"You forget, my child, that these noble Britons are all pagans! They have never heard of that Jesus to whom you are solemnly espoused, or have heard of Him only to despise Him. They will never understand such a reason for rejecting the offer of their prince, and it will be a deadly insult in their eyes. No, no, my child; there is nothing but ruin and sorrow before us. I cannot give you to these pagans, and thus force you to break your solemn vow; and to refuse their proffer of alliance is to lay my kingdom open to their dreadful invasions. These ships which now lie so peacefully on the beach would come to us full of warriors armed to the teeth, and unsparing in their revenge. Alas! my poor child, upon what misfortunes have we not fallen!"

And the king sank back overwhelmed by the picture before his mind, of his kingdom trampled upon by savage enemies, himself slain in battle, his child a captive. Ursula saw in a moment all that was in the mind of her father, and she bowed her head, not, however, in despondency, but in prayer; for while the head of the affectionate daughter was bent to the earth, the heart of the Christian virgin rose straight to the presence of Him to whom she had plighted her solemn vows. A moment after, she said, cheerily:

"Do not be so cast down, my father. If you are perplexed as a Christian king, Christ, our Heavenly king, will not leave you a prey to the mere ignorance of His claims upon our love and our fealty. You are a great king, and a wise man, and I am a mere girl; but it is not the wisdom of the wise which is needed to answer these proud ambassadors. Do not be fretted over this visit of the Britons. Give them swift audience, and allow me, with the help of God who can inspire even

babes to utter His wise counsels, to answer the ambassadors in this grave matter."

Theonotus knew that it was not presumption in his daughter which prompted so strange a request. He saw the recollected look on her face as she had bent forward a moment before, and he saw, with something more than his bodily eyes, the look of rapture on the face when she had raised it. He knew where her soul had been in that one moment, swiftly as it flew, and could only say:

"As you will, my child."

The next morning was appointed for the audience, and Ursula, without the least anxiety or trepidation, prepared herself for the interview. With the first streak of dawn she was in the chapel of the castle, where was offered, every morning, the Holy Sacrifice of the mass. There she, her face radiant with something holier than mortal courage, renewed her vows to her divine spouse, and received Him in the Sacrament of the altar, as the strength, the wisdom, and the hope of her soul. After this, she was attired by her maids in her most magnificent robes and beautiful jewels, and took her seat on the throne at her father's side, as became the princess of the land. Then the ambassadors were formally presented, and paid their homage to the king and the princess, and formally announced their errand to the court of Brittany. They were received and their salutations returned by Theonotus with the majestic bearing of a prince who rules not for himself but for his people, and by Ursula with an unspeakable grace and dignity.

"My daughter, the Princess Ursula, will herself answer the ambassadors," said the king; and Ursula, in-

clining modestly towards them with a countenance of heavenly serenity, said:

"I thank you, my lord, the King of England, and Conon, his princely son, and his noble barons, and you, sirs, his honorable ambassadors, for the honor you have done me, so much greater than my deserving. I hold myself bound to your king as to a second father, and to the prince, his son, as to my brother and bridegroom, for to no other will I ever listen. But I have to ask three things: First—He shall give for me, as my ladies and companions, ten virgins of the noblest blood in his kingdom, and to each of these a thousand attendants; and to me a thousand maidens to wait on me. Secondly—He shall allow me to do honor to my virginity; and with my companions to visit the holy shrines where repose the bodies of the saints. And, my third demand is—That the prince and all his court shall receive Baptism; for other than a perfect Christian I cannot wed."

King Theonotus was filled with wonder at the heavenly wisdom of this answer, for he saw plainly that either the King of England would refuse these demands, or if he should grant them, then the court of England would be a Christian court, the king a Christian king, and eleven thousand virgins redeemed, and dedicated to the service of God; while the ambassadors themselves heard all this with respectful admiration for this young girl. They did not try to conceal their joy at her answer, seeming to forget the hard conditions which accompanied it, and each one kneeled and kissed her hand as that of his future queen.

On their return to England they were admitted to a solemn audience with the king, the young prince and his chief nobles, and the answer of the young princess

of Brittany was fully given, with all the circumstances, and with every praise which could be lavished upon a mortal woman and princess. On hearing the conditions, some of the proud barons murmured, and Agrippinus said to the young prince, Conon:

"You shall have the same privilege as the princess —you can accept or reject the conditions for yourself."

The young prince, as if an inspiration from heaven had taken possession of his soul, flushed with a noble exaltation of mind and feeling, exclaimed:

"Oh, my king and my father; oh, noble barons and faithful ambassadors, what can compare to a prince and a people with a noble, virtuous and wise queen! Therefore do I answer that no conditions can be hard which secure to your son, my father, to your prince, noble barons, and to Britain, the Princess Ursula. And since the religion of this princess has brought forth so sweet a flower of wisdom and of virtue, let us hasten to become Christians also. Call for those priests who have been so long banished from the court of the kings of Britain; call them from their hiding-places in the dark mountains and lonely marshes, and let us receive from them the Baptism of Christians. As to the train of virgins which she demands, to what nobler service can British maidens be called than to the service of a princess so gentle and so discreet, and who is to be their queen."

The king, the barons, finally the whole kingdom, caught the enthusiasm of the young prince, who was baptized as soon as possible with all his court; while in answer to the king's letters, there came trooping in from all parts of his dominions, noble virgins, accomplished in female learning, spotless and beautiful, at-

tired in rich garments, wearing jewels of gold and silver, and eager to attend upon Princess Ursula, who was to wed Prince Conon. All these assembling in Brittany, Ursula received them not only with gladness and courtesy, but with a sisterly tenderness, and she said to good Theonotus:

"See, my father, how beautiful a harvest is ripening for Heaven! See how many virgins are to be crowned with an everlasting blessedness! See, my father, how Christ honors the king who does honor to Him!"

When Ursula had collected all these virgins, she desired them to meet her on a fresh and fair morning of spring, in a meadow, near the city, of the freshest green, enameled all over with the brightest flowers. She then ascended a throne which was raised in the midst of the flowery meadow, and spoke to all the assembled virgins of things concerning the goodness and glory of God and of Christ and of the love of God and the happiness of a life wholly given to Him. Never had these innocent young girls heard anything which so moved their hearts, or awakened in them such an eager wishfulness, as this picture which the holy princess put before them of the joys of Heaven and the sweetness found in the service of God; and lifting up their hands and voices, while they wept tears of joy, they promised to follow her wherever she would lead them. And as there might be many among them who had never received baptism, Ursula said to them:

"All who would follow me, must first be baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, because, as none can hope to enter Heaven without the seal of this sacrament on their souls, it will be in vain to try to serve God acceptably without it. There-

fore, let all who have not been baptized come to the borders of this clear stream."

And they came with great gladness; and all those eleven thousand virgins, who stood around Ursula that calm evening in spring, were white in their baptismal innocence. When this had been done, Ursula wrote to Prince Conon, saying that as he had fulfilled all her demands he had good leave to come to Brittany forthwith. The prince, as became a true knight, came immediately; and he was received with great honor by the court and by the people of Brittany. But Ursula remembered one condition still to be fulfilled. When she had received the prince, in the presence of her father, and all the court, she said: "Three years yet belong to me wherein I can honor God as one wholly devoted to Him; and during this time, to visit the holy shrines of the saints, in company with these virgins placed by your courtesy in attendance upon me, is an homage to God befitting your dignity and my own." The prince, who found his heart lifted up in the presence of Ursula above all human considerations, immediately answered: "Nothing could be more worthy, noble Princess, of your honor or of mine. Remember that I am but a novice in your religion; and how can I better spend the time of your absence than by learning from your father, the king of Brittany, the science of ruling like a Christian king?"

Ursula was delighted with the holy dispositions of the prince, and after receiving the blessing of her aged father, who saw her depart with tears indeed, but still consoled by the remembrance of all the wonders which had been performed under his eyes, this army of virgins set forth for Rome. When they arrived at Cologne, on

the banks of the beautiful Rhine, they stopped for a while to rest, and it was there revealed to Ursula, that on their return they would all suffer upon this spot a glorious martyrdom for Christ. No sooner did she hear this glad news than she told it to her companions, who lifted up their voices in thanksgiving that they should be found worthy thus to die. When the arrival of Ursula and her companions at Rome was told to the saintly pope, Cyriacus, he was at first greatly troubled in mind, but he went forth to meet them with all his clergy; and when Ursula, kneeling before him, explained to him the cause of their coming, he could not express his admiration. He not only gave them his blessing, but commanded that they should be suitably entertained. As if there were no bounds to the perfection of those who came under her influence, the very day that Ursula entered Rome by one gate, Conon entered it by another; and receiving, also, the blessing of the Holy Father, felt his whole soul penetrated with the same aspiration for Heaven which had so long held the soul of Ursula in such sweet obedience. When the princess told him the revelation made to her at Cologne, Conon, whose mind was utterly changed, said to her: "Believe me, my beloved Ursula, I no longer aspire to a life of earthly happiness, even with you. Allow me, instead of crowning you queen of the Britons, to share your crown of martyrdom." Ursula could then open her whole mind to him, and they rejoiced together that God had thus permitted her not only to keep her vows, but to enrich this offering of herself by the conversion of so many generous and innocent souls.

When this blessed company had duly performed their devotions at the shrines of Saint Peter and Saint

Paul, Cyriacus would gladly have kept them longer in Rome, but Ursula said: "It is not fitting for those who have been promised a crown to delay to win it."

"Then," said Cyriacus, "I will accompany you, and haply I may be found worthy to win this crown also."

Thus it happened that the blessed Ursula and her virgins departed from Rome in the company of Saint Cyriacus, two of his holy cardinals and many bishops, inspired by the example of these thousands of virgins hastening back to meet death for Christ; as also by Prince Conon, who had taken from Pope Cyriacus the name of Ethereus, to express the purity and regeneration of his soul.

But while the whole Christian church in Italy was struck with admiration at so beautiful a spectacle, the pagan hearts of three Roman captains, commanders of the imperial troops in Germany, were seized with a sudden hatred for Christians, and they said, one to another: "Suffer these Christian maidens to return through Germany and they will convert the nation!"

"If they marry," said another, "all their children will be Christians!"

And the third said: "Let us cut them utterly off. Send a message to the savage Huns, who are now besieging Cologne, never to allow them to pass the city, and we shall hear no more of this princess Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins."

And thus it fell out that when this peaceful army of saints came near Cologne they were met by the barbarians. At first they stood still before these venerable prelates and holy maidens, but remembering their orders—utterly to cut off and spare none—they fell upon their unresisting victims like wolves thirsting for blood.

One of the first to fall was Prince Ethereus, struck by an arrow at the very feet of Ursula. By hundreds and thousands they strewed the plain before the great city of Cologne, while Ursula inspired every one by her voice, her heavenly aspect and her words of celestial cheer. Finally the barbarians, awed by the majestic beauty of Ursula, and finding they had no power to strike her, led her before their prince, who no sooner beheld her, than he said: "Weep not; thou hast indeed lost thy companions, but I will be thy husband and thou shalt be the greatest queen in all Germany!"

"O, thou cruel man! blind and senseless as thou art cruel!" exclaimed Ursula; "dost thou think I can weep for those who have died so gloriously, or dost thou hold me to be so base and so cowardly that I would consent to survive these noble companions and beloved sisters? Thou art deceived, oh, son of Satan! for I defy thee and him whom thou servest!"

A livid rage seized the barbarian prince when he heard these words of holy scorn. Bending the bow which he held in his hand, with three arrows he pierced her breast so that she fell dead, and her spirit ascended to Heaven with the glorious company of virgins whom she had led on to a happy martyrdom and with the good young prince, Ethereus, Pope Cyriacus and his holy priests. There, palms in their hands and crowns ever increasing in splendor upon their heads, they will rejoice before God in everlasting blessedness, while the church on earth, on the 21st of October of every year, celebrates their happy memory.

VIII.—LIGHT AND SHADE.

"Shadows are the most beautiful things in the world; never slight them," said a friend to me many years ago, looking over some pencil sketches from nature.

"The most beautiful things in the world," I repeated often to myself afterwards, sitting dreamily before a clump of trees near a running stream or a quiet pool. "The most beautiful things in the world," with a deeper feeling still, as again and again near the setting sun the party floated quietly down the river where a strong dam had set the full stream back until it lay as motionless as a mirror, reflecting rock and pine, slender fern and delicate harebell on its banks, while a broadening shadow fell from the western bank over the river itself, throwing the opposite one into high light. The marvelous reflections, the tender shadow from the west always cast a spell of silence over our company; and the stream bearing us downward, only now and then were the oars dipped as we drew near the landing place.

"The most beautiful things in the world," we say again to ourselves, still, of a moonlight evening, when the trees cast long shadows over—not the "lawn," but the large, irregular, household yard, with its garden on one side; one actually in love with shadows can watch them until compelled to sleep, and rousing in the night, will creep to the window to see how they have shortened, until, at noon of night, they will be found to fall directly under the trees themselves.

The love of shadows, the sensing of their beauties, of the definiteness becoming indefiniteness, we know not exactly where—but indefinite the forms must be, however clearly they characterize the object which

throws them—is where the education in shadow-drawing should begin in order to produce poetic shadows; and all shadows are poetic, however prosaic may be the forms which cast them, however ignoble the reality.

But as education is taken up nowadays, not by the enthusiastic, ideal mother, or the teacher taking picturesque walks with her pupils, or lingering with them long to hear, we are obliged to adapt ourselves to modern ways and teach by the hour; taking our pupil in the mood she happens to come to us in. Accepting the conditions, we put the simplest studies possible before the child with the full intention of making our little mechanic an artist—all through the study of light and shadow.

The very simplest forms really are blocks; not shaped at haphazard, but with wise forethought, so as to bring in all the possibilities of perspective in flat surfaces, even to blocks which initiate the small mechanic into the mysteries of sketching houses, one of the early ambitions; houses with all their windows, doors, chimneys. This is what the child mechanic and—in this age smitten with admiration for the practical money-making results of mechanical drawing—what the parents of the little mechanic aim at also. But our house blocks having no windows or doors, we satisfy parent and child by assuring them that the houses are drawn according to the same rules as our block. Our block, however, has not only four upright sides, but prosaic, as it seems at first, it has a roof and overhanging eaves, and when the outline is drawn the shadows come in. Now, too, comes in the art.

Handicraft must be directed to the expressing of ideas, if it is ever to become art among us; and ideas?

MRS. MARY ANN SPOONER.

Mrs. Mary Ann Spooner, the daughter of Prosper Wetmore and Catharine McEwen, and granddaughter of the Rev. Izrahiah Wetmore, pastor for many years of the Presbyterian Church of Stratford, Conn., was born July, 1794, in New York City. She was married March, 1831, to Colonel Alden Spooner, who established in 1811, the first newspaper in Brooklyn, "The Long Island Star." The church (St. Ann's Episcopal) in which she was married stood where now is the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge.

Previous to her marriage, she taught in Brooklyn, and on becoming a widow with one child, a daughter, she opened a little school in the suburbs for a short time only, when she removed to Lockport, N. Y., to reside in the family of Mr. Hiram McCollum, whose children she instructed. She removed successively to Buffalo and Rochester. In the latter city she passed the last eleven years of her life, expiring peacefully at St. Mary's Hospital, surrounded by her daughter, kind friends and the devoted Sisters, on Dec. 17, 1877, aged 83 years, and was buried in Stratford, Conn., in one of the oldest burial places in the country. Though Mrs. Spooner was reared in a Presbyterian family, she never joined that communion, but became a member of the Episcopalian, and taught the first Sunday school class in old St. Ann's. In 1842 she embraced the Catholic faith, remaining firm and fervent therein to the close of her life.

Mrs. Spooner began to write at the age of fifteen and continued at intervals until within a month of her death. In 1848 she collected a volume for publication, entitled "Gathered Leaves," receiving high encomiums from Halleck, Irving and Bryant. Her later effusions appeared in the newspapers. An "Essay on Genius" was read at the Brooklyn Lyceum in 1834.

Mrs. Spooner dedicated her poems "The Christophers" and "The Infallibilites" to His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., having a copy illuminated and presented to the Holy Father through the medium of the Prefect of the Propaganda, who handed it to His Holiness, telling him they were sent by a young lady of 80 summers. The Pope laughingly replied: "I am likewise a youth of 80 winters." His Holiness was much pleased with the offering and the loving thought that prompted it, and sent his special blessing, with a silver medal and his photograph bearing a few words in his own

handwriting, through the Very Rev. Vicar-General of the diocese of Rochester.

Mrs. Spooner was of artistic temperament in other lines than literary. She sketched and painted, but a delicate eye-sight debarred her persevering study in art. She drew a picture of St. Ann's Church before its demolition, which was copied into a recent history of Brooklyn, without, however, giving credit to the author. Several other sketches of various subjects are in existence.

Her many endearing qualities, noble deeds and generous acts need not be recorded here. She was proud to be an American and her daughter, Mrs. Wilber of Lockport, N. Y., is now proud to place her venerated mother's name among the Catholic women writers of America.

IX.—THE CHRISTOPHERS, OR CHRIST-BEARERS.

A Poem, Most Humbly and Reverently Dedicated to His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., by the Author.

Most Holy and Beloved Pontiff:

Recognizing with profound homage in your sacred person, the exalted Bridge connecting our desert earth with the glorious promised land, Almighty God's eternal home, permit me humbly to proffer to your gracious and condescending acceptance this thrice typical poem, "The Christophers, or Christ-Bearers," which may possess little merit other than the inspiration revealing the rare analogy in the eventful life of two so distinguished personages as Saint Christopher, and Christopher Columbus, your Holiness's illustrious countryman, and the discoverer of my own country.

Be graciously pleased, then, O most benign Sovereign and Pastor, favorably to receive this simple tribute of love and fealty from your aged servant, through the grace of God a convert to the faith and one of the most devoted of your extensive fold.

MARY ANN SPOONER.

PART FIRST.

Far in the olden time, as story tells,
A holy hermit of gigantic frame
(Some twelve feet high, of matchless strength, 't is said)
Bridged for the pilgrims with his stalwart back
A rapid stream, nor pont nor keel might bear.
This chosen toil long years he glad pursued
For love of him, the Mightiest, whom he served—
The Son of Mary whom he dearly loved;
Eternal life, the only guerdon sought.
Till on one dreary night, from deep sleep roused,
The old man promptly rose at piteous call:
"O come, good Opher, bear me o'er the stream."
Seizing his pine-tree staff he sallies forth,
Despite the scowling heaven's black, threatening look

And boist'rous river's deep'ning, furious roar;
With eager zeal swift strides the foaming surge,
But finds no pilgrim waiting for his aid.
Delusion of a dream he deems the cry,
And seeks, content, his lowly bed of straw;
But scarce had slumber sealed his drowsy lids,
When, hark! the silv'ry voice, in accents fond:
"Come, gentle Opher, bear me o'er the stream."
Starting surprised, again he dares the gloom,
And patient fords the dismal river's bound,
Yet naught but solitude and darkness greets;
Marv'ling the cause disturbing thus the night,
Homeward he slowly hies with weary feet,
Hoping at length his wonted rest to gain;
But scarce asleep ere comes the thrilling cry,
More urgent pleading, most persuasive sweet:
"O come, strong Opher, bear me o'er the stream."
Then, as a lion rousing from his lair,
He shakes the slumbers from his giant limbs,
Resolved within the compass of the night,
Or man or mouse, his hidden foe to find,
Courag'ous braves the widly raging storm
And threads once more the cold, cold, midnight waves.
When, lo! in glist'ning white a child appears,
A tiny, beauteous form, of presence rare!
Fond, trustful eyes beaming resistless love,
A face seraphic in its full delight.
A radiant glory streaming soft and clear
Around the golden ringlets, waving free,
Lighted the gloom, and fair displayed, en route,
A lamb, on banner blue right gayly borne,
And globe, poised jaunty in the little hand.
"For sports prepared! The day were better chose
Than this murk hour," the old man cheerful thought,
Wond'ring that one so young should be abroad
In such strange guise, so late at night, alone,

In storm to terrify the stoutest heart.
"Canst bear me over?" calmly asked the boy,
"Why, sure, brave little man! marching so grand,
I'll do my very best to speed thee on.
Although the river as a caldron boils
I'll bear thee safe as in thy mother's arms.
Life were small loss to save thy glorious youth.
Nor do I fear" (stooping to test his weight
On two huge fingers poised) "thou'lt swamp my boat,
Light weight with all thy rattle-traps, I trow.
Then as a ship her signal mounts aloft,
I'll wear thee as a feather in my cap."
So, sportive, raised the lovely burthen high
And placed as crown upon his silvery head,
Then turned to stem the waves. But, O the weight,
The fast-increasing, leaden-sinking weight!
The tott'ring Sampson feels the pillars give.
Just as the moon, emerging from a cloud,
A dense black cloud, illumes the dark abyss,
He's fain to lower the child, and 'wildered asks,
"Who art thou, Master? for methinks in thee
The world's great load I on my shoulders bear.
Ah, but that winning, that celestial smile!
Yes, death were welcome, such dear life to save."
And with an energy no force resists,
With desp'rate effort straining every nerve,
While foaming waters madly gird him round,
The struggling Atlas wins, at length, the shore,
Resigns his precious load, and prostrate sinks,
Exhausted, faint. "Nor can I further go,
Sweet Master, I am hurt." Then spake the boy,
With majesty supreme that awed his soul,
In voice that stilled the tumult of the storm,
Lifting the hands with benedictions fraught,
"Thy sins, kind Opher, are forgiven thee.
Henceforth be Christopheros named, for thou,

The Christ, the Son of Mary, long hath borne.
In bearing pilgrims, thou hast carried me,
Thy Lord and Master, whom thou well hast served.
Know, in my kingdom there is great reward.
Plant the dry staff which years hath been thy stay,
And thou shalt see the mighty power of God."
 Faded the glorious vision into light,
Leaving the startled night to deep repose.
Then knew the hermit that his time was brief,
And, joyful to depart, since he had seen
His dear Lord's face and heard His gracious words
Premonishing of heaven, straightway obeyed:
Planted the tree; before the morn it greened,
Budded and blossomed ere the close of day,
And in the evening time, when all was peace,
Angels conveyed to Abram's bosom, safe,
The toil-worn spirit of the aged saint.

PART SECOND.

 A charming legend! well may be believed,
E'en by the skeptic mind that questions God.
Prefiguring, vivid, in minutest point,
The Christopheros in due time that came;
The matchless chief, whose giant mind, inspired,
Balanced the globe and struggled with its weight;
Whose twice-repeated, earnest, pleading call,
"O bear me over," met no kind response,
Till, sweetly gleaming 'thwart the "dark obscure"
(Ever the brightest in man's gloomiest hour),
The moonlight love of woman lent its aid!
 Then, with his trinity of barks so frail,
The dauntless hero, with audacious skill,
Bridged o'er that virgin wave ne'er keel had pressed,
The deep Atlantic's world-wide, flowing stream,

The desert solitude of ocean vast,
Pilot and hermit in severest sense.
 Italia's nobly gifted son was he,
Whose mission high of rare emprise is found
Couched in the mystic meaning of his name.
Chosen of God, a mighty load to bear,
As dove sent joyful forth in quest of land,
Cleaving, with tireless wing, a "lone profound,"
So he, through dismal glooms and tempests fierce,
And passion's furious rage and mutiny,
With sickness of the heart from "hope deferred,"
Bore calmly on through perils strange and dire
O'er the blue wave the spotless Lamb of God,
The Son of Mary, to the far-off shore.
Salvator Mundi! to the red man's home,
The Eden West! in mighty oceans shrined,
Long lost to view, magnificent, sublime!
But ah, whose touch, exquisite, e'er might paint
The mingled passions pent within his soul,
The transport calm, enchaining every sense,
When Christopher Columbus first beheld,
In peaceful beauty swathed, the new-born World!
The giant infant in unconscious sleep!
The Moses cradled in the mighty deep!
Fair, glorious fruit, I ween, of fond desire
And long, long cherished, burning, chastened love!
Should not some bitter dregs that chalice hold,
Whose cup of nectar mortals seldom quaff?
'Twas thine, Columbus, thine, to drain such draught,
But oh! what rapture thrilled his inmost soul
With love, with gratitude, and holy joy,
When brave Columbus nobly landed free,
His fiery ordeal past, his heart's wish won,
Plucked the bright olive-branch of blissful peace,
And in deep homage prostrate kissed the ground!
Then, as the fragrant incense lofty rose

From altar high, grateful as promptly reared,
He, through the sacred hands of holy priest,
Adoring, offered to almighty God,
For his lone pilgrim band, and that strange race,
And wond'rous mercy to himself vouchsafed,
The living sacrifice God deigns accept,
The sin-effacing Lamb, our Jesus slain.
Awful, stupendous mystery of faith,
Bursting with sudden glow the heathen's night,
Comprising, in its simple act divine,
The various typic rites enjoined the Jews,
To pour man's soul into his Maker's hand,
Uniting us with Christ, his name to bear.
Then, glad, he planted in the welcome soil
The staff he bore, had long supported him—
That tree whose fruit is life, the precious Cross!
And ah! how swift it greened and broadly spread
The boldest fancy never had presaged,
Till the wild desert blossomed as the rose,
And swarthy nations, joyful, called Her blest,
Whose womb immaculate "the Christ" first bore.

Analogy most strange and briefly traced
By one, whose vision, hopeless dimmed, finds not
The usual aids resort for fancy dull,
Chilled by the frosts of threescore years and eight,
Still looks to fountains of exhaustless flow.
Who, quiet, waits beside that solemn stream,
Unsafe to cross without the Christ we bear,
Yet humbly trusteth in His pow'rful might,
The glorious victor over death and hell,
Who, for the love of sinful, erring man,
Lone trod the winepress of the wrath of God,
To bear us safe to life's ecstatic shore.
Amen, my soul, good angels be thy speed!

X.—NIAGARA.

(Written at the Falls, August 4, 1829.)

Oh! scene of wondrous beauty! Let my soul
Pour its deep tribute unto thee, my God.
Here, at Earth's noble altar, here, where swells
With ceaseless voice that shakes the solid earth,
Though mountain piled thy high transcending praise;
Yea, waves an incense hallowed pure and bright,
As wakes an image of most holy things.

Oh! let the spirit of the glorious scene
Imbue my soul and lift it unto thee!
Here, the deep record of the earth-swept flood,
And thy almighty Power are yet preserved;
And here, long treasured from the eye of faith,
Nature unveils the beauty of our earth.

As from her deep Baptism soft, once more,
Amid rejoicing waves she chastened rose,
The radiant signet, on her happy brow,
Token of peace, of hope, of tender love!

And what a majesty surrounds this scene
That pictures forth the attributes of God!
Yea, shrinks the spirit at the awful view!
The mighty Power that formed, and can destroy;
The spirits Purity, that upward springs;
The vast Eternity we cannot grasp;
And Mercy's coronal that crowns the whole!

On, on, as these delightful waves, may I
My destined course through rapid time pursue,
And yield my spirit at the certain verge,
As prompt, as pure, as spring these parted waves;
My Savior's glories imaged as it rise,
As on this soaring wreath, light's living hues!

MRS. MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren was born in Gallipolis, Ohio. She is the only daughter of Samuel F. Vinton, who served a quarter of a century with much distinction as a Whig leader in Congress. Her maternal ancestors were French. At an early age she became the wife of Daniel Convers Goddard, who left her a widow with two children. In August, 1865, she became the wife of Admiral Dahlgren, and has three children by that marriage. Admiral Dahlgren died in 1870. As early as 1859, Mrs. Dahlgren contributed to the press prose articles under the signature "Corinne," and later, some fugitive poems. She also wrote under the pen-name Cornelia. In 1859, her little volume, "Idealities," appeared. She has made several translations from the French, Spanish and Italian languages, which brought her many complimentary recognitions, among others, an autograph letter from Pope Pius IX., the thanks from the Queen of Spain and a complimentary notice from President Garfield. Her works are the "Biography of Admiral Dahlgren," a number of novels, among which are "South Mountain Magic," "A Washington Winter," "The Lost Name," "Lights and Shadows of a Life," "South Sea Sketches," and a volume on "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington." Social questions and the live topics of the day have especially occupied her attention. Her poems have found a place in the authologies of poets. Mrs. Dahlgren's country seat is on South Mountain, Md., overlooking the battlefield, where she has built a chapel. She is a woman of fine talent and a thorough scholar. She was one of the founders and vice-president of the Literary Society of Washington, also one time president of the Ladies Catholic Missionary Society of Washington. Though not having written what may be called a Catholic novel her stories are pervaded with the true Catholic spirit.

XI.—FLORA ON SOUTH SEA SHORES.

(From South Sea Sketches.)

No pen-pictures may present the splendid magnificence, the glittering colors, of the flora of the country — the luxuriant, dense, tangled masses of vegetable life; intertwining, overleaping, underlapping vines, branches, saplings, shrubs, trees, gigantic ferns, and most verdurous mosses. In these struggling strongholds animal life exists, prolific, distorted, baneful. As the eye sickens, and upon the dull and sated sense hangs heavily the pall of this fevered, throbbing nature, the weary burden of the sensuous is gently lifted by a vision of the most chaste, the most pure floweret, the heavenliest queen of all the floral realm.

The lily-white espiritu-santo*—O, most gracious name; thou pearl of loveliness, what compassion of the Infinite to place thee here.

A revelation, a blessed type of pure repose, where all else is passionate—thou art the spiritualized essence of poetical thought in flower. O, subtle bloom of beauty, in rapturous praise of Him we bend over thee. Dazzling white, as if reflecting uncreated light and the glory of the throne from which thou wingest thy way to give us benediction. Within thy ambient veil, entombed in thy heart of hearts, lies the precious, perfect figure of the dove. Marvelous symbol of the incarnate One! Holy spirit of divine love! may not the savage breast read this painted, this phantom prayer? So inexpressibly exquisite art thou, we would traverse

*Holy Spirit.

oceans to embrace thee; and now we possess thee, how can we turn away and leave thee in these murky forests? But—yes, breathe out thy mission here, and show forth the vast mercies of God. Thus, and even here, symbolize His unspeakable mysteries. On the shores of the heavenly Jerusalem we shall meet thee again!

XII.—SANTA ROSA.

No one may presume to depict the manners, habits, or least of all, the social status of this unique place (Lima), and to enter the daily life of its people, who ignore St. Rose. And even though we may be disposed to read her biography and gather the traditions which so thickly cluster around her; although we may declare that the incredible is the unreasonable and therefore the impossible; yet the fact remains that this exemplar, thus held up to the veneration of a whole people, must and does serve to confirm this people in the cultivation of those virtues of which her life is a type.

To the American Catholic St. Rose is especially interesting. She stands as yet, the only canonized, strictly American saint on the calendar. As she is the patron saint of Lima, her fiesta, or feast day, the day of her death, or rather according to her own poetic conception, the day of her "heavenly nuptials," is to this hour deemed the great national day of Peru.

La Fiesta de Santa Rosa, the feast of St. Rose, August 31, has been decreed as inauguration day. On August 30 we have a grand procession through the city carrying the image of St. Rose. The society of Lima celebrate St. Rose's day very much as we do New Year's

Day. The ladies receive the visits of their gentlemen friends, who call and offer flowers, and are in turn hospitably treated to dulces. These confections are made in great perfection and variety, although too sweet to our taste.

The religious ceremonial of this day precedes the political. The Plaza is filled with military tintamarre. St. Rose is again escorted by the clergy, the troops, and the people, through the principal streets. She stops some five minutes under our balcony, and we have a good opportunity of inspecting the image. It is wooden and not artistic; life size, cheeks painted rosy red, wears a gilded crown, which is spread over its head to represent a halo, we suppose, and which is very suggestive of the Inca emblem, for it looks like a big, gilded sun. This image wears a violet velvet dress stretched over a hoop, the skirt covered with rich embroidery. Around the neck is an enormous gold chain, and in one hand it carries an immense bouquet of artificial pink roses. It stands on a velvet-covered platform, which is supported from underneath by a number of men, who carry the structure.

As they stop for a little rest, the heavy, smothering drapery, which falls low, is lifted for air, and with woman's curiosity we lean forward from our balcony to see what the mechanical motive power is. We get a glimpse of a number of shabby looking peasants, and we are satisfied if not gratified. Negro women, draped in flimsiest gauze ball-dresses, and tricked out with pink roses stuck in their wool, burn incense with a swaying movement. All this helps to give a fuller idea of the barbaric tastes of the masses, to which the clergy seem to defer on such occasions. The sentiment of the

day we know is beautiful and elevating. It is the public homage to the saintly and lowly maiden who was born, lived and died in their midst. Her wondrous, her mystic life, was known to all. That which makes the gross materialism of the spectacle is purely the outcropping of the rude taste of a semi-civilized people. Yet the idea which stirs them is divine, is spiritual; and we join in the common aspiration. Even if our nature needs to be appealed to through finer means, we do not feel, for all that, disgusted with a fervor which cannot as yet find a more cultured exhibition in the present state of unrefined taste. When the time shall come that these races shall be educated to a clearer perception of the esthetical we will then have purer representations of this idea principle. This ovation is intended to typify modesty, purity, and fidelity to duty in woman. Nothing can be more ennobling for a whole people than such national days, expressive of such sentiments, and we hope yet to hear that St. Rose's day is celebrated with as much good taste as pious enthusiasm in quaint old Lima.

The scoffer may reject the religious lesson; and yet, if his soul is not dead to the beautiful, he will, with the artist and the poet, admire the rich beauty of the picture presented.

If it is a mere myth, as he may declare, at least he cannot deny it to be an idealization that in a measure controls the rude masses, and thus becomes an important fact which cannot be ignored. That the customs of the country permit women to walk unmolested, and at all hours free from insult in the crowded thoroughfares of such a city, is admitted; and we have heard men who are familiar with the various cities of the

world remark it with surprise. That these things are so we shall attribute to the influence exerted upon the popular mind by the universal veneration of St. Rose; and grateful to her as a woman, we too give our homage to the virgin patron of the city and say, with the Peruvians, "All Hail Santa Rosa."

XIII.—THE ANDES.

We come now in closer contact with the "Heart of the Andes" than ever before, and can form a fuller idea of its grandeur. The most imposing effect is that of outline; but what is most harmonious between art and nature may not this pure delineation reveal? We have the simple contour of bold and perfectly drawn lines. In these sublime sketches the great artist presents ideas of the infinite, which only the immortal soul may grasp. Here there is neither verdurous forest nor minor details to divide the attention and arrest the flight of imagination. We recognize that charm of color is the melody of landscape, while purity of outline forms its harmony. We are in raptures to discover this affinity between nature and art.

These mysteries must be wrested from out the arcana of nature before we can idealize the lesson. Here lie the sculptured masses, thrown from His hand in this vast workshop of creation. The asphaltic color of the range blends well with the thorny, lonely cactus and the stalwart pine. But what flush of beauty sparkles in the prismatic glories of crystallized ice-summits, flooding us with the radiance of Heaven's "gates ajar." We strain the eye of faith, expecting ecstatic glimpses

of our future home, for we are exiles and there are mansions prepared for us in the skies.

Like a weird shadow hovering over the mountain height, his eyrie perched on its most inaccessible pinnacles, droops the black-winged condor, the superb eagle-monarch of this realm; while here and there herds of the hardy mountain goat, the guanaco spring from cliff to cliff. There is a strange absence of the innumerable humming insects, and of the brilliancy of the smaller feathered tribe which light up our home forests, for here the smooth and graceful touches of our scenery are all wanting. He who expects to derive those pleasurable sensations from these lofty views, with which inviting landscapes woo the eye and charm the heart in the United States, will be disappointed. Her mood here is sterner and we are not bid to linger over the enchanting life, light and softness of the varied features of her gentle aspects. She seeks not here to give us sensational or emotional gratification, but she commands us to prostrate ourselves in homage before her awful majesty. We cannot here like loving children nestle at her feet, as oftimes we have done beside the singing brooklet when reposing on the mossy carpet that encircles the old oak-tree of our forests. But in this presence, with more solemn thought, we bless Him for the grand destiny which awaits immortality. We can more readily realize the infinite when the earthly prison breathes the most rarified air it may contain and hold the soul within; we can far better know how it may be with us when our impassive bodies shall "put on the incorruptible."

XIV.—THE CROSS OF THE SACRED HEART, AND THE ROSE-BLOOM.

As o'er the cross resplendent, thrills
The blood the Sacred Heart distills,
Comes to my ardent soul the call,
Thou art "my refuge and my all."

So precious is this stream that flows,
That the glad earth, rejoicing, knows
Its Savior—and its rose-blooms vie,
For Him to live, for Him to die.

Christmas, 1894.

XV.—ETIQUETTE OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

(From Social Etiquette of the United States.)

If order is Heaven's first law, we should not regard as beneath careful attention the proper recognition of rules which may tend to avoid confusion in social life.

Because we are a republic we are not necessarily to be deprived of those amenities which render life agreeable and assist to cultivate good feeling.

Courtesy may be considered but as the mirror of charity, and although it may often become an unmeaning semblance of benevolence, yet, if we assiduously cultivate, if only but the shadow, we may finally hope to gain the reality. Thus by placing ourselves in excellent relations towards others, we may eventually acquire that sentiment of good will which may at first have been but an appearance.

Courtesy is the flower of culture, the expression of the highest refinement, and, like hospitality, ennobles those who extend it. It is not a form, but a virtue. That which is called good breeding is actually the Golden

Rule carried into practice, and is therefore a very Christian accomplishment. Since egotism is the most dreaded bane of society, if we can so far forget ourselves as to consider the just claims of others, we shall have gained a victory over selfishness. But my intention is not to moralize or present trite truisms, but to place within the scope of a few pages the state of the present phase of Washington society.

Washington society is principally official, or, rather, society here is composed in so great a degree of official personages who represent the mechanism of the state, that the social obligations and customs have become about as complex as the constitutional laws upon which the official is based.

No reader of history, however superficial his view, but must have noticed how constantly the gravest affairs of state have become complicated with the thousand seeming nothings of everyday life. Nor have we in America been at all exempt from such entanglements. On the contrary, every one at all familiar with the past social incidents of Washington is perfectly aware of various occasions in which animosities have been engendered by the omission, or commission, of certain requirements exacted by some, and not so understood by others.

Nor can ignorance of the official etiquette prevailing here be construed into any want of general society training elsewhere, because we have in Washington a very exceptional basis.

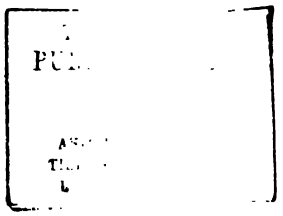
Young people amongst us have never as a common rule been allowed to tyrannize over society as they do in some cities; and the ineffable vulgarity of coteries presided over by young ladies, and not dignified by the

presence of their seniors, has not had much if any encouragement here. Probably the presence of so many personages of importance in the state assists to keep the young in their proper place. One may here see, what is not usual elsewhere, young ladies remain standing, as they should do, until the mother or married lady may be seated, and at all events an appearance of subordination which speaks well for the future.

With regard to women's titles, it is becoming more and more the custom to say "Mrs. Secretary," "Mrs. Senator," "Mrs. General," "Mrs. Admiral," and so on. They do this in Europe so that it cannot be laughed at as ridiculous. Yet since we are a republic, we are supposed to stand on a basis of personal merit and distinction won for ourselves. From my own observation at the capital of this great nation, something more than empty title is wielded by the women who represent the country here. And I should be very sorry to see our fair and very able sisters disturbed in their privileges and right womanly prerogatives. How much nicer to be the wife of a President than to be Mr. President! for, as it is, one has a good share of the power and none of the responsibility. Certainly it is very convenient, when introducing ladies, to give such nominal rank as may at once clearly and distinctly designate them in the very fact of introduction. It would often save a long explanation or an uncertainty still more disagreeable.

The citizens of Washington form among themselves, outside of the consideration of official life, a body of society to be regulated by the same rules which dominate other societies; yet, as I have said before, Washington life is essentially official life, and one can scarcely separate the two.


Agnes Repplier
Rose Howe
A Chambers-Fletcher
Frances C. Sumner
Elenor C. Donnelly.



MRS. ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum is the youngest daughter of Major Benjamin Stuart Chambers, who was one of the twenty who made the "forlorn hope" at the battle of the River Thames in 1813, one of the six who came out alive from that terrific massacre, and Violetta, eldest daughter of Judge Feelding Bradford of Kentucky. In early childhood she was often found poring over books which children usually count dull. In the classics, belles-lettres, natural sciences, mathematics, she was equally at home. In modern languages, music and drawing she excelled. She was appointed in 1855 principal of the High School for Girls in Memphis. In 1858 she was married to Mr. Leonidas Ketchum, adjutant of the 38th Tennessee Infantry, which led the van at the battle of Shiloh, where he received the wound which resulted in his death near Chattanooga, 1863. Mrs. Ketchum, refusing to take the oath of allegiance, was banished from Memphis. She took her children to her native town, Georgetown, Ky., and there opened a normal school for advanced pupils. After peace was restored she returned to Memphis in 1866 to find her home devastated. She here established a select school in which she was assisted by her daughter. Upon the sudden death of her beloved son, who was designed for the church, she left Memphis for Europe, residing for several years in England and France. Upon her return to America she fixed upon New York City as a place of residence, during which she became a Catholic and a Capitular Tertiary of St. Dominic.

Mrs. Ketchum's works consist of a volume of poems: "Christmas Carillons," "Nellie Bracken," a novel, "Gypsying," letters of travel, a large number of lectures on science, literature and art. She has composed an entirely original work on botany as a text-book for academies and colleges, containing in its three hundred duodecimo pages twice as much instruction as can be found in the most compendious text-books in use.

XVI.—BENNY.

I had told him Christmas morning
 As he sat upon my knee
Holding fast his little stockings
 Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me,
 With his face demure and mild,
That good Santa Claus, who filled them,
 Does not love a naughty child.

"But we'll be good, won't me, moder?"
 And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
 In his crimson stocking hid,
While I turned me to the table,
 Where a tempting goblet stood
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog
 Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
 With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment
 Lapping off the shining froth;
And in not the gentlest humor
 At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
 Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled!
 Gathering up his precious store
He had busily been pouring
 In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
 Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing by his mien indignant
 All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You sall have my candy wabbit!"
But the door was fastened tight;
So he stood abashed and silent
In the center of the floor
With defeated look alternate,
Bent on me and on the floor.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave, clear tone he shouted
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Claus! Come down de chimney,
Make my Moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery-roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they played beneath the live-oaks
Till dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber,
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
"God bless Fader—God bless Moder—
God bless Sister—" then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured—"God bless Santa Claus!"

He is sleeping—brown and silken
 Lie the lashes long and meek
Like caressing, clinging shadows
 On his plump and peachy cheek;
And I bend above him, weeping
 Thankful tears, O Undefiled!
For a woman's crown of glory,
 For the blessing of a child.

XVII.—THE SHEPHERD'S CAROL.

(From Donahoe's Magazine.)

The great Catholic Renaissance, begun in the Church of England fifty years ago, and which, like a new birth indeed, has affected the whole of Protestant Christendom, revealed a thousand treasures to the diligent students whose zeal was enkindled by its spirit. In their search for records of unity between Liturgies of the Eastern, Roman, and Western Churches, other precious things were found; legend, tradition, authentic history, establishing the doctrines held alike by Rome and her separated children; sweetest of all, the sacred songs, whether for the altar, the convent, the field, or the fireside.

Amongst these were found the roots—in many cases the very originals—of the most familiar modern hymns —by which term we designate all verse that has been set to music, whether simple or solemn. Like some "plot of garden ground run wild," the hidden closets of the Church had kept them; her precious roses, whose seeds or scions had been transplanted in lands so remote or so estranged that all trace of the transplanting had been obliterated.

The loveliest of these flowers of song are the carols and hymns of the Middle Ages. In these the singers of the Church show their highest inspirations; not only in form of measured, stately anthems, sequences, proses, alleluias—whether for feast or fast, but in the simple, spontaneous outpourings of joy, love, faith, the aspirations of the poor, for whom the King of Glory came in poverty, from amongst whom he chose his twelve Apostles.

These songs cluster about the Manger, the Mother and Child in Egypt, the Home in Nazareth. In those that are sung at the Feast of the Nativity, Christmas—or Christ's Mass, as our English language has rendered it—the Shepherds are the prominent figures. We know how the shepherds have always ranked amongst men, whether cleric or laic. Guarding their flocks by night in a land of perpetual spring, the Chaldean and Egyptian studied the mysteries of the starry heavens, and gave to the world its oldest astronomical record. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob dwelt in tents amongst their flocks. Job, the herdsman, sings of Orion, of the Pleiades, of Arcturus and his sons. Left to contemplation in the night watches he speaks, face to face, with God as none other of God's prophets ever spoke. He tells as none other ever told, how suffering plunges the soul into the nethermost abysses of darkness; how Faith lifts it thence, and exalts it to the serenest heights of peace.

It was to the shepherds of Israel—two of whom, tradition tells us, were afterwards numbered with the Twelve Apostles—that the angel first announced the birth of Christ the Savior, whom they had so long expected.

And from that time to our own the shepherds have

been honored as the special bodyguard of our Infant Lord at Christmas, and throughout Epiphany.

The Adeste Fidelis, the Shepherd's Carol, holds the first rank at this joyous season, and has held it for more than six hundred years; no other song has ever been able to approach it in the love of the Church's millions. The familiar music, also, to which it is set—and from which it is inseparable—is as old as the hymn. This, too, tradition says was written by St. Bonaventure, and for this hymn. The same music was first set to English words by John Reading (1677-1764), and called "The Portuguese Hymn."

This is no new hymn to the shepherds of France, Italy, Spain, the sunny lands! They have sung it down the ages. Leaving their flocks, obedient to the Angelic voice, they come year after year to the Child's Cradle with ordered, gladsome feet, and singing as they came, singing, too, in the language which was the mother tongue of the Church for fifteen hundred years, which is still the mother tongue. It is beginning to be recognized as ours also, for our English of to-day is three-fourths Latin.

And this growing unity of speech, this growing catholicity of thought and worship, are the sign and seal of that essential unity which in spite of the estrangements of a few centuries past is still unbroken. Scepticism may separate and bewilder them into the snares of Infidelity, License, Anarchy, Despair, but through all the tempest and tumult and hunger into which they have been lured their eyes, once blind, are beginning to see; their ears, once deaf, are beginning to hear, and to heed the voice that spoke to the Twelve great Shepherds of the fold—Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

Miss Mary Agnes Tincker was born in Maine of distinguished parentage of Protestant English descent. At an early age she became a Catholic, and before beginning to write, taught in several country schools.

In 1873 she went to Europe, where she remained fourteen years visiting France, England and Spain. She resided in Italy many years, entirely surrounded by Italians, in order to perfect herself in their language and customs. Much time was spent in Assisi and Palestrina. Her novel "Aurora" shows phases of Italian domestic life, interesting and instructive. Her two novels distinctively Catholic American are "The House of York" and "Grapes and Thorns," than which there are none in the English language which better and more truly portray our social life and manners. Her prose fiction is fascinating in its beautiful imagery and absorbing in its strong, graceful conceptions. Her verse has a clear ring, a rhythm that carries the reader on sustained thought, that does not permit the mind to halt, and on occasions is highly dramatic.

Beside the above mentioned works, Miss Tincker has sent from her fertile brain and busy pen to enrich Catholic American literature, the following books: "Six Sunny Months," "A Wingéd Word," "Signor Monaldini's Niece," "By the Tiber," "The Jewel in the Lotus," "Two Coronets," "San Salvador," and a mass of articles scattered in papers and magazines. Miss Tincker is a noble woman with a wonderful gift, is reticent and shuns notoriety.

XVIII.—A PEARL ASHORE.

(From the Catholic World.)

If one should wish to enjoy perfectly a fugue of Bach's this is perhaps as good a way as any: listen to it on a warm afternoon, in a Gothic Protestant Church, in a quiet city street, with no one present but the organist and one's self. If any other enter, let him be velvet-footed, incurious, and sympathetic. It would be better if each listener could suppose himself to be the only listener there.

The woodwork of the church is dark, glossy, and richly carved. Rose, purple, and gold-colored panes strain the light that enters, full and glowing up in the roof, but dim below. On the walls, tinted with such colors as come to us from Eastern looms, and on the canvas of the old painters, are texts in letters of dull gold—those beautiful letters that break into bud and blossom at every turn, as though alive and rejoicing over the divine thought they bear. A sunbeam here and there, too slender to illumine widely, points its finger at a word, touches a dark cushion and brings out its shadowed crimson, or glimmers across the organ pipes, binding their silver with gold, as though Light would say to Song, "With this ring I thee wed!"

Those clustered, silvery pipes are surrounded by a border of dark, lace-like carving, and a screen of the same hides the keyboards. Through this screen shines the lamp on the music-desk. Some one is stirring there. You lean back on the cushions, so that the body can take care of itself. Mentally, you are quiescent with

a delightful sense of anticipation. If the situation should represent itself to you fancifully, you might say that your soul is somewhat dusty and weary, and has come down to this beach of silence for a refreshing bath. Knowing what you are to hear, watery images suggest themselves; for in the world of music it is the ocean that Bach gives us, as Beethoven gives us the winds, and Handel the stately-flowing streams.

We have made a Protestant church our music-hall, because, though not the dwelling-place of God on earth, it is often the temple of religious art, and, having nothing within it to which we can prostrate ourselves in adoration, it can yet, by signs and images, excite noble and religious feeling. Indeed, we would gladly banish to such concert-rooms all that music, however beautiful in itself, which intrudes on the exclusive recollection proper to the house of God.

This, we repeat, is as good a way as any to hear a fugue of John Sebastian Bach's. So also thought Miss Rothsay; and she was one who ought to know, for she was a professional singer, and as sensitive musically as well could be.

It was an afternoon in early September, and she had only the day before reached her native city, after a prolonged residence abroad. Hers had been that happy lot which seems to be the privilege of the artist: her work, her duty, and her delight were the same. That which she must and ought to do she would have chosen above all things as her recreation. Now, with a perfected voice, and a will to use truly and nobly that gracious power, she had returned to her native land.

Her first contact with the New World had given her a slight jar. Utility seemed to mean here something

rough and harsh, and the utility of beauty to be almost unrecognized. She had as yet met with only two kinds of people: those who regarded her talent as beautiful indeed and useful, in so far as it brought her money, but otherwise superfluous; and that yet more depressing class who were enthusiastic in hailing a new amusement, a new sensation, and who valued the singer as a necessity to elegant dissipation. As yet, she had met with no serious disciple of music.

Yet, when she stepped from her door to walk about, to renew her knowledge of familiar scenes, and make acquaintance with changed ones, she was pleased to perceive some of that tranquillity which, in her foreign life, had been so conducive to a steady growth in art. The fine streets she traversed were quiet, distant from the business world, and out of its track. The September air was golden, and the sun so warm as to make the shade welcome. Here and there, through openings between the houses, or at the ends of long avenues, were to be seen glimpses of country; and a thin haze, so exquisite that it might be the cast-off mantle of Beauty herself, half veiled, while it embellished the landscape. It was quite in keeping to see an open church door. One who loitered on the steps explained that there was to be an organ recital, but could not say who the organist was to be.

Miss Rothsay entered, scarcely seeing her way at first, seated herself, and looked about. The atmosphere of the place suited her taste. None but noble and sacred images presented themselves. Art was there in its sublimity, and in its naive simplicity. Here was a form full of austere beauty, there one whose grace verged on playfulness. The scene had the effect of a sacred

picture, in the corner of which one can see children playing or birds on the wing.

Miss Rothsay, without knowing it, made herself a lovely picture in the place. Her oval, pale face was lighted by liquid gray eyes, now lifted, and drinking in the upper light. On her fair hair was set a foreign-looking black hat, turned up over the left temple with an aigrette and feather. A slight and elegant figure could be perceived beneath the dark-blue mantle.

Wondering a little, while she waited, who the organist might be, she ran over in her mind those she had known before going abroad. From that, dismissing the present, her thoughts glanced over those she had known abroad, and at last rested on one she had not seen nor heard of for eight years. Eight years before, Laurie had gone to Germany to study, and he was probably there yet. She recollected his face, more youthful than his years, and full of a dreamy beauty; the figure, tall and graceful, yet wanting somewhat in manly firmness. She heard again, in fancy, that changeful voice, so low, eager, and rich-toned when he was in earnest; she met again the glance of his sparkling blue eyes, full of frankness and enthusiasm. Where was he now?

Had he been a common acquaintance, she would have inquired concerning him freely; but he was a rejected lover, and she would not, by mentioning his name, remind people of that fact. Why had she rejected him? Simply because he had seemed to her not to reach her ideal. It had occurred to her since that time that possibly his manner and not his character had been at fault. At twenty years of age, she had been more mature than he at twenty-five. She liked an ap-

pearance of dignity and firmness, and had made the mistake often made by those older and wiser than herself, of thinking that dignity of soul must always be accompanied by a grave manner, and that an air occasionally or habitually demonstrative and variable, which is merely temperament, indicates a fickle or superficial mind. Sometimes, indeed, the strongest and most profound feelings, in reserved and sensitive persons, seek to veil themselves under an affectation of lightness or caprice, and the soul looks forth with a sad scorn through that flimsy mask on the hasty and egotistical judge who pronounces sentence against it.

> "And you must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love."

is true of some of the finest natures.

Miss Rothsay, during these eight years of her separation from Laurie, had more than once felt a misgiving on his account, lest she had done him injustice. Observing and studying the manners of those she met, she saw that what passed for dignity was sometimes only the distrustfulness of the suspicious, the caution of the worldly-wise, the unsympathizing coldness of the selfish, or the vanity of the conceited. She had lost not only her admiration, but her respect for that unchangeable loftiness which chills and awes the demonstrative into silence; and she had remembered, with a growing regret, Laurie's cordial ways, that seemed to expect friendliness and sympathy from all, and to appreciate the purity of his soul, that never looked for evil, and turned away from it when it intruded itself, and thus seemed scarcely aware that evil existed. Still she had been too deeply engrossed in her studies to give him

much thought, and it was only now that she became conscious of regret.

Meantime, the organist had taken his place, and was arranging his music. The light of the lamp shone on a face wherein were exquisitely blended strength and refinement. One could see there passion purified by prayer, and enthusiasm too deep for trivial excitement. The face showed, too, when studied, that tranquil reserve, not without sadness, which is learned by those who have too often cast their pearls before swine, yet who do not despair of finding sympathy.

He placed the music, sat an instant in fixed recollection, as though he prayed, then lifted his tapering hands, so nervous, light, and powerful, and let them fall on the keys. To the listener beyond the screen, it was as though her reverie had been broken by a burst of thunder. Then the sea rolled in its waves of sound, strong, steady, a long, overlapping rhythm. What did it mean, that fugue? Did it symbolize the swift-coming assaults of evil that seek to drag the race of man downward, as the persistent sea eats away, grain by grain, the continents? Was it, perhaps, the ceaseless endeavor of the faithful will that, baffled once, returns ever to the charge, and dies triumphantly struggling? Did it indicate the generations of men flowing on in waves forever, to break at the feet of God; or the hurrying centuries, cut short, at last, by eternity? However it might be interpreted, the music lifted and bore the listener on, and the silence that followed found her otherwhere than the last silence had left her. She was the same in nature, but her mood was higher; for music does not change the listener, it merely intensifies what

is positive in his nature, whether it be good or bad, to its superlative degree.

Vibrating and breathless still with the emotion caused by that grand composition so grandly rendered, Miss Rothsay perceived a slip of paper on the cushion, and reached her hand for it. It proved to be a programme of the Recital. She glanced along the list, and read the name of the organist at the end—it was Duncan Laurie!

She heard, as in a dream, the soft-toned Vorsprelude that followed, and only came back to music when the third number, a toccata, began. But the music had now to her a new meaning. It seemed to triumph over and scorn her. She heard through that melodious thunder the voice of Nemesis.

But when the closing piece, a noble concerto by Handel, sang out, it reproved that fancy of hers. There was no spirit of revenge nor mean triumph in Laurie's nature.

The audience, small and select, went out quietly. The organist closed the instrument, and prepared to follow, yet waited a moment to recover full consciousness of the everyday world he was going to meet. The air seemed to pulse about him still, and wings of flying melodies to brush his face. Never had he felt less inclined to meet idle compliment or talk commonplace. "I hope no one will wait for me," he muttered, going out into the vestibule.

But some one was waiting, a pale-faced, lovely woman, who looked at him, but spoke not a word. The look, too, was short; for when he exclaimed and reddened up to the eyes, and held out a trembling hand, her eyes dropped.

There is a commonplace which is but the veil to glory or delight, like Minerva in her russet gown. The conventional questions that Laurie properly asked of the lady, as they walked together, were of this sort. When did she come home? was as one should say, When did Joy arrive? When do the stars come? And the steamer that brought her could be as worthy of poetical contemplation as the cloud that wrapped a descending Juno, or the eagle that bore away a Ganymede.

Not long after, when some one asked them who was their favorite composer, each answered "Bach!" and, when alone together, each asked the other the reason for that answer.

"Because," said the lady, blushing, "it was on the waves of one of Bach's fugues that I reached the Happy Islands."

"And because," returned the lover, "when some of Bach's music had rolled back into the ocean, it left a pearl ashore for me."

XIX.—A GLORIA.

(From the Catholic World.)

A varied and beautiful landscape, an Italian landscape, with a dry torrent-bed curving whitely through the green plain, and a mountain-wall built along the north and east, was shining in the afternoon sun of a September day.

Here and there from the great procession of mountains some lesser height pushed itself out into the plain with an old castle, or rocca, on its gray summit, and a

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rolling smoke of olives, or the fretted green of vineyards, or a small walled city climbing its lower steps.

Seen from a distance, the mountain seemed to have taken the sunny little town onto its knee.

One of these cities looked southward and had the full sunrise and sunset, it was so far advanced into the plain, and there was not a dark street nor a sour, damp alley within the walls. Outside the walls bright little casine, all white and pink and gold colored, were scattered among the vigne and the laurels of the ivy.

A lady and gentleman issued from the gate of one of these villas and sauntered slowly up the tree-shaded avenue leading to the town. They were two artists, old friends, who had met in this city partly by arrangement, partly by chance, and were getting sketches here, the lady for charming bits of color, each of which should have a story to tell; the gentleman for some form of modern plastic life that would refresh his mind after a long study of the antique.

He was idealistic, discontented, and somewhat sceptical; she was religious and full of enthusiasm. They called each other Elizabeth and Alexander, and were happy together in that most ideally delightful of friendships, where no jealousy intrudes to embitter it—the friendship of artists. Next to a purely spiritual and religious sympathy, such as that of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clara, or St. Francis of Sales and Jane Frances Chantal, there is no earthly association so exquisite as that of two artists enthusiastically devoted to their art. Nor can the religious element be entirely wanting if they are true artists. It is impossible that man or woman should strive with all their hearts to embody noble ideas in beautiful forms without having,

sooner or later, some consciousness of a supreme source from which all beauty is derived.

The lady wore a black lace veil on her head, and carried a gold-lined parasol in one hand and a pomegranate in the other. She looked up to the town, and let her glance sweep to right and left of it over the crowded heights.

"How peaceful it all looks!" she said. "There is such a suggestion of trustfulness on the one side and protection on the other in one of these small cities snuggled up to a mountain-side."

The gentleman had been looking straight ahead, his large blue eyes having the expression of one who sees only his own thought. He took off his hat, ran his slender fingers through the mass of blonde ringlets that covered his head, and glanced upward somewhat unwillingly. He had wished to prolong a discussion which his companion was setting aside.

"Liberty! Liberty!" he said. "That is what the mountains always suggest to me. They rise into the pure air far above the lower earth, they stretch themselves out, and nothing can break them down."

"Your description would serve equally well for tyranny," the lady said with a slight smile. "But perhaps that is your idea—it is the popular idea—of liberty, a glorious freedom to say and do whatever you like, regardless of the natural consequence that you will thereby prevent others from doing what they would like to do."

"'Oh Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!'" she added after a moment, her companion not having recovered from her dampening remarks.

He still remained silent.

She looked at him with a smile, gave him her parasol to hold, and went to a flat stone beside the road to crack the pomegranate she had brought from the villa.

The gentleman watched her somewhat dreamily, wondering how he could put that easy stooping posture into clay without losing the grace of it. "Stay as you are a minute!" he exclaimed. "Let me see how you have got the other arm. I never saw so much swing in a stoop."

"I shall soon swing over onto the ground if you don't let me up," she said laughingly. "I am a top. My right toe just touches the ground. I rest on my left foot. My left arm and knee make an X."

He took the half pomegranate she gave him, and sucked the mild, fresh juice as they walked on, catching a leaf-stem from a tree in passing to pry out ruby bunches of the glowing seed-grains. "Pomegranates are more for the eye than the taste," he said. "But I like to eat them."

"This is for something more than the eye," she said lightly. "See!" holding up her half of the fruit, "I am going to use it as a text. Remember whom I follow. Christ said: 'Consider the lilies of the field.' Solomon said: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways, and be wise!' I say, then, Consider the pomegranate, my friend."

A man was passing with a donkey laden with straw --that is, a huge mass of straw was moving up the road before him with four little hoofs tick-tacking underneath it. The lady caught one of these straws and began to push up carefully the grains of the pomegranate and to separate without breaking them.

"How pretty the yellow straws look against the ruby pulp!" she said. "But that isn't the lesson I wish you to consider."

"Elizabeth," said the gentleman, gazing after the man and the donkey, "behold one little quadruped which cannot be beaten. He couldn't feel a blow. He is packed all round a yard deep with straw."

At that moment the man before him uttered a stinging "Ah-h-i-i!" and, inserting the stick he carried into a hole in the straw where a donkey's tail might be discovered in dim perspective, used it with such effect as to notably accelerate the tick-tacking.

"I give it up!" sighed the sculptor. "And now for your sermon."

She held the pomegranate toward him, pushing the grains about with her straw. "Look at the shapes of the grains. I don't suppose that any two are alike. Some have three, others four, five, or six sides. Some are faceted like a brilliant-cut gem. All are angular. Yet if left quite free they would naturally have followed the shape of the seed, and been very nearly oval. But there were a good many white, strong seeds in this little walled city of a pomegranate-shell, and no space to throw away between curved lines. Perhaps, too, the life of each was vivified yet more by contact and pressure. So each oval has given a tiny space here and taken a tiny space there, adjusting its tender skin and soft pulp to circumstances, submitting to have angles instead of curves for the sake of living harmoniously with its fellows. But the pressure is only an outward one. The seeds are all perfect and untouched. That is my lesson from the pomegranate. Social liberty, to

be just, means the having a good many little snips taken out of what we would like to do."

She began to eat her text as they walked on. Her companion smiled, but said nothing.

"I am two years older than you, Alexander mio!" she said, tossing away the empty pomegranate-shell. "Study over my lesson till you reach my present age of thirty-one, then tell me your conclusion. I used to have that bull-in-a-china-shop idea of liberty, but I have given it up."

They reached the city gate, and entered a sunny, empty piazza, all grass-grown, before a church. The only person visible was a woman seated outside the door of a rough stone house. At her elbow was a table with a flask of white wine, a dozen or two of walnuts, a few apples, and a loaf of bread. It was her shop, and while waiting for customers she was knitting a beautiful long stocking of pure crude silk of a pale, gleaming gold-color as it came from the cocoon. She was a famous knitter, and these stockings were for the bishop, whose mother would color them a rich Tyrian purple by a process which she kept secret.

As the two artists entered the gate a confused sound of childish voices reached them from a street leading into the piazza, and a little boy came running toward them, pursued by half a dozen others. He turned his head from time to time to fling back at his pursuers an inarticulate babble of defiance or expostulation, but without stopping; and when he reached the two strangers he caught the lady's arm and hid his face in her dress, trembling as he clung.

"Shame on you, you bad boys!" cried Elizabeth, suf-

fering the child to cling to her while she poured out reproaches on his tormentors.

"We weren't going to hurt him, signora," said one of them.

"Isn't it hurting him to frighten him so?" she demanded.

"He keeps following us, and we don't want him," said another. "He can't play nor do anything, and he gets in the way. He's a deaf-mute."

"I wonder if any idea of compassion ever enters the heart of a child, unless it is put there by some older person?" said the lady to her friend. "It is such nonsense to call children angelic! They are oftener egotistical little fiends!"

"Pian piano!" said the sculptor, smiling at her impetuosity.

She turned to the children. "You drive this poor little boy away from you because he is unfortunate," she said. "Well, wait till it comes your turn to be driven away by the holy angels. What should they want of such company as yours, you ignorant, cruel little—" she paused in search of a word which should strike terror into them—"little Protestants?"

"We ain't Protestants!" came in an indignant chorus from the boys.

Elizabeth lifted the child's head from her arm and spoke to him soothingly. He had a pretty, intelligent face, but terror seemed to have been impressed upon it as a habit. Shut in from all the soothing and joyous sounds of nature by that awful silence of the deaf, knowing nothing of danger till it fell upon him, orphaned, and missing the kind and reassuring word which sometimes atones for an indifferent expression

of countenance, worse than all, shunned or derided by almost every child he met, his life might well have been to him an evil dream.

He looked about when the lady lifted his face, saw that his pursuers had gone away and where he was. A light sprang into his face, and he turned quickly in the direction of the knitting-woman.

"Maria!" he called out distinctly, and, breaking from his protectress, ran toward her. But when half-way across the piazza he stopped as suddenly as he had started, and began to cry, looking helplessly from one woman to the other.

The woman with the knitting called out: "Come here, Pio!"

He went slowly forward, but looked back. The two artists followed him and explained what had happened.

The woman had risen with instinctive politeness at their approach, and they saw that she supported herself on a crutch and begged her to sit down again.

"The children always tease him," she said; "and I can't keep him away from them. You see, I have but one foot. The other was crushed by a cart-wheel, and I had to have it cut off. Then there is no one here but mother and I, and mother is very old and half-blind. My husband died long ago, and I have no children."

"The boy is not yours, then?" said Elizabeth.

"No, signora; his mother died last month. They had a room here. Nobody knows where his father is. He went away before Pio was born."

"Who takes care of the child?"

"He lives with me, signora. We hope to get him into a deaf-and-dumb asylum. But he is too young now. He is only six years old. Besides, the asylum is

very poor. Pazienza!" She sighed and smiled. "He is welcome to the little that I can do for him. But I can't keep him off the street."

Elizabeth looked at the child with a troubled face. "He is deaf," she said, "but he is not dumb. He called out 'Maria' quite plainly."

"It is the only word that he can speak, signora. It was his mother's name. How he got it into his mind I do not know. I suppose the Madonna put it there."

"It must be that he was not always deaf," the sculptor said. "Probably before he was able to speak, but while he could hear, the name of his mother became familiar to him, so that it broke out involuntarily afterward when he had need of such help as she would have given him."

He stopped, disconcerted by a swift, frowning glance from his artist-friend. The cripple was looking at him in a puzzled way.

"Yes, sir," she said politely when he paused.

"Maria had begun to teach him something," she said, addressing the lady.

She called the child to her, and taking a rosary that hung on the back of her chair, showed him the crucifix.

He looked at it a moment, then blessed himself, making a little moan where each sacred name should be.

Then she reached down a small picture of the Madonna from the wall and held it before him.

"Maria!" he said. And then he touched the Divine Mother and pointed up to the sky, and touched the Divine Infant and again pointed up to the sky.

But the lesson had sharpened again his dulled sorrow for his lost mother.

"Maria! Maria!" he cried, with a wild, searching glance around the piazza.

Elizabeth took him into her arms and he clung to her. She took his face in one hand, and with the other pointed up to the sky.

He glanced upward, weeping, then looked at the picture. Oh! how could she teach him that she meant his mother, too? She caught him to her breast, pressed him close and kissed him; then putting him back, pointed upward.

He looked at her with wide, startled eyes, then stretched his arms upward and broke out with a sobbing "Maria! Maria!"

He understood! Not only the pictured Madonna was there, but the only one who had ever loved him was there too.

The lady and gentleman pursued their way.

"What did I say that was wrong?" asked the sculptor.

"You did not even know!" she said. "Cannot you understand that the rosary hanging on the back of the chair and the little crucifix and Madonna on the wall are emblems of all which interposes itself between these poor creatures and despair? You would not let her think that the Madonna had a care over that unhappy child. It seems to you a folly. Can you believe that their heavenly Father did not provide that consolation for them when every other hope fails?"

"I did not mean to take the hope away, Elizabeth," the sculptor said seriously. "You know I have the habit of speaking from the scientific basis; but I am scarcely the materialist you think me. All the patience in poverty and sorrow that I have seen here in

Italy, all the self-respect which seems to flow from the very respect which they show to those of superior position, and their sure looking forward to heaven have not been thrown away on me. I do not quite believe, yet I do not disbelieve. There must be somewhere a great fountain of sweetness that they can draw upon."

"Oh, Alexander!"

"I know," he went on, "that science frequently does no more than call things by another name when it seems to explain, and leaves the mystery unsolved; and that, as you say, when we shall have gone round the whole circle of the sciences, and tried them in the alembic to find what supreme result they were to give us, it may be that the most precious jewel of all will be that simple faith and charity which childlike souls knew from the first. But have a little patience with me."

"I will never lecture you again," she said.

The cripple counted over the money they had given her, and smilingly put it into a little silk purse she carried hidden in her corsets. The boy wandered about the piazza with a disconsolate air, then went and sat down on the church steps.

The bells of the church were ringing for the death of an infant. It was the custom there, on the death of a child under seven years of age—that is, incapable of having committed mortal sin—to ring the bells, not a morto, for the dead, but a gloria, for a pure soul entering heaven.

There were four small, silver-toned bells in this church, and they were ringing joyfully. The child sat thinking. He remembered that once when his mother was with him a little girl had been carried past to the church. She was asleep, all dressed in white and cov-

ered with flowers. His mother had pointed at her, then to the sky. The lady to-day had told him that his mother had gone there. Then it must be that the little flower-crowned girl had gone there. He used to see her before that day, but he never saw her again. How did people get there?

He looked upward. To his mind the skies were a great, blue-walled house, and the moon and stars were the lights that shone out at night, as he had seen lights shining by night from the campagna.

How did people get there?

He looked at the mountains rising against the blue, and stretching out like a gigantic highway. It must be by way of the mountains.

He sat and studied over the matter while the gloria rang out above him. He thought of it till he went to sleep, and it was his first thought in the morning.

As soon as he had eaten his piece of bread and drunk a cup of goat's milk in the morning he set out. He had no sense of wrong-doing. He could ask no permission and hear no denial. His protectress allowed him to go where he pleased, sure that he would come back when he was hungry or sleepy.

His road led him first under the city wall. It was a quiet road, and the wall was set with flowering caper-vines. The child stopped and looked up, wishing that he could reach one of the lovely purple-and-white blossoms.

Suddenly he felt himself caught by the shoulder and set roughly aside. A diligence with four horses had been drawn up suddenly close behind him as he stood in the middle of the road, hearing nothing.

The driver mounted to his seat again, shook his fist

at the frightened child, and drove on. Pio stood trembling till the diligence was out of sight, then pursued his way. But reaching a turn of the road, he started back and hid himself behind a bush.

Just beyond the turn there was a shrine of the Madonna set in the high wall of a vigna, and some of the boys who had driven him from them the day before were cleaning and decorating it for a festa the next day. The pastor of the nearest church had entrusted them with the work and given them the key of the glass door before the picture. It stood open now, and one of the boys, mounted on a short ladder, was dusting the inside of the shrine. Another was sweeping the ground before it. Another was washing a pair of little vases at a near fountain. A fourth was pouring oil and water into a rose-colored glass cup, and arranging the floating wick; and a fifth was tying up flowers from a basketful brought down from the town. All their faces were full of serious, earnest pride in their task. They were silent, or spoke but a few words in low tones.

In a few minutes the vases were filled with flowers, and the lamp lit and in its place, where it shone with a soft, glow-worm luster.

The boys stood back to take in the effect before locking the door. It seemed to them very beautiful. Then they knelt down on the grass and said an Our Father and three Hail Marys, as the parish priest had bidden them.

Little deaf-and-dumb Pio watched them from his hiding-place. To him they seemed most wonderful and happy boys. What the matter was with himself that they would not have him with them he did not know. He watched them with fixed and melancholy eyes, feel-

ing as alien from their free and happy childhood as if he had been some little wild beast hidden there in the bush, yet with such a sick longing for their society as only a human heart could feel.

When they had gone away he came out of his hiding-place and went and knelt on the grass as they had done. He blessed himself and said "Maria!" and at that word he cried again, just one little sob between his absorbing terror of the boys and his instantaneous recollection of what he was about to do. It came up like a hidden brook that bubbles up above the ground at some chance opening and sinks out of sight again in a moment. But both the brook and his sorrow were stirring all the same, though silent and out of sight.

Pio went on his way. The road he had taken led round under the walls, and was but little frequented. It made a slight rise, then turned and plunged down into the luxuriant campagna as into a bath. From this turn a rocky path led upward, clinging still to the walls. The laborers from above had already gone down, and the child met no one. If any one were going up the mountain at that hour he would take a better path from the town, which Pio did not know.

Presently the rocks ceased. Some of them retained blood-marks from the little bare feet that had gone over them. Soft, dry turf and mossy ledge replaced them. And here the mountain air began to do its work on the traveler. It was as though some thick cloud which had enveloped him felt the sun shining through its folds. An electric, flitting breeze touched him lightly. Birds flew by. He saw their fluttering wings and open beaks and felt the song he could not hear. The melancholy and terror of his face gave place to a won-

dering half-smile. Some perception of that heaven which he had never heard of stole over his mind.

The path he followed, lightly traced, made a curve around the mountain just before reaching its summit. The child hesitated, looking upward. A loftier peak was visible over the little hamlet and ruined castle above him. No; the entrance he was in search of could not be there.

He followed the curve, and entered on a lofty isthmus that stretched out to the side of a gigantic mass, two twin heights thrust together in primeval days and cooled into many a dimple and hollow far up in the sky. This was a mountain with a name, famous in that region, and often visited by tourists. There was a flagstaff on the highest point of the broad summit, and a tiny, yellow-washed cabin under it. This yellow object, rounded at the top, shone like a golden portal in the sunlight.

At last! There it was! At last! For the child was tired and hungry. He had left the town at seven o'clock in the morning, and it was now afternoon.

From the lofty neck of land where he stood, a solitary creeping mite in all that vastity, the mountains crowded thickly at one side, and ran and faded off, ever smaller and ever more faintly colored, till they melted into a dim, silvery horizon before him; and at the other hand the plain, with its scattered dwellings, its rich green, and its silvery torrent-bed, stretched and faded in its turn till the flashing band of the sea was interposed between it and the sky.

And here the little traveler came upon a treasure.

A company of tourists had come up the night before to see the sun rise on the neighboring height, and on

their return had left the remains of their breakfast securely tied up in a coarse napkin for any poor wight whom chance might send that way. The boy ate and was refreshed. Then he went on with the remains of the luncheon in his hand.

The way grew more weary and more beautiful every moment. There were no rocks on this strange, heavenly mountain, but its summit seemed ever to recede as he toiled on. The sun sank in a flood of golden light that turned rosy, and the stars began to come out. Pio's weary feet sank deep in soft, fine grass, as in a cushion. He cried lowly with fatigue as he went on. The shades of night came down, and in the pure, transparent darkness the little traveler reached the cabin and the flag-staff. He was too much exhausted to feel the disappointment which confronted him. His head was drooping toward his shoulder when he reached the open cabin door; and even as he sank onto the heap of dried grass inside deep sleep fell upon him.

Only a weary child could have so long and deep a slumber. At midnight he turned on his fragrant bed, sighed, and became motionless again. He did not see the east grow white and the purple shadows of night mass themselves into a wall as they crowded down the west. He did not see the east grow golden, and peak after peak and the sea catch fire from it.

It was a sense of joy all about that wakened him. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and murmured his one word, "Maria!" Then he blessed himself and went out, recollecting where he was.

The sun was just blazing on the horizon, its palpitating orb scarcely detached from the serrated line. All the world shone. The mountain-top was shaped like a

wide, immemorial crater, its dimples and hollows waving with fine, thread-like grass a yard high and brilliant with flowers. Out of this exquisite verdure and color, tossing into the air on every hand, sprang the larks in an ecstacy of song. They rose from the flowery earth, hung on their fluttering wings, and poured out a liquid gush of music; tossed themselves higher, hung and sung again, another toss and another roundelay, and so upward till the wings grew weary.

The child laughed to see them, and felt their joy beating against the impassible silence that shut him in. He ate the rest of his food, then looked about him, a new thought dawning on his mind. The portal that he sought to that great palace where the pictured Mother and Child, and his own mother, and the little girl with her white dress and her flowers dwelt could not be here. The peaks were no longer against the sky. Besides, he reasoned, you do not enter first the upper rooms of a house. You go in below and climb the stairs.

A momentary pang of disappointment came over him. It seemed an age since he had seen a human face. He knelt down in the flowery grass, with the larks singing around him, and blessed himself; and remembering the medal and crucifix that hung about his neck, he drew them out and kissed the faces on them. They were no more dumb to him than all other faces were. They comforted him, the dear, familiar faces, and drew him on to finish his quest.

Just back of the mountain where he was two or three strange peaks rose almost like obelisks into the air, all gravel and stone from their sharp points down to their narrow bases, eaten away by torrents, and

through a rift low down between these peaks was visible a dark stone arch through which a light shone.

"Maria!" cried the child, starting up. Oh! it was near. His mother and the Mother with her Child were there! There was the mountain to descend. No matter! He must cross the torrent-beds, and his feet were sore. He would cross them! He must pass those rocky peaks. He was not afraid! He would call "Maria! Maria!" all the way, and perhaps they would come out to meet him.

He gathered a handful of the bright flowers for Maria's Child, and set out undoubting.

Meantime, in the town below a great search had been made for the deaf-and-dumb boy. Some one had seen him go outside the gate, and some one else, whose house overlooked the city wall, had seen him in the road below.

A search, carelessly begun, but growing ever more anxious, was made all about the campagna. Night came, and there was no word of news from the child. No one had seen him go up the mountain-path.

The second day telegrams were sent about, and the hamlet above the town was searched. The boys whom he had watched at the shrine found their hearts, now that they could no longer be of any use to him, and searched minutely all day long.

As the second night came on two items of information, which might mean something, reached the town. A gentleman in the campagna had seen the day before a small, dark object, which might have been a goat, but that looked like a child, moving along the isthmus of land they called the loggia. And a contadino just down from the heights said that as he was working that

morning on a bit of land made by the torrents he had heard what seemed to be a loosened stone roll down the mountain near him, and listening then, had seemed to hear some one close to him whisper, "Maria! Maria!"

It had startled him so, not having believed any living soul to be within a mile of the place, that he had come away immediately.

The artist friends had been among the first and most anxious searchers for the missing child, and when they heard this first note of hope the lady protested that she could not sleep till she knew more.

"We can make our projected expedition to see the sunrise from the mountain and hear the larks for to-morrow morning," she said. "Can we have donkeys and four men ready to start at midnight?" she asked of their landlady.

Yes, everything would be furnished them.

Her plans were quickly laid. They would start at midnight, with four men. Two of these men would leave them at the base of the next mountain and make a circuit of it. It would then be early dawn. At the loggia, which they would reach just before sunrise, the other two men would start on the search, leaving them to go on by themselves. They would wait on the summit till the men should bring them news or nothing.

Everything was prepared—breakfast, with a little wine for the child, who might be faint, and a bandage and bottle of sal volatile slipped into the basket with trembling fingers.

Quite a company gathered in their boarding-house when the project was known, and some of the visitors waited to see the little party set out.

"You must watch the flag-staff on the mountain to-morrow," said Elizabeth to one of them as she settled

herself on the wooden saddle of her donkey. "You can see it plainly with an opera-glass from the lower piazza. We will signal you the news, if we have any to give. If you see a red cloth, the child is alive. If you see a white one, go into the church down there and tell the sacristan to ring the bells a gloria."

There was something magically solemn and sweet in that shadowy ride over the heights under a starry sky. The men swung their lanterns about in the dewy darkness, the donkeys picked their way with sure, strong feet, and not a word was uttered.

When the air whitened toward dawn two of the men left them, and when they had crossed the loggia the other two tethered their animals and set out also to search. The two artists went forward on foot and were wading knee-deep across the thick, fine grass and brilliant flowers when the sun showed its first spark of fire above the horizon, and the larks began to sing. They seated themselves on a bank and gazed about them in silence. The sun came up. The scene was heavenly.

Elizabeth got up and wandered about, listening and looking in every direction over their crater-like, flowery nest. She went into the hut, then came out and unpacked their basket, taking out two scarfs, a red and a white one. She laid them down and looked up at the flag-staff, tears dropping from her eyes. Then she went to the sculptor, who was gazing fixedly off at the sea.

"Alexander," she said, "see what I have found!"

It was a little blue cloth cap, a boy's cap, and like one they had seen Pio wear. "Isn't it almost incredible that he should have been here?"

"I have been thinking as we came along," the sculptor said, "that perhaps the child came up here searching for his mother. And that led me to thinking what

pure love can do. And then I thought of your compassionateness; and while I thought the sun rose before my face."

"Only before your face, Alexander?" his friend asked gently.

"I think it shone through me," he answered. "That sun seems to me the image of Christ."

A sound behind them attracted her attention. She turned quickly. One of the men had come up unseen by her from the other side of the summit, and he was raising her white scarf on the flag-staff. She sank onto the bank and covered her face with her hands. "Oh! oh!"

"He fell and struck his temple," the man said. "Poor little one! he is out of his troubles. They are bringing him up."

The two artists followed him to the other side of the summit and saw the men coming up. They had made a litter of green branches, and the child's waxen face showed like a lily against them.

They came slowly up the steep way, their hats in their hands, reciting prayers as they came.

The lady retreated as they approached, and signed them to a little knoll in the midst of the summit. As they laid their burden down there, there was a faint, sweet sound of music in the air. Soft, silvery, and fitful, it came and went.

Their signal had been seen down in the town, and from the church-tower in the grassy piazza at the city gate the bells were ringing a gloria for a child's soul entering heaven.

Poor little Pio had found the palace gate, and he was deaf and dumb no longer.

XX.—ISABELLA REGNANT.

(From the Catholic World.)

Columbus gone! Haste! Bring him back to me!
Rather I fling my crown into the sea
Than he, rejected, pleading all in vain,
Shake from his pilgrim feet the dust of Spain!

Ah, Ferdinand! the warrior's art you know,
And statecraft, and the subtle, tender show
Of watchfulness that steals a woman's heart!
But there's a nobler science, finer art
Than gallantry, or statecraft: there are fields
Of battle fought with neither sword nor shield,
Where souls heroic bleed invisibly,
And falter not; for down the watchful sky
A whisper bids them onward to the end,
And their own echoes answer, "To the end!"

To such, though to the glory round us shed
Of right divine to rule they bow the head,
Our lives must seem, with all that they have won,
Like some small planet's transit o'er the sun.
They seek a greater prize than that we see
Where red Alhama lifts the Hand and Key,
And loftier walls to scale, or batter down,
Than those that o'er the rushing Darro frown.

A visionary, is he? Marked you how
Straight line on line ruled all that studious brow?
Guessed you no sovereign text engraven there
'Twixt the wide-swelling temples' silvered hair?
A visionary! No great plan on earth
To which foreseeing minds have given birth
Was e'er accomplished, but some heart of stone
Found it impossible—till it was done!

Bring me my jewels—necklace, clasp and ring,
Bracelets and brooches, every shining thing!
Let not a single pearl roll out of sight
Of all my Orient strings of milky light;
Miss not the heads of onyx finely wrought,
Withhold no sun-bright diamond. There's naught
Of cunning gold-work, nor of radiant stone,
Too precious to help pave the path whereon,
Beyond the unknown waters, vast and dun,
The Cross shall travel with the westering sun!
Bring my Castilian gems whose wedded shine
Two kingdoms joined their hands to place in mine.
Ah, my strong Castile and my brave Leon!
I brought no lamb in fold to Aragon!

What makes a queen? Not jewels, though they glow
Like sunset on the high Sierra's snow;
Nor broidered robe, though its fine artist-thought
Excel Our Lady's velvet train, gold-wrought,
That sparkles in her wake seven meters long
When out they bear her through the praying throng.
To queenship these are trivial things, and low.
Through her the nation's better self should show
In larger welcome of brave thoughts and men,
In sympathies that reach beyond the ken
Of humbler lots, drawing from far and near
All that of virtue is most high and clear,
In sole ambition to endow the state
With every glory of the truly great.
That she a model of fair order serve,
Mindful no step of hers from order swerve;
To God a little lowlier bowing down
In that her brow has dared to wear a crown!

Behold my thought of what a queen should be!
God and His saints make such a queen of me!

Something I see in omens—this man's name—
The saint from whom his fair baptismal came
(A giant who had served the great arch-foe),
Had for his penance that, whoe'er would go
Across a certain ford both deep and wide,
On his strong shoulders raised should pass the tide.

Once a fair child besought him: "Take me o'er!"
But as the giant on his shoulders bore
The little one, it ever heavier grew,
Till scarce his strength sufficed to bear it through.
And when, all trembling, he had passed the ford,
Lo! the fair infant was the Blessed Lord!
And (still the name!) when storm-clouds black unfurled
And bursting fountains had submerged the world,
O'er the dread wave no rower could withstand,
It was a dove they loosed to find the land!
This Christopher Columbus, then, may claim
Something of warrant by his very name!

He waits without? Invite him here to me;
And mark you show no dubious courtesy!

Señor, my jewels! All that's mine to give,
Save my most fervent prayers that you may live
To come again for such a coronet
As never yet on human brow was set,
As a queen's promise that, howe'er it end,
You shall find firm protectress and true friend
In Isabella, sovereign of Castile!

Should your great task grow heavy, till you feel
Your strength, and hope, and courage almost faint,
Remember Christopher, your guardian saint,
Struggling, half fallen in the swollen ford,
And think, like him, you bear the Blessed Lord!

MRS. FRANCES C. TIERNAN (Christian Reid).

Miss Frances C. Fisher was born at Salisbury, North Carolina, of a distinguished family of the first settlers. Her father, Charles F. Fisher, was killed while in command of his regiment of North Carolina state troops at the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861. In 1889 she was married to James N. Tiernan and has since resided in Mexico, where her husband has mining interests.

The immediate success of her first venture as a novelist encouraged her to pursue her evident vocation as a writer of fiction; so she has been steadily writing since, giving with each successive effort a proof of its truth. The opinion of a clever critic of the day says, "She is a woman of remarkable culture, an eminent novelist, a fine descriptive writer and a woman in the first rank of our people. She is always safe and writes nothing that does not bring the aroma of Catholicism with it. Her "Land of the Sun, Mexico," is pronounced by competent authorities as the best on that land. The young and the old find entertainment and solace in all of her books. Her works are as follows: "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Heart of Steel," "Question of Honor," "Armine Carmela," "Cecil's Fortune," "Philip's Restitution," "Armine, Child of Mary," "Ebb Tide," "After Many Days," "Land of the Sun," "Land of the Sky," "Gentle Belle," "Mabel Lee," "Nina's Atonement," "His Victory," "Comedy of Elopement," "Fairy Gold."

XXI.—SUCCESS—GREATNESS?

(From Heart of Steel.)

"There is the least possible amount of true greatness in the world," remarked Lady Dorchester. "What we have to put up with is mostly a counterfeit—not greatness but success."

"A distinction well made," said the Marquis; "but a distinction which unfortunately does not exist for the majority of people. To them a man who has succeeded—a man who has put his foot on the necks of his fellow-beings, howsoever the feat was accomplished—is one who has achieved greatness. Let him have been guilty of what falsity, what cruelty, what injustice he will, there are thousands ready to do him honor."

"And to envy and imitate him," added Mrs. Falconer. "The effect of example is to me one of the most terrible things in life."

"It is one of the most pervading," said Stanhope. "No one can possibly tell how far it extends. One man's life or one man's thought—influencing in turn a multitude of others—may go down through ages, gathering its tremendous harvest of good or evil."

"It ought to make one tremble," said Lady Dorchester; "only we have got past trembling at anything."

"And our standard of good or evil, as far as one can make out, is simply success or failure," said Colonel Bevis.

"True," said Stanhope. "It is an absolutely brutal standard; but no other appears to have weight or meaning to the modern mind. For example, we are told re-

peatedly—told until our ears are weary with the sound —that prosperity is the standard by which we are to measure the worth of a nation. Let a country abound with material wealth, let the earth tremble under the sound of its manufactures and the sea be white with its ships, let it build great cities and impose its rule on reluctant myriads, and whatever virtues have perished in the consuming flame of that love of riches, which we are emphatically told in an antiquated volume is 'the root of all evil,' there is no pean too lofty to be sung in its praise. But take another country, where there is no such triumphant prosperity, but where the people are brave, honest, virtuous, and above all contented—let it be anathema! What, no factories, no mines, no ships, no gamblers on a stock-exchange, no extremes of immense wealth and poverty such as cry to Heaven for vengeance! Really, it is doubtful whether such a country can be said to be civilized!"

"But," said Colonel Bevis, "you surely do not think it necessarily follows that the virtues of which you speak must perish in the midst of material prosperity?"

"Yes, I do," answered Stanhope, unhesitatingly. "In the race for wealth, which soon becomes the controlling passion of such a nation, there is no place for them. It is the most debasing of all the ideals that have ever been set before mankind."

"And it is that," said the Marquis, "which is the foundation of the movement that is threatening Europe with social and political anarchy to-day. When you put material prosperity before men as the only end of human effort—when you say to them, 'You are of worth only as you possess the goods of the world'—and when you add that there is no God to fear and no heaven to com-

pensate for the injustices of time, what can be expected save that which is sounding in our ears—the mad cry of socialistic revolt? For the revolution, as we know it, is simply Materialism carried to its logical conclusion. If the only facts in the world are the properties and products of matter, and if the only test of right and wrong is the will of a majority, what answer can be made to the movement which displays itself as Communism, as Socialism, or even as Nihilism? What can be expected of men who have for their evangel the Bill of Rights of the French Revolution, and for their war-cry 'Ni Dieu, ni maitre!' but the negation of every bond which holds society together and makes government possible?"

"It is a terrible outlook," observed Colonel Bevis. "But I think there is some protection in the common sense of human nature."

"Did the common sense of human nature save France from the Reign of Terror?" asked the Marquis. "Common sense is like straw before the flame of human passion. I do not say that such a gigantic tyranny as the socialists will inaugurate when they get the upper hand can last, but it will certainly be tried. What else is going on in France now? Every step is toward concentrating all power in the state—which is the ideal of Communism. They have struck at the rights of paternity in making education public and compulsory; they will strike next at the rights of property. 'La propriete c'est le vol!' is one of the first articles of their creed. No man is to be allowed to accumulate or to inherit. The state is to be the sole inheritor. In that way they mean to secure the visionary equality which has never been, and can never be, realized."

"A more monstrous idea was never conceived," exclaimed Colonel Bevis. "Its palpable injustice lies in the fact that it would drag the industrious down to the level of the thriftless, and that, instead of elevating human nature, it would degrade it to absolute savagery."

"That is plain to you and to me," said the Marquis; "but it contains no argument for the multitude whose will, according to the revolutionary creed, is the last reason of power. 'Since we can not rise to your level, you shall come down to ours!' they cry in rage against all wealth, all prosperity, all distinction of rank. And what appeal have you? That was a wise saying of a great ruler: 'You can not govern a people who have forgotten the life eternal.' Eliminate the idea of God —as modern thought has eliminated it—and the source of all justice, the sanction of all moral law, is gone. Nothing on earth can stand without a basis, and when there is no basis of acknowledged right, when the underlying principle of civil power is simply brute force, as represented in the will of a dominant multitude, political tyranny and social chaos must inevitably follow."

"Speaking of Christendom," said Mrs. Falconer, "I was reading the other day 'Traits and Travesties,' in which the author declares that Christendom should now be called anti-Christendom, inasmuch as all that is put before modern society as its goal is directly opposed to the teaching of Christ."

"It is very true," remarked Stanhope. "At the present time there is not a single government, composing that which was once called Christendom, which has not publicly repudiated the Christian basis. As I have observed before, the god which the nineteenth century worships is material progress; and of a worship so de-

basing, none other than debasing results can be expected. Progress is a word of very attractive sound, and it is the great shibboleth of our age; but it should be remembered that there are two kinds of progress—one upward, the other downward. And no progress can be truly regarded as upward which, while increasing material comfort and material wealth, while multiplying means of transportation and inventing Gatling-guns, nevertheless ignores utterly the law of God as the foundation of public order; forgets utterly the divine precept of charity; thrusts the poor out of sight, to find them rising up arrayed in the awful vengeance of class-hatred; and teaches men that they are not the sons of God, but mere animals, destined to an animal end."

"Bien dit!" said the Marquis. "And that is a correct statement of the progress which the Catholic Church and her Supreme Pontiff are reviled for not endorsing. It is sad," he went on after a pause, "to witness the rapid disintegration of that beautiful and noble fabric of Christian states that established the splendid civilization to which we owe all that is good in our civil and social order—the civilization which, during the ages that the presumption of to-day calls 'dark,' filled Europe with houses of learning, founded chivalry, and practised the boundless charity toward Christ's poor which runs like a thread of gold through all its history, and left in the great monuments of its genius achievements which our boastful age is unable even to imitate."

XXII.—THE HACIENDA.

(From the Catholic World.)

If the arrival at the hacienda was like a dream in the white moonlight of the night, when the great mass of buildings was all made up of silver lights and dark shadows, and the lamps gleaming in the pillared courts and lofty apartments only served to show dimly their vast space, it was a very striking reality in the bright sunshine of the next morning when the members of the party, emerging from their various apartments, found themselves on a wide arcaded corridor surrounding the four sides of a court fit for a baronial castle.

"Oh, how delightfully medieval!" cried Dorothea, as she looked around at the great open paved space where a thousand men-at-arms might have maneuvered with ease, at the immense, fortress-like walls, at the long vista of corridors shaded by orange-trees, and at the belfries of the chapel which rose above the roof of the house against a sky of dazzling lapis-lazuli.

"Don't let Don Rafael hear you call his residence medieval," said her brother with a laugh. "He might not understand that you mean to flatter it. There are Americans who would not use the term in a flattering sense—and with these Americans Mexicans are more familiar than with those who admire the antiquity of their dwellings and customs."

"If he thinks we are uncultivated modern barbarians, able to appreciate nothing but a steam-engine, I hope you will be kind enough to undeceive him," replied Dorothea with dignity, "since I, for one, cannot possibly restrain my admiration for this splendid, picturesque place."

"Here he is now," said Philip, advancing to meet the elderly gentleman, of aspect as picturesque and dignified as his house, who came toward them. A tall, well-knit figure, set off to advantage by the costume of the country, a clear-cut, bronze face with an eagle eye and partially gray hair, the bearing of an hidalgo and the manner of a courtier, such was Don Rafael de Vargas in his own stately home. In very good English he welcomed the party again, told them that his house was their own, and begged to know if they had rested well during the night. Assured on this point he expressed regret that his wife and daughters, who now came up in smiling phalanx, could not speak English, but hoped that the American ladies had sufficient command of Spanish to communicate with them.

Philip, for the American ladies, expressed their sincere regret that this was not the case—and then for several minutes was kept very busy interpreting the hospitable greetings and compliments of Dona Herminia and her three daughters. Two of these were married —charming young matrons with manners as attractive as their faces; but the youngest, Dona Mercedes, was in the first flush of girlhood, and of a very bewitching loveliness, delicate, high-bred and piquant.

"There she is!" said Philip, in a discreet aside to his elder sister, when he was at last able to cast his mantle of interpreter upon the shoulders of Russell. "Isn't she a beauty?" She beats Violet Gresham hollow, as I knew she would!"

Mrs. Langdon, suppressing a laugh, replied that Dona Mercedes was certainly a beauty in the full sense of that much-abused term—"and a perfect picture," she added, as she stood looking at the girl with undis-

guised admiration. There was indeed a strikingly picturesque quality in her loveliness, the quality which makes an artist, on seeing some particular face, long for his color-box and brushes, that he might transfer its lines, tints, and tones to canvas. Here all the lines, tints, and tones were of the most charming description. The soft brunette skin was fine and pale as ivory, save where a coral-like color bloomed on the rounded cheeks, dark curling hair clustered around a beautiful forehead, perfect brows lay, straight as a Greek statue's, above the large and brilliant dark eyes with their long, curling lashes, the delicate nose expressed refinement with something of pride, while the lips, "like a scarlet thread," parting over milk-white teeth, and the shape of the dimpled chin, indicated that the young lady possessed a very decided will of her own. In fact there was something in her whole appearance suggestive at once of a spoiled child, and of a saucy, somewhat mutinous disposition. "And this is the girl we were afraid that Philip would marry!" thought Margaret, with a humorous sense of the situation. "She looks like a young princess, and I fancy would not think of condescending to a poor gringo, a mere civil engineer, as Phil no doubt appears to these people."

It was certain that, kind as the De Vargas family had been to the young engineer, they received a new and much higher idea of his social environment from the appearance of his family and friends. The ladies, especially, gauged with fine accuracy the position of these very elegant and distinguished-looking strangers of their own sex. "They are evidently persons of the highest consideration in their own country," Dona Her-

minia confided aside to her daughters. "I am much pleased to know them."

And Dona Mercedes remarked frankly to Philip, who executed a flank movement as soon as possible which placed him at her side, "they are charming, your sisters. I cannot tell which I admire most. The one in blue is perhaps most beautiful, but the one in black has most distinction."

"The lady in blue is not my sister," replied Philip. "She is a friend only. At home she is considered a great beauty; but in Mexico," pursued this bold and unfaithful young man, "she does not seem so beautiful, by comparison with the ladies of this country."

He was rewarded by the laughing gleam that came into Dona Mercedes' bright young eyes. "Do you find them, then, all so beautiful, the ladies of Mexico?" she asked. "I am afraid you are a great flatterer, senor. For my part, I think there can be few anywhere more beautiful than this friend of yours."

"She is a friend of my sisters," said Philip the mendacious.

At this moment the party was reinforced by the approach of three young men, one of whom proved to be a son-in-law, while the other two were sons of the house —handsome young fellows who had received their education in Europe, and one of whom was attached to the Mexican legation in Paris. Both spoke English, the latter, Don Rodolfo; particularly well, and on him Miss Gresham smiled approvingly. It was the last thing she had expected, to find so unmistakable a man of the world in this Mexican hacienda, which seemed to her imagination as remote from the scenes which his appearance and manner suggested as if it had been lo-

cated on another planet. So, with pleasant surprises on all sides, and a generally agreeable sense of good will, the party moved toward the dining-room, where breakfast awaited them.

At the door the members of the family all drew back and motioned their guests to precede them into a vast apartment, where a table, at which fifty persons might have been seated, occupied the center of the floor. There was little else in the room. A tile-paved floor, delicately frescoed walls, two or three sideboards of very simple construction, and an army of chairs, these things, with the great table, made up the fittings of the apartment. On one side was the square aperture in the wall through which, according to Mexican custom, the food is passed from the kitchen—which invariably adjoins the dining-room; on the other side tall windows opened upon a beautiful garden enclosed by a high wall, where flowers were blooming in profusion and birds singing in the trees.

"How wonderfully feudal it all seems!" Dorothea remarked, in a low voice to her sister, as they grouped themselves about one end of the long table, and coffee and chocolate were served by white-clad, crimson-cinctured servants. "I could not have imagined anything at the present time so suggestive of the past. This table seems made for an unlimited hospitality, and I feel as if all the retainers would presently march in and take their places below the salt."

"We are still very feudal in Mexico, senorita," said a voice beside her, and turning she found, somewhat to her confusion, that her remark had been overheard by Don Armando, the eldest son of the house.

"Oh!" she said, bearing in mind Philip's caution, and

blushing quickly, for this English-speaking senor was looking at her very pleasantly with his bright dark eyes, "I hope you do not think that I used the term in any unflattering sense. It seems to me delightful to find anything left in the modern world so picturesque as this life of yours, so full of the spirit of times that seem as far from us as the middle ages."

He smiled, evidently understanding that she spoke with honest enthusiasm. "You must talk to my father," he said. "He is a great adherent of our ancient ways. I, too, like them—but I recognize that we cannot hope to keep things from changing. At present, however, there is still much that is picturesque, and feudal in the best sense, in this our Mexican life. I am glad that you like it. Many Americans think us—how do you call it?—antiquated."

"I am not that kind of an American," said Dorothea with great distinctness. "There are numbers of antiquated things that I admire exceedingly, and which I think we have very poorly replaced. But as for this life of yours—this distinctively Mexican life of the hacienda—it interests me beyond measure, and I hope you will not think me very inquisitive and troublesome if I ask many questions about it."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure to tell you anything, everything, that you may wish to know," said Don Armando with the most evident sincerity.

"I perceive one thing very plainly," said Travers after breakfast to Mrs. Langdon, as they all strolled slowly around the orange-shaded corridors of the great quadrangle toward the sala, "that if you do not take compassion on me, I shall be driven to commune with my own thoughts alone. Here is the general monop-

olized by and zealously extracting information from Don Rafael, while Russell is engaged in exchanging compliments with our hostess, Phil has eyes, ears, and tongue only for that very pretty girl, and the two young men are evidently determined to absorb the attention of our contingent of young ladies, so unless you allow me to address a remark now and then to you I shall be driven to simply exchange smiles and bows with the very affable gentleman who is walking on your other side, senor—what is his name?"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Langdon with a smile. "If I mentioned it he would know that we were talking of him, and I have not Spanish enough to explain why. It is surely a pity that the tower of Babel was ever begun! But whenever you feel the need of conversation, pray do not hesitate to address yourself to me. By present appearances, I am no more likely to be monopolized than yourself."

In this opinion Mrs. Langdon reckoned without her hostess. When they reached the sala, an immense apartment, as superb in space and proportion as the rest of the house, she was at once led to the seat of honor, a sofa at the head of the room, where, seated between Dona Herminia and her eldest daughter, she was obliged to employ all the Spanish at her command and to engage Russell's aid as interpreter besides, to maintain a conversation with these friendly people.

Meanwhile, Don Rafael was only too delighted to initiate the general into the inner life of the hacienda, its modes of working, and all the details of the life of its people, most of whom had been on the estate for generations, and would under no circumstances think of leaving it. He was taken into the great office and

storeroom in one, where the accounts were kept, and where the laborers purchased almost all of their supplies, furnished them at the lowest profit possible by "el amo"—the master. "At the height of the season our rayas (payrolls) average two thousand dollars a week," said Don Rafael, "so you see there is need of a bookkeeper."

"And a bank also, I should think," said the general.

He was then taken into a world outside of, yet closely surrounding the casa grande—a world of granaries and storehouses, as full to overflowing as the granaries of Egypt in the years of fatness; of shops where, with comparatively primitive tools, the work of the hacienda was done; blacksmithing, carpentering, shoemaking—all the trades were represented, and very good was some of the work accomplished, notably some carriage building which, in its results, astonished the general. Then there were the schools for both sexes, maintained by the proprietor, and filled with dusky boys and girls who were all studying aloud in the ancient fashion, which, like many other ancient fashions, still lingers in Mexico.

"To-morrow," said Don Rafael, when the general, a little tired, was finally conducted back, across the wide plaza-like space around which these buildings were grouped, to the shade of the great house, "we will start early—say at five o'clock, so as to avoid the heat of the sun—and ride out on the hacienda. You will probably be interested to see our modes of agriculture."

"Nothing could interest me more," said the general heartily.

Indeed he told Russell a little later that while the cities which they visited had been very brilliant and

picturesque, this glimpse of the inner life of the country, of the management of its great estates, was infinitely more interesting to him. "It is like another world," he said, "totally different in every respect from ours. There is something fascinating about its semi-patriarchal, semi-feudal character."

"A mixture of the East and the middle ages," said Russell smiling. "You can understand now why there is such an Arabian Nights flavor about many of the stories which are told of these great proprietors. I must get Don Rafael to tell you some of them."

Meanwhile the younger members of the party had not been idle in sight-seeing, although their attention was not directed to the inspection of the granaries and shops. Led by one of the married sisters and by Dona Mercedes and Philip, Miss Gresham and Dorothea, with Travers and their two young hosts, passed through an atrio enclosed by a balustrade and adorned by a fountain, and, mounting a superb flight of steps, they found themselves in the long, graceful arcade which extended along the entire front of the vast building. Here they paused for a time to admire the magnificent view of valley and mountains that stretched before them, and were then conducted to the chapel, which rose at one end of the house, and was capable of containing at least six or seven hundred people. Finely proportioned, like all Mexican churches, built of stone throughout, with lofty, frescoed ceiling, noble organ, and splendid churrigueresque altar, it was in all respects a sample of that princely generosity which the highest class of Mexicans have for centuries displayed toward religion, and which the best of them practice to-day as much as ever. Simple marble slabs

let into the pavement, told where rested below the dust of those who in their earthly day had owned this magnificent heritage, and who now slept in the peace of God before the altar where they had so often knelt in life. In a dim, spacious sacristy, almost as large as the church itself, the sacristan, a brown old man in the cleanest of white clothes, showed them sacred vessels and vestments rich enough for a cathedral. A stair behind the sacristy led to the chaplain's apartments above—two rooms, one a chamber, the other a study lined with books—which commanded so entrancing a view over the vast stretch of pastoral valley to the purple hills beyond, that it was difficult for Dorothea to tear herself away from it.

"It is a home for a poet or a saint, or for one who should be both," she declared as she stood in an open window, glancing from the bookcases filled with Latin and Spanish volumes within to the wide, wonderful, sun-bathed picture without. "A cell on a mountain top could not be more secluded. Not a sound reaches us from the house so full of life near by. Nothing is before one's eyes but nature and heaven."

"I must beg our good capellan, when he returns from the sick-call which has taken him out on the hacienda, to resign his quarters for a time to the senorita," said Don Armando, smiling. He found the enthusiastic admiration of this pretty American very attractive. "I am sure he will be delighted to do so."

"Ah, but I am neither a poet nor a saint," said Dorothea, "so what should I do here? No, senor, I think we will not disturb the good capellan, but whenever I dream of the most attractive place I have ever seen it

will be this. Now shall we follow the others? Your sister said something of the garden."

Into a garden that might have been that of Armida they followed the advance guard that preceded them across the wide paved atrio and down a long flight of steps. At the foot of this natural terrace, which was enclosed by a stone wall with an iron gate, was a beautiful and extensive huerta. Broad alleys lined with orange trees led in every direction through a wilderness of tropical foliage—for in this vast pleasance was every variety of fruit tree known to the country, every product, it appeared, both of the temperate and tropical zones. Streams of water affording the necessary irrigation ran through enchanting bits of landscape, where great clumps of bananas unfurled their broad, green satin leaves to the sunshine, tall mango trees, guavas, palms, and a multitude of others of which the strangers knew not the names, formed masses of luxuriant green varied here and there by the golden or purple flowers of some climbing vine. In this paradise of verdure birds were singing on every side, forming a chorus of happy praise, the air was filled with fresh fragrance, in the long green alleys there was no heat, and presently, when they reached an open space around a fountain, where, near the brimming basin, stone seats, that had taken the soft tint of age, were placed under trellised grape vines, Dorothea was not the only person who uttered an exclamation of delight. "One might fancy one's self in Italy," she said. "It is like a Roman garden."

"There is something classic in the suggestion of the fountain and these stone benches," said Travers; "but all this tropical foliage is unlike Italy, and one can-

not fancy a Roman garden without the ilex and the box."

"People without imagination cannot fancy anything," said Dorothea, who felt herself and her enthusiam as usual slightly snubbed by Mr. Travers.

"I don't see the least need for imagining anything better than the reality," observed Miss Gresham with the common sense which distinguished her. "It seems to me a perfect paradise—quite the prettiest place we have seen."

"I am delighted that you find it so," said Don Rodolfo, who was carrying her parasol and generally devoting himself to this beautiful stranger; "but when you go to Mexico you will find huertas much more beautiful than this—for we do not keep it so much for a pleasure ground as for the fruits which it yields. In summer every imaginable variety can be gathered here."

"There seems to be a great deal to be gathered at present," said the young lady, seating herself on one of the classic-looking benches. "If some one would kindly bring me an orange—and perhaps a banana or two—I think I could enjoy it."

Don Rodolfo clapped his hands, and as if by magic there appeared in one of the green vistas radiating from this central spot the ubiquitous white-clad, sandalled figure with which they were by this time familiar.

"There are always two or three men at work in here somewhere," he said, smiling, in answer to Dorothea's look of surprise. And addressing the man who approached, he directed him to bring some of the best varieties of oranges and bananas.

"Si, senor," was the response, and the speaker disappeared—but returned quickly bearing a basket filled with the beautiful fruit; and in this charming spot, with stray sunbeams filtering down through a canopy of green vine leaves, beside the gray old stone basin filled with sparkling water, and lovely depths of foliage wherever the eye rested, they all enjoyed their fragrant al fresco lunch.

"I feel as if I had dreamed myself into a 'Paul and Virginia' pastoral," said Dorothea presently. "Our surroundings are so idyllic that we ought to be somewhat romantic ourselves and not indulge in such very tame and prosaic conversation." (They had been discussing the facilities for marketing the orange crop of the country.)

"I am sure I am ready to be romantic at the least encouragement," said Philip. "But nobody encourages me."

"It is rather difficult to be romantic in public," said Travers. "Solitude, or solitude à deux, is absolutely necessary for anything of that kind. But our surroundings suggest to me Boccaccio's story-tellers in their Florentine villa. Let us have some stories with a flavor of the romanticism of this wonderful country."

"But who shall be the story teller?" asked Dorothea. "Don Rodolfo?—Don Armando?—which?"

The two young men looked at each other, laughing and shrugging their shoulders. Each protested that ability for story telling he had none. "But here comes some one who can oblige you," said Don Armando, glancing down the broad avenue leading to the gate, along which two figures were advancing. They were General Meynell and Don Rafael. "My father can tell,

and will enjoy telling, you stories by the hour. He has lived through the old and the new times of Mexico, and his memory is stored with what you would call very romantic episodes. Three times during the revolutions he was taken out to be shot."

"I should call that more exciting than romantic," observed Dorothea. "And how did he escape?"

"Oh," replied the son, shrugging his shoulders again, "it was only a question of money. They wanted to extort more than he was willing to pay. It was necessary to pay all the time in those days. There was no such thing as peace, especially for a rich man. First one armed band and then another would ride up to his door and, at the point of the pistol, demand money, horses, mules, provisions—and whatever their requirements, it was necessary to satisfy them, to some extent at least."

"It is very astonishing," said Travers, "that there remained any rich men after a certain number of these visitations."

"There did not remain a great many," said the other. "The rule in this country is that those who were rich before the revolutions are poor now, and that many rich and influential men, especially those belonging to the dominant party, have fortunes founded on open robbery. Only some of the great proprietors, like my father, whose landed estates were vast, unless they happened to have those estates confiscated, came out of that period without being reduced to poverty."

"Were there many cases of confiscated estates?" Travers asked.

"Very many. Here is my father. Ask him to tell you the story of the Burro de Oro."

"The Golden Donkey," said Dorothea. "What a singular name! Was it applied to a man?"

"Yes, to a man, one of the richest in all this part of the country. Will you tell them the story of the Burro de Oro?" he asked, turning to his father, who at this moment entered the circle.

Don Rafael looked around with a smile as he sat down. His bold, clear-cut face, with the dark, eagle eyes—one could fancy how unflinchingly they had faced the muskets leveled to shoot him those three several times!—came out with fine effect against the deep green background rising above the soft gray stone of the bench on which he sat. "What a fine, powerful head!" whispered Dorothea to Travers. "How I should like to have an oil sketch of it!"

"I have told you all along that the absence of an artist was a great mistake in the composition of our party," he replied in the same tone. "What a scene for a picture this is altogether!"

"And so my son has been telling you something of the Burro de Oro," said Don Rafael, regarding the strangers with his bright, steady glance. "It is a sad story to one who knew the man as I did. How came he to bear such a name? Well, you must know that our people are almost as much addicted to the use of nicknames, characterizing the individual, as the Italians; and this name was given to one whose immense wealth and childish love of display, together with the fact that he was considered to be mentally deficient, made him a famous character in his day. Innumerable stories were told, and are still preserved in popular tradition, of his caprices and extravagances. Many of them were true, and in this respect he was not an iso-

lated example. One must go to the Oriental countries to find anything analogous to the boundless wealth, and profuse, picturesque, almost barbarous expenditure of many of our great proprietors of a generation or two ago. And of this class Burro de Oro was the supreme type. Fortune absolutely showered favors on him. By direct and indirect inheritance he was possessed of almost fabulous wealth, and the love of display dominated his life. Not far from here there is a hacienda—one of the largest and richest in the State of Jalisco—which he owned, and where he erected a palace the splendor and luxury of which still bear testimony to his mode of life. Built in the most costly manner, everything about this house was of the most expensive description, and the number of his retainers was remarkable even in Mexico, where the house of every rich man is filled with servants. The attire of these servants was of a splendor to correspond with that of their master. The saddles of his mozos had trappings of silk and velvet, while his own saddle was of silver and gold. To the magnificence of his personal attire there were no bounds. He had hundreds of costumes loaded with the richest adornments, and the heels of his boots were made of gold."

"There is a truly Oriental touch for you," said Travers, with a smile, to Dorothea.

"I don't wonder," said the general, "that his popular name was the Golden Donkey. The man must have been an absolute fool."

"In his childish love of display, yes," said Don Rafael. "It was his great weakness. But there was nothing bad about him. On the contrary the stories of his generosity are as many as the stories of his extrava-

gance. He was very kind to his dependents and exceedingly charitable to the poor. Once, in a time of great suffering from the failure of crops, he opened his granaries and bade all who would, come and find food and work."

"Ah," said Dorothea, "one can forgive much folly in a man capable of such an act as that."

"It was but one act of many like it, and that is why the people still speak of Burro de Oro in a very tender fashion, laughing at his absurdities but never forgetting his countless deeds of charity. His end, however, was very sad, and it may be said that his vanity brought about the tragedy which closed his life. He was an adherent of the Emperor Maximilian, and purchased from the imperial party the title of general, just as he purchased the highly decorated uniform which it gave him the right to wear. It was well known that he had never commanded troops—never, in fact, borne arms or had any military responsibility whatever; yet the Liberals, when their triumph was assured, arrested him, seized his great wealth, and ordered his execution. There was not a shadow of pretext for such an act—but pretexts for executions were not necessary in those days." Don Rafael paused for a moment, and a shade fell over his face as if cast by the memory of the evil times of which he spoke. He turned his eyes away from the countenances regarding him with such keen interest, and gazed down one of the verdure-framed vistas as if it were that vista of the past where he saw enacted the tragedy of which he was about to speak.

"It gave," he said, "a noble and pathetic touch to the end of this poor man that he died with great dignity and courage. Yet even in his death the ruling pas-

sion of his life showed itself. He ordered that a fine piece of tapestry should be spread on the spot where he was to kneel to be shot, and then, dressed in his richest apparel, he went forth to meet the soldier's death of which he proved himself not unworthy."

There was a moment's silence as the speaker's voice fell. Pathetic indeed was the picture which his words painted for all who possessed imagination enough to see, like himself, the generous, childish soul kneel down in his brave attire, to die with the courage of a gentleman and a soldier because his enemies coveted his great possessions.

"What a story!" said Dorothea at length softly, drawing a deep breath. "Its romance and its tragedy would not be possible in any other country, unless, as you have said, senor, it were an Oriental one."

"Mexico abounds in such stories," said Don Rafael, regarding her bright and interested face with a smile. "One of the grandees of the past, who is the hero of many popular traditions, was the Count del Jaral, from whom are descended some of the greatest and richest families now existing in Mexico. He possessed no less than ninety great haciendas, and 'cattle upon a thousand hills' was no figure of speech in his case, but less than a statement of the literal fact. It is related of him that being once solicited by a poor student for aid to complete his education, he gave him (it was at the time of sheep-shearing) the wool from the tails of his sheep, and it constituted a fortune."

"The wool from the tails of his sheep!" repeated Dorothea. "How patriarchal and Oriental it sounds! How different from giving him a check upon his bank."

"It opens a very interesting field for speculation,"

said Travers. "If the wool from the tails of his sheep constituted a fortune, what did the entire wool of the sheep constitute? And there are the cattle upon a thousand hills to be considered, and the products of ninety great haciendas—I doubt if the Count del Jaral was able to tell the sum total of his own income."

"It is doubtful," said Don Rafael. "At least a hundred details must necessarily escape the attention of a man of such vast wealth—and wealth which, from its character, was almost incalculable. Another story told of him, with a very Oriental touch about it, is this: Meeting one day a large drove of very fine mules, he asked the man in charge of them what was their price. 'They are not for sale,' replied the man proudly, 'for my master has no need to dispose of his property.' 'And who is your master?' asked the count. 'El Conde del Jaral,' answered the man. Then said the count, 'I am the Conde del Jaral, and these mules are yours, because you know how to speak of your master in a becoming manner.'"

"A very magnificent personage!" said the general. "And, I presume, at that time only one of many such striking figures."

"The most striking of all in his day," replied Don Rafael. "But certainly in the history of the country only one of many. There is a point which seems to me very noticeable in all the popular stories told of these great proprietors," the speaker added after a moment's pause. "Rarely, if ever, are they accused of cruelty or oppression. On the contrary, the tales of their princely generosity and charity are countless; and it was chiefly from them that the church obtained the property which it held for a hundred useful purposes, and of which it

was robbed by the leaders of the revolution—men in every instance risen from poverty and obscurity—the descendants of those whom the church alone had saved from slavery and extinction."

"And who at first opportunity repaid the debt by spoliation!" said the general. "That is an old story in the history of the world."

"Yes, ingratitude is an old story," said Don Rafael; "but I think it has seldom been more conspicuously displayed than here in Mexico. On every page of the early history of the country is written the vast debt which the native races owe to the church that preserved, taught, Christianized, and civilized them. More than this, the individuals foremost in the crusade of robbery —for example, Benito Juarez—owed their own personal education, and consequent power, to the charity of the religion they persecuted."

"Put a beggar on horseback," said Travers in his quiet voice, "and we know, generally speaking, where he will ride. But the beggars who have ridden roughshod over Mexico are not half so interesting as the picturesque figures of the past, before Progress and Reform became watchwords for tyranny."

"Not half," said Dorothea. "So pray, senor, tell us some more about those figures."

It was not very often that Don Rafael found listeners so sympathetic and interested, and he was quite willing to gratify them by relating other stories steeped in all the romance of his wonderful land. The modern world seemed far away as they listened, in the green heart of this enchanted garden, conscious that around them spread the vast sunlit plains and shining hills which had been the theater and setting for all these

vivid, picturesque, dramatic events, for conditions of life which were like a mingling of the pastoral and the feudal of past ages, for tales in which the most primitive forces of human passion displayed themselves together with stirring heights of heroism and extremes of noble generosity, and with now and again a touch of spiritual sweetness and simplicity that seemed drawn from the tender Franciscan spirit which first taught and still dominates the religious feeling of this deeply religious country.

"What a field for the story-teller—the genuine story-teller, not the fin de siècle realist—is here!" said Dorothea, when at last Don Rafael smilingly said that he must not tire them, and that they would now adjourn to the house. "It is one of the few fresh and untrodden fields for literature yet left in the world."

"Not altogether untrodden, if my memory serves me," observed Travers, who was walking by her side.

"Trodden only by one writer—the author of the Stories of Old New Spain—who has presented the types and conditions of life in the country with true artistic sympathy and fidelity," she replied. "But how much remains yet to be told of the old, picturesque life that Don Rafael has been painting for us!"

"It would require another Thousand and One Nights in which to tell it all, I fancy," said Travers. "I confess that what pleases me most are the suggestions of boundless wealth. Think of the man who paved his house with bricks of solid silver! There is a glimpse of opulence in that beside which the extravagance of our modern rich men seem very tame."

"But you remember the reason," said Dorothea with a laugh. "He was a great gambler, and his wife, fearful

that he would gamble away all his fortune, great as it was, insisted on this very solid investment, so that when the worst came to pass they might have something to fall back upon."

"It is to be hoped her foresight was justified—but how easy to lift a brick in a quiet way whenever a stake was needed! I am afraid that, unless he departed this life before his other resources were exhausted, there did not remain much silver pavement for his family to inherit."

"It is all fascinating," said Dorothea, comprehensively, glancing up at the long, arcaded front of the casa grande with the picturesque open belfries of the chapel at one end, which they were approaching. "This hacienda life is decidedly the most interesting bit of our Mexican experience."

"It is interesting because it is so novel, fresh, and totally different from every other life one has ever known," Travers agreed. "And the family are charming. I think"—glancing at Philip, who as he sauntered in front of them was talking earnestly to Dona Mercedes—"that efforts to counteract the possible effect of Miss Gresham's spells have been as unnecessary as your solicitude with regard to them."

"It is also unnecessary," said Dorothea with some asperity, "to call my attention afresh to the fact, which I assure you I clearly recognize, that I have acted like an absolute idiot with regard to the whole matter. If humility is good for the soul, I feel myself at present possessed of enough for a saint."

"Hum!" said Travers rather doubtfully. "I believe that the humility of the saints was generally accompanied with some gentleness toward their fellow-creatures."



ELEANOR CECELIA DONNELLY.

Eleanor Cecelia Donnelly was born in Philadelphia, sixth child of the late Dr. Philip Carroll and Catherine Gavin Donnelly. Her elder brother, Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, ex-Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota, was the first to recognize his little sister's poetic gift. She wrote her first poem when but eight years old and published a hymn to the Madonna, in a child's paper, at the age of nine. Contributions have been constantly appearing in the columns of Catholic magazines and newspapers, and there is scarcely a prominent Catholic periodical that has not been enriched by her pen. Besides her poems she has published among others the "Life of Rev. Felix Barbelin," "Pearls from the Casket of the Sacred Heart," "Lignori Leaflets." She has published the following volumes of verse: "Out of Sweet Solitude," "Domus Dei," "Crown of Stars," "Children of the Golden Sheaf and Other Poems," "Our Birthday Bouquet," "Little Compliments of the Season."

Miss Donnelly is now (1895) the editor of "Our Lady of Good Counsel," a magazine published under the auspices of the Augustinian Fathers, Philadelphia. It is impossible to read Miss Donnelly's poems and not at least desire a better life, a closer union with Infinite Perfection. She has been termed the American Adelaide Proctor.

XXIII.—A LEGEND OF THE HOLLY.

When the Shepherds came to the holy Cave
 (Their lambs, like snowdrifts, bringing),
While, under the stars, the Angels brave
 Their songs of praise were singing.

They found with awe at the Stable-door,
 Where the Christmas-snows lay whitest—
With awe and fear, at the Stable-door,
 Where the Christmas-stars shone brightest—

A shrub, 'round which sweet fancy weaves
 Her spell; at Yuletide showing
Its jagged, emerald glossy leaves,
 With blood-red berries glowing.

Amazed, the Shepherds softly said:
 "Who, 'mid the snows, hath set it?"—
An Angel drifting overhead
 Replied: "Ah! ne'er forget it!

"The symbol 't is of days to be,
 Foreseen by prophet-dreamer—
The future's spinous misery
 Awaiting earth's Redeemer.

"Behold, in each sharp-pointed leaf,
 The knife of Circumcision—
The thorns, the nails, which Love and Grief
 Salute with tear-dimm'd vision.

"And in each scarlet berry view
The Blood-drops, pure and holy,
Of Him who here is born for you,
A Savior, meek and lowly!"

The Shepherds heard. Their wisdom poor
This world may scorn as folly—
But, kneeling at the Stable-door,
They hailed the Christmas Holly!

XXIV.—HOME, WOMAN'S SPHERE.

When to the query, "What is the greatest need of France?" the first Napoleon answered, "Mothers!" he voiced the most imperative need of all ages, all nations, and of none more than our own.

The good mother is always at home. Her influence is all-pervading. Be she as rich or as largely retinued as Sheba's queen, she cannot, she dare not, shift her responsibilities to others. Even when her little ones are in the daily care of the Religious, she is bound to look to their instruction, to the formation of their character.

The vexed question of Catholic education finds its best solution at the fireside. The intellect and heart of the Catholic child must be opened, moulded, developed by God's first of teachers, first of preachers, at the altar of the hearthstone.

Exceptional women have been born to exceptional vocations. Females of masculine minds, masculine physique, have ruled nations and controlled epochs. Deborah, Judith, and Esther, in the old law; Catherine of Siena, Joan of Arc, and Isabella of Spain in

the new were called to extraordinary missions—to be counsellors of sages, saints, and kings. But the exceptions only prove the rule. Charlotte Corday can not pose as Judith of Bethulia; nor the witch-wife of Salem as the martyred Maid of Orleans. The average woman can have but one mission, one kingdom—that of home.

Rich or poor, married or single, she can have but one model—the Virgin of virgins, Mary, the wife of Joseph; Mary, the mother of Jesus.

From the immaculate source that produced the Incarnate God have flowed all the graces, rights and privileges to Christian women, and the stream can not rise higher than its source.

Mary was the most gifted, as well as the most blessed, of women. Her intellect was never wounded by original sin. She had all the wisdom of sinless Eve, with the splendid superadded lights of her own personality, her own peculiar office. Her mind was the broadest, deepest, highest, the clearest, keenest, brightest of all created minds, save that of Christ Jesus our Lord. It was the Mirror of Justice reflecting with brilliant fidelity the peerless mind of the Godhead.

Her "Magnificat" proves her the first of Christian poets, the wisest of Christian seers. Yet she sang her prophetic song but once, and then only in the privacy of Zachary's home—then only to glorify her God and debase his little handmaiden. The best years of her life were passed in the simple, humble duties of her Nazarene home, and when her tasks were done she listened silently to the voice of her Beloved and kept all his words, "pondering them in her heart."

XXV.—SIR VERITAS AND THE KING.

The courtiers gathered round the throne, and plied the King
with praises:
"Wiser art thou than Solomon!"— cried they in fulsome
phrases:

"Greater than David in the prime of all his regal glory;
Braver than he of feudal time, renown'd in song and story;

"Thy manly beauty is the theme that thrills the bards with
pleasure:
The wealth of Ind melts like a dream before they golden
treasure!"

So, link by link, they forged a chain to bind their royal master
Unto their ends. A cloud of pain, a foreshade of disaster

Loomed darkly on the monarch's front—He turned in sudden
anger
To one, who, silent bore the brunt of all that courtly clangor;

Sir Veritas, his oldest knight, his bravest, and his wisest:
"We pray thee, sirrah, speak outright the scorn thou ill dis-
guisest!

Silent may fare that tongue of thine, but mute are not those
glances,
Which smite our heart with force condign, like stroke of poison'd
lances!

Speak, Veritas!"—The courtier old stood forth before his
fellows,
With brow as stern, with mien as bold, as dauntless, as Othello's.

"I cannot join these sycophants in lauding thee, my sire;
For indignation's burning lance hath smote me with its fire.

"If thou wert wise as Soloman, and greater far than David,
Or, hadst thou, lion-hearted one, our cause from ruin saved,

"Right gladly would I add my meed, to swell thy tide of glory,
To bid thee live, in word and deed, renown'd in song and story;

"But hear, O King! the bitter truth from tongue that ne'er deceived thee—
Thou art a tyrant without ruth—our wrongs have never grieved thee!

"Thy people's miseries have ne'er divorced thee from thy treasures,
Their hunger and their gaunt despair have never dash'd thy pleasures!

"They groaned beneath their weary load; thine ears have hearkened gaily.
The ocean of their tears hath flowed around thy footstool daily;

"But thou wast blind, as well as deaf; on Self thy thoughts were centered;
Lo! to thy closet, hope bereft, Nemesis now hath entered!"

Out-leaped the great soul of the King, from eyes with wonder flaming;
He glared around upon that ring of serfs their falsehood shaming;

Glared fiercely on those parasites, who spake him but to flatter:
"Come, Veritas—reform these Knights—whose coward teeth do chatter!

"Reform them in thy valiant school, wherein are fashioned heroes;
Who speaks of fame (if knave or fool) confounds our fame with Nero's!

"O, Veritas!"—(pride at an end—the strong man's tears fast streaming)—
"Praise God for one just, fearless friend, above all venal scheming!

"Our premier be thou henceforth, with wisdom crown'd, and beauty,
Who dared to tell thy King the truth, and nerve him to his duty!"

ROSE B. F. HOWE.

Rose B. F. Howe was daughter of the late Francis Howe, Esq., and Mrs. Rose Bailly Howe, both well known to the early settlers of Chicago. Miss Howe entered at birth into her inheritance as a Catholic. She was fed, as her natural food even in childhood, upon traditions which have been, in all Christian ages, "the bread of the strong" and "the wine springing forth virgins." She was educated by the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary's of the Woods. The religious training begun there was carried on and perfected by wise and prudent confessors in the different cities of Europe, where she, in company with her mother and sister Miss Frances made prolonged sojourns. She has left so few written descriptions behind her, and, yet, had she never spoken or written one word of her many pilgrimages, it is a consolation to know that they bore fruit an hundred fold in the graces which came to her through them during her months and years of suffering and weakness.

The readers of the "Ave Maria" had but just laid down the last number of her "Visit to Camaldoli" when a telegram announced to the friends of Miss Rose Howe that her long, wearing sickness had been accepted and that she had been called "to go with her Lord into Jerusalem." Hers was an Easter grave (1879) and those who turned from it so reluctantly did so in the sure hope of a resurrection of that body which had been laid there as good seed in blessed ground, while they breathed, softly, a Requiescat in Pace for her dear soul.

Miss Rose Howe's writings are few, but had she penned nothing else but her "Record of a Suffering Soul" she should be ranked as one of the best writers of the present age. It is at once ideal and real; ideal, inasmuch as it touches upon things unseen, and in a manner unknown; real, because of the truth of the doctrine which it involves. Her other principal work is "The Festival of the Holy Rosary at the Tomb of St. Dominic."

XXVI.—"THE GARDEN PANSY AND THE WILD VIOLET."

Blithely sings a rivulet far away in that land over which streams the glory of the hither world, when golden gates swing open to welcome the sun, as he goes to rest on his crimson couch. Large trees grow on the banks of the streamlet. Leaning across it their branches intermingle and whisper beautiful tales to one another day and night throughout the long summer, of the dreams they had during their winter's sleep.

On a moss-covered ledge formed by the roots of an elm, grows a white violet, the leaves clustered at its base dipping into the gurgling rivulet. It listens to the songs of the birds and the bees, watches the sunbeams struggle through the lofty canopy overhead, to bathe in the cool waters below. Its little heart is brimming over with love and happiness, and right gladly does it give its tiny voice to the grand chorus of Creation, "Glory be to God on high."

One bright afternoon, in early summer, the violet spied a stranger flower floating on the current of the stream. The sun shone upon it, revealing, to the wondering eye of bird, and insect, and forest blossom, a jaunty coat of finest velvet, dyed in richest purple. A spot, rivaling a kingly crown in purity of golden color, lay upon its heart, and gracefully the royal stranger rode upon the ripples, coming nearer and nearer, until at last it landed beside our pale floweret of the prairie.

"Ah! how refreshed I am!" exclaimed the gold and

purple-coated stranger. "I thought my days were ended, but now I feel I have a few more hours to live. What a glorious life mine has been! How much of good I have accomplished! I, at least, have not lived in vain! You must lead a very tranquil life here; pleasant, no doubt, but there is too much of selfish ease in this retirement to suit me, though I like this calm ending to my busy, well-filled life. What is your name, my little friend?"

"Violet," our floweret shyly answered.

"Is it possible?" cried the stranger. "Why, we must be distantly related; my family name is Violet. I knew our family was very large, and I suppose, naturally, some branches have become reduced. Now, who would suppose that cousins could resemble one another so little? And so you have lived in this wood all your life. How odd you would feel if you were to be transplanted to my old home. Though I have no doubt you would improve amazingly in a short time, you would not be a Violet if you would not take kindly to the elegancies of civilization. By the way, you do not yet know my name. Among the flowers I am called 'Sir Pansy,' but to you I am 'Cousin Pansy.' I never did believe in being ashamed of one's relatives, and certainly it is not your fault if you have not had the chance to see and to do. But what a glorious life mine has been!

"My home was far away from here in a broad street. Rows of locust trees grew on each side along the pavements, their branches meeting overhead in combat with the sunbeams, many of which forced their way through the leafy regiments to frolic with the shadows on the road. My master's house stood in a large yard.

Directly in front of the bay-window was a round bed filled with flowers. I grew in that circle. I was not yet strong enough to bear the sunlight, and my petals were only half unfolded, when one evening a young man entered the front gate, hastened up the walk, and sprang up the steps into the house. 'That is Robert, the oldest son,' whispered my cousin, the yellow Pansy. 'He is going away to-morrow to seek his fortune,' said the sweet-briar by the doorstep to the snowball at the gate. 'Is Lizzie better?' asked the snowball. 'Yes, she is down stairs this evening,' answered the pink rose vine, that clambers up and around the bay-window. Just then I heard a weak voice say, 'Well, Robert, I made my way down to the parlor to spend this evening with you, and now, before the rest will come in from tea, I will give you my parting gift. Promise me never to let a day pass, until I see you again, without saying one decade, I don't care when or where. Give me your hand and say, "I promise.'" Robert's voice sounded very solemn as he said, 'I promise.' 'Now, remember,' continued Lizzie, 'I shall remind you of this promise, and question you, as to how you have fulfilled it when we meet, no matter where that may be—perhaps in the other world.' 'Oh! no, Lizzie, you are not going to die yet awhile,' answered Robert, cheerily. 'I'll tell you where we will meet. Somewhere in the golden West and the golden future I have a beautiful castle. You shall come to me there, dear Lizzie, and you will love the sister I will give you as you love me. In the pleasant summer twilight we will cluster upon my lawn, my children will play at hide-and-seek among the trees and bushes, as we used to do here—do you remember? and the Eastern breeze shall waft to us re-

membrances of this dear old home, and we will laugh together at our former sports.

" 'How I used to keep store in the front yard and sell phlox, lady-slippers, sweet-williams, larkspur, pinks, and gilliflowers, for the leaves of the waxberry, and the flowering currant; and you used to keep the refreshment table at a fair, and retail to us bunches of currants in their leaves, for most extortionate prices. Fortunate it was for us that our currency grew on the bushes!' I heard no more, for the lady-moon stepped forth upon the sky; she cast her spell upon us and we passed into forgetfulness.

"Early next morning, while the dew-drops still lay upon my petals, Robert, accompanied by his father and two of the children, opened the front door and walked quickly down the path. When he reached the gate he turned back, once more kissed his mother, who stood upon the step, and plucking me from my parent stem put me in his button-hole. As we passed out of the yard I heard the trees, shrubs and flowers, in unison, repeat his mother's fervent 'God be with you.'

"A hot, dusty, weary time we had in the rail-cars, and I would have died had not my master cared for me most tenderly. Every now and again he wrapped me in strips of paper saturated with water, and placed me in shady corners. In return, I whisperingly sung of the home he had just left, and my song soothed his aching heart. One night he lay down wearily in his berth and was falling asleep forgetful of his promise. How my heart burned! I threw myself upon his hand, and, oh joy! my touch aroused him. He opened his eyes, looked at me, smiled, replaced me, and a moment later I saw the silver-strung pearls glide through his fingers.

"We stopped at a little inn. My master called for a glass of water, dipped me in head foremost, two or three times, and then, putting me in it upright, set the glass upon a table by his bed. I had been at the point of death, but that revived me. This morning, bright and early, my master looked at me smilingly and said: 'Pansy, I have a long, hard ride to take to-day; to-night I shall be tired; had I not better say my decade now?' I nodded, and he knelt in prayer. He placed me in his button-hole again, mounted a horse and galloped away over the plains. As we were fording this stream, I dropped into the water, exhausted and fainting. The ripples carried me I knew not whither; but behold, here am I, after a life of unusual length and hardship.

"Now, has not mine been a glorious lot—to cheer a weary, struggling mortal, soothe a bruised heart, keep before a soul its purest memories, and remind it of its duties?"

"Ah!" whispered the violet, mournfully, "what have I done?"

"Thou hast fulfilled the end of thy creation."

The two looked up startled. The Angel of the flowers stood by them. His garment is of woven petals, their colors blending more beautifully than the rainbow's hues. His crown is of roses, his scepter a lily. "For Himself did God create thee, and for Him hast thou lived—what grander destiny? Death to thee shall be but a sleep. Thou shalt rise again, and till the world's end shall thy sweet voice be heard in nature's chorus—the grand, universal 'Allelulia.'" The Angel turned to the Pansy. "As for thee, vainglorious flower, who hast forgotten the Creator, in the creature, know that all actions, however good in themselves,

avail nothing if not done for God. Thy works shall perish and thou shalt follow them to live no more forever." The Pansy crumbled into dust, and has not been since seen. Spring after spring, by the distant Western streamlet, on a ledge, formed by the roots of an ancient elm, blossoms, with the leaves around its base dripping into the water below, a little white violet, for, "from henceforth, now, and forever, the name of the Lord is worthy of praise."

AGNES REPPLIER.

Agnes Repplier was born in Philadelphia. Her father was John Repplier, a well known coal merchant. Her earliest playmates were books. Her mother, a brilliant woman and writer of ability, directed the education of her daughter, assigning to Agnes the task of becoming an authoress, though there seemed little prospect in her early childhood, as she has said that up to nine years of age she could and would not learn to read. Her charming volumes should be in the hands of every student of literature: "Points of View," "Books and Men," "In Dozy Hours," besides a number of essays and reviews for periodicals. Among others Miss Repplier has written for the "Century," "Catholic World" and "Atlantic Monthly." "Down at Caxton's," by Walter Lecky, gives a neat little account of Miss Repplier and her work.

XXVII.—GOOD HUMOR OF THE SAINTS.

(From the Catholic World.)

"An honest, humorous sense of ridicule," says Father Faber, "is a great help to holiness." And, by way of rendering this statement still more emphatic, he adds: "Perhaps nature does not contribute a greater help to grace than this." Here, then, is a deliberate opinion, which, however startling to some of our preconceived notions, carries with it a double weight in view of the writer's great sanctity and undoubted sense of humor. In him, as in Cardinal Newman, a keen satiric power blends ever with a spirit of simple piety, and the two work together as harmoniously as in some of the early Fathers of the church. All the little foibles of human nature lie bare before him, and he touches them with a caustic grace, severe, yet not unpitying. But nowadays we have come, strangely enough, to regard humor as a natural foe to religion, for no particular reason except that so many modern humorists appear to be irreligious; in the same way that some of us imagine scientific study to be a dangerous ground, simply because a handful of modern scientists have apparently forgotten their God. We have a shadowy idea that humor is given to poking fun at holy things—relics, miracles, and such—and that it is best in our spiritual life to lay it entirely aside and keep ourselves within the safe limit of dullness, reserving our brighter parts for worldly matters alone. Yet because men of the "Mark Twain" type have a jeer ever ready for things they fail to understand, we need not

suppose that there is no proper field for that sense of fun which was manifestly given us for some good purpose. Humor is born partly of keen perceptive powers, partly of natural lightness of heart; and thus holy men who have adorned the history of the church, having been wont to study human nature freely and having the happiness of living in the friendship of God, were often blessed with a sense of humor pure and delicious. What else, indeed, but a sense of humor could have enabled Father Faber to strip from the shoulders of his penitents the comforting mantle of self-deception in which they had shrouded their more petted faults? With what half-veiled amusement he contemplates the fashionably devout ladies who crowd the church of the Oratory! With what a keen satire he lays bare the mingled piety and worldliness that fill the feminine soul!

And, again, when he ventures to make what he acknowledges to be an unpopular complaint, and to deride that spirit of liberalism which we have trained ourselves to accept as the essential virtue of an advanced civilization:

"The old-fashioned hatred of heresy is becoming scarce. It is assumed that God must do nothing painful and His dominion must not allow itself to take the shape of an inconvenience or a trammel to the liberty of His creatures. If the world has outgrown the idea of exclusiveness, God must follow in our lead and lay it aside as a principle in His dealings with us."

And in sheer despair over the perverse contrariety of human nature he cries out with whimsical dismay:

"Self-conceit seems actually to thrive and to grow fat on contemplation."

But we must not dwell too long on one example of the power of humor when there are so many claiming our attention. Let us take that spiritual writer who of all others is most read, not only by Catholics and their enthusiastic imitators, the Anglican denomination, but by many thoughtful men and women of various creeds or of no creed at all. We mean Thomas à Kempis, whose Imitation of Christ is, after the Bible, perhaps the best known of all spiritual books, and of whose "holy simplicity" we hear such a vast amount of praise. Simplicity! Yes, the old monk is simple enough, with the quiet straightforwardness of one who lives always in the sight of God; but the good people who read the Imitation, with a comfortable feeling that the writer is not going to be satirically severe on their shortcomings, must not trust too implicitly to this much admired simplicity. Surely there is a half cynical wisdom in the advice, very gently and quietly given, not to seek too much intercourse with those whom we desire to please.

If from the writings of holy men we turn to their lives we are often surprised by the curious gayety with which they bear burdens that to our unsaintly eyes appear absolutely crushing. It is not only patience and resignation; it is downright cheerfulness, sometimes a positive sense of amusement in their own trials. The knowledge that they are enduring these hardships for Christ's sake seems absolutely entertaining, which is beyond our comprehension.

Whenever we see the lives of holy men written with that accuracy of detail which is only possible when they have been really known and loved by their biographers, we are apt to find little traits of humor

lurking in their everyday actions and in their ordinary conversations. In such histories we are not merely treated to a synopsis of the saint's or hero's many virtues, recorded with a systematic precision that dulls the mind and discourages the soul, but we are permitted to enter into his life and see for ourselves how natural instincts blend with supernatural grace. In his sketch of the holy "Curé d'Ars," M. Vianney, the Abbé Monnin has given to the world a book which, without any great literary pretentions, fulfills to the letter the first grand requisite of a biography. In it we gain, not a bald statement of abstract perfections, but a real knowledge of the man who was one of the most striking examples of the divine charm of saintliness. His whole life is full of pregnant lessons. Not highly educated, tormented alike by bodily infirmities and spiritual temptations, overworked beyond the utmost limit of his strength, sighing always for solitude and repose he never gained, how could such a man exert a supreme influence over the minds of all who met him, how retain that delicate sense of humor, that charming lightness of heart? Neither does Cardinal Newman take much interest in books "which chop up a saint into chapters of faith, hope, charity, and the cardinal virtues." He does not wish this "glorious creation of God" to be "minced up into spiritual lessons."

Enough has been said to show that a keen sense of humor may keep pace with our spiritual advancement, each helping on the other.

XXVIII.—THE SPHINX.

"Le Repos En Egypte."

All day I watch the stretch of burning sand,
 All night I brood beneath the golden stars;
Amid the silence of a desolate land
 No touch of bitterness my reverie mars.

Built by the proudest of a kingly line,
 Over my head the centuries fly fast:
The secrets of the mighty dead are mine,
 I hold the key of a forgotten past.

Yet ever hushed into a rapturous dream
 I see again that night—a halo mild
Shone from the liquid moon; beneath her beam
 Traveled a tired young Mother and her Child.

Within my arms she slumbered, and alone
 I watched the Infant. At my feet her guide
Lay stretched o'er-wearied; on my breast of stone
 Rested the Crucified.

XXIX.—RUSKIN AS A TEACHER.

(From the Catholic World.)

As it is the highest and noblest function of the critic, not to correct, but to teach, so it is the most essential quality of the scholar to accept with docility and a temperate humility the lessons so imparted. And though the number of self-appointed teachers in this world is many, yet those duly authorized and equipped for their task form a lamentably small body of earnest,

thinking men, each of whom sways in a measure the thoughts of and consequently the actions and history of his day. So when Mallock, in an outburst of saddened enthusiasm, says of Ruskin that he is the only one of our teachers who seems to speak with the least breath of inspiration, he turns wilfully away from more resonant voices calling him to a higher ground, and thinks rather of the beauty evidenced in his master's life and thoughts and efforts than of the positive lessons given by him to the world.

For the voice of inspiration is strong and clear and steady, not broken or fitful or saddened by the shadow of all things evil. Ruskin's purity of motive, his earnest sincerity and the grasp of his powerful, yet versatile, mind fall far short of inspiration, which, drawing light from a higher source, and with fewer natural advantages, strikes home like an arrow to the heart.

He has been an ardent worker all his life, not shrinking in practice from what he advocates in principle, and impelled by an unselfish desire to benefit his fellow-men; yet, after so many years of sincere labor, how much has been accomplished? It is not, indeed, within the scope of the present article to consider him either as an artistic or literary critic, in both of which characters he has won just renown, but to look at him rather from his highest standpoint—"the helper of those who live in the spirit." This is what he has tried with all his heart to be, and this is the truest test by which to measure his attainments.

Ruskin's start in life was singularly felicitous. An only son and the heir of a large fortune, flushed with collegiate honors and the author of a successful book, full of happy confidence in his own powers, and trained

in that peculiar school of stolid British Protestantism which spreads a mantle of religious complacency over its fortunate possessor, the fields of Italy became the natural theater of his labors. Bayne informs us that "his father and mother were fervently devout persons of the Evangelical school," and amiably adds that to such "the Bible was the voice of God, infallible, and alone infallible; the Church of Rome was the great and subtle apostasy." Indeed, the elder Ruskin's views are set forth plainly in an article published by him in one of the prominent journals of the day, and quoted with emphatic approval by his son in the appendix to the first volume of "Stones of Venice."

With such influence still strong upon him, and with the natural reverence of a young man for a kind and indulgent parent, it is not surprising that in his earlier books we find Ruskin speaking of Catholic rites as "idolatrous ceremonies" in the round old English style, caviling at the Blessed Virgin, and considering it the plain duty of every English tourist to dissipate the Romanist errors, and to communicate to others the "better knowledge" so possessed.

But for an eager, sensitive soul, with its natural turning to beauty and truth, to remain long in this complacent darkness was impossible. The holiness of Catholic art, and, above all, the influence of those two exclusively Catholic painters, Giotto and Fra Angelico, sank into his heart; while, on the other hand, the warring of the infidel writers of the day tore from his shoulders the cloak of Protestantism in which he fancied himself securely wrapped. In all his books we trace the change as it comes slowly and surely; but, alas! it is only a change from a narrow to a wider igno-

rance—a palingenesis, saddening because incomplete. What the cant of the day calls "honest doubt" might satisfy the cravings of some; but it brought scant comfort to the man who preached all his life the supreme virtue of obedience. "The infinite folly of modern thought," writes Ruskin, coldly, "is centered in the notion that liberty is good for a man irrespective of the use he is likely to make of it."* And the key-note of his doctrine is sharply struck when he protests that "all freedom is error. Every line you lay down is either right or wrong."** It is true he has turned in "sorrowing contempt," as Bayne says, from the narrow harshness of his earlier creed; but the liberty of thought offered in exchange for his youthful beliefs is still more hateful to him—a stone when he asks for bread.

In all Ruskin's later books there is ever present a sense of failure which saddens without angering him. He grows, not bitter, but hopeless, and is "startled by the fading of the sunshine out of his life." Now and then his old prejudices come back again, but feebly and without a sting. He gropes who would fain lead others and is driven hither and thither, anchorless on an ocean of speculation. He can neither lie to himself nor to the world; but fear has taken the place of hope, and his words no longer stir the heart as of old. What has he done for the brothers he has loved? How much has this brave, tender and versatile soul gained in its years of unstinted labor? What has been the secret of his failure?

*Queen of the Air.
**Crown of Wild Olives.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Miss Guiney, the only child of General Patrick Robert Guiney, was born in Boston, 1861, educated at private schools and graduated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Elmhurst, Providence, Rhode Island, and but for two years spent in England, has lived a secluded life with her mother in the suburbs of Boston. Miss Guiney is reckoned among the few genuine poets of the day, and as an essayist ranks high. Her best poem is the "Wild Ride." Her principal works are "The White Sail" (1887), "Monsieur Henri, a Footnote to French History" (1892), "A Roadside Harp" (1893), "A Little English Gallery" (1894).


Louise Imogen Guiney.
Kathrine E. Conway.

PUBLIC
ASTOR, LE
TILDEN FOUNDA

XXX.—FARQUHAR.

(From A Little English Gallery. Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.)

It is enough for immature genius of the third order, born under Charles the Second, to have vaguely foreshadowed a just and imperative change. Farquhar certainly does foreshadow it, albeit with what theologians might call absence of necessary intention. He wrote excellent prefaces and prologues. His discourse upon Comedy in the "Miscellanies" did pioneer work for his theory, since expounded by more authoritative critics, and received by the English world, that the observance or non-observance of the dramatic unities is at the will of the wise, and that for guidance in all such matters playwrights should look to Shakespeare rather than to Aristotle. The Discourse in Farquhar's clear, sunny, homespun, forceful style, does him honor, and should be reprinted. His best charm is that he cannot be didactic. His suasion is of the strongest, but he has the self-consciousness of all sensitive and analytic minds, which keeps him free here as elsewhere from the slightest assumption of despotism.

Had he lived longer, or a little later, we should have found him as well, with his turn for skirmishing psychology, among essayists and the novelists. There were in him a mellowness and an action which have their fullest play in unprofessedly subjective writing.

Farquhar, after all, did not fulfill himself, for he followed an ill outgoing fashion in esthetics rather than further a right incoming one. No one can help begrudging him to the period he adorned. He de-

served to flourish on the manlier morrow, and to hold a historic position with the regenerators of public taste in England.

XXXI.—THE WILD RIDE.

(From the Chap Book.)

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses;
All night from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle,
Straight, grim and abreast, vault our weather-worn galloping legion.
With stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appall or entice us;
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding!

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam;
Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world, and her pitiful beauty!
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with thy troopers that follow!

XXXII.—IN WINTER.

Up from the willow root
 Subduing agonies leap;
The purple fly and the dormouse
 Turn over amid their sleep,
The icicled rock till eve
 Burns orange and blue aloft;
And trickling and tinkling
 The snows decay in the croft.

M. CATHERINE CHASE.

(F. M. Edselas.)

F. M. Edselas (Mary Catherine Chase), was born in Pepperell, Mass., July 1, 1835.

While yet an infant, the loss of her mother was the first sorrow her life knew, but a mother's care and tenderness were supplied by two maternal aunts, the recollection of whose devotion is one of her sweet memories.

Her education was carefully directed and accomplished, first by judicious home training of mind and heart, later in the excellent schools of Springfield, at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and at the State Normal School of Westfield, Mass., from which she was graduated in 1855; but more than all by daily contact with lessons of culture.

At the age of nineteen, and under the spiritual guidance of Rev. A. H. Vinton, D. D., she was confirmed in St. Paul's Church, Boston, and remained for years a fervent Episcopalian.

Having chosen the vocation of a teacher she finally drifted westward and came into intimate relations with those who were to be God's instruments in her conversion. There she met the Catholic woman, whose life, reflecting the beautiful faith within, revealed true Catholicity. There commenced the work of grace—the struggle between the "Audé Filia" resounding in her heart, and the thought of what it would cost to respond. In such a mind and heart the combat could not last long. God must conquer—and when the victory was won there was made an unconditional surrender—a step from Protestantism to the cloister. Entering an enclosed order, Miss Chase was lost to the world under her religious name, but her pen took up the work she felt urged to do by contributing to literature for young Catholics, and over the name of Winnie Rover she published books of travel for children—called the "Neptune Series"—several dramas and various manuals for the class-room—notably "Practical Science."

The walls of her convent home alone could tell the work she has wrought in the schoolroom. Possessing the teacher's faculty in a remarkable degree, even dull minds were awakened to interest in study by the charm she imparted to it. Hearts and heads developed under a direction at once strong and gentle.

Since 1892, sheltered under the nom de plume of F. M. Edselas, she has written upon subjects of public interest with such force and clearness as to attract much attention, giving the general impression that a masculine mind guided the pen which wrote "How to Solve a Great Problem," "Institute of Woman's Professions," "Educational Bureau and Journal," etc. The appearance of these articles in a leading Catholic periodical and the favorable comment they received, resulted in her choice as one of the contributors to the Columbian Catholic Congress. Her paper was upon "Woman's Work in Religious Communities." Since then "A Visit to Ramona's Home," "In a City of the Clouds," "Constantine Zrumidi," and "What Shall We Do With Our Girls?" have gained her new admirers in the literary world.

Infirmity and years have now freed her from the duties of the class-room, but while word of hers can lighten any burden or do aught to advance any movement for the world's betterment, the ink will not dry on her pen.

XXXIII.—THE NECESSITY OF IDEALS.

Each life in its harmonious development is the bearer of a special message, which, in shaping its own, moulds and directs others. That very message, in its highest, holiest form, embodied in the world's Redeemer, has been continually transmitted to individuals and nations in ever-widening circles from age to age. Divine and human agencies thus blending, lead on the fulfillment of God's designs.

For this purpose there is an imperative need of Ideals, noble and worthy the end in view. Rightly understood, they make us what we should be. Let them be true, perfect and holy, then such in a measure must we become. Our standard of right and wrong varies with the dominant motif: therefore, the stronger, more abiding our living faith in a Supreme Being, the higher will be that standard; like the guiding needle of the compass, it never varies from the wondrous Magnet towards which it is so powerfully drawn.

A person with all the concentrated wisdom of Aristotle and his successors in philosophic science would count for no more, as far as a sense of obligation tells, than a South Sea Islander, if each sought nothing beyond self-gratification. Remember, still, the fountain rises no higher than its source.

We know many things are right and just, and may do them for that reason alone; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, unless actuated constantly by some higher ideal, we would doubtless be found wanting when interest called us elsewhere.

God alone can satisfy the highest of all ideals. Without Him we are at sea, minus sails, compass and rudder. With Him there is a spur to duty, a check to sin, strength and courage in temptation, light and comfort in the darkest hour; then what more can we need or desire? Let the young make this the animus of their lives, and they cannot fail of being moulded into the highest type of manhood and womanhood. More correct views of good and ill, a delicate sense of honor, with a tender regard for others' rights will mark a character thus imbued with thoughts of God.

This is true religion, which, as its derivative meaning tells us, is a binding again of the soul to its divine source.

Those ignoring religion as the needed leaven of education, or character-building, hold up a certain kind of morality as all-sufficient for the needs of humanity. But any morality that leaves out God as its basis, substance and cap-stone, is no religion at all, but rather the loose ends of its shadow. The very thought of this Supreme Being as the propelling force of existence imparts to it a grandeur and sublimity that shame all other lives, lowering them to the dead level of mere earthly aims and endeavors. In fact, religion is the only means for attaining the purest, noblest ideals.

This is more clearly revealed through individuals than in the mass, each one standing out as a distinct type of his ideals, which must appear in practical, rather than in routine, work. In the hurry and excitement of daily life we are apt to fall into a sort of religious rut, unless roused by some shock or challenge from those not of our faith. Then we begin to look around and say, What do we believe anyway? We are

sure of our creed. Is it not our sheet-anchor, buckler and helmet of salvation? Certainly the Church's doctrines are infallible. Do you ask for more? Yes, yes; a living, intelligent faith, enabling you to "Give a reason for the hope that is in you" to meet at every point any objections hurled against that creed, venerable and sacred as its Founder.

We are often supposed to believe things which we do not, and to ignore much that is common to every creed of Christendom, which we, too, cordially accept. Therefore close study is needed, with careful examination of the pros and cons, since there are many nice points and shades of meaning in Catholic doctrine that the faithful may readily take for granted, but not being so easily admitted by our opponents, might become to them a stumbling-block—"a lion in the way."

Hence, the more intelligence in our faith, the more charity will there be towards all, whatever their creed, and as a consequence, the more good accomplished. The beautiful law of reciprocity thus ever works out its own blessed results—in fact, must be there, or it deserves not the name of creed, much less of Christianity.

"Faith without works is dead"; and a dead faith, like a dead body, is worse than none at all.

Through your own intelligent faith non-Catholics will plainly see that the Church is not so dogmatic as many imagine, obliging her children to swallow its doctrines in one dose, to take everything in a lump because it is her dictum. The very stir and unrest in religious matters to-day is a good sign; it betokens an awakening to a truer sense of our position as Catholic Christians; that we are such, not because of our ancestry, but from actual conviction of the truth; then if

not better Christians for this God-given faith, it is high time we were.

Whatever the obstacles to the attainment of this boon, they should be as if they were not. Triumphs we know are achieved only through struggles; the greatness of the one measures the glory of the other. Your cannon must be "charged with ideas worthy such a purpose."

It is not so much the final achievement, as the slow but certain step-by-step process, that at last crowns the work and wreaths the victor with laurel.

XXXIV.—A VISIT TO RAMONA'S HOME.

We all have our day-dreams as well as those of the night. A goodly share have been mine, full to the brim and running over—at times almost possessing me. Passing strange are they, as imagination with loosened rein gives free course to whim and fancy, desire and purpose.

Were you ever so caught by the characters of a book that you ate and slept, nay, walked and lived with them and they with you? Of course, for is not all humanity in touch somewhere with its complement—the response of heart to kindred heart?

A few years ago I was thus possessed, if you please, and it brought such real happiness that I want everyone within hearing or seeing distance of these pages to share it with me. This day-dream came after following Ramona through her checkered life. She was to me, not the heroine of a romance, the mere creation of Helen Hunt Jackson's fertile brain, but a veritable

creature, who through much suffering had at last found peace.

Feeling thus, it seemed almost a matter of course that I should learn soon after of an old Spanish ranch in Southern California, where everything was still carried on as in Ramona's time, yea, was verily her home. What a pleasure, thought I, to visit that spot, revel in its beauties, and see the very people who had made the life of Alessandro and Majella both sad and joyful!

But is this possible? No; for tourists have made such a Mecca of the place that trains will not stop at the little station nearest the ranch, except by express permission of the family. Yet if we really wish the accomplishment of anything, obstacles only whet the desire until realized, and so it proved. The less prospect of having what I wished, the greater my resolve to gain it. By a fortunate combination of circumstances, and taking advantage of the tide at its flood, I was soon booked for Southern California, where the iron horse landed me amid groves of orange and lemon, fig and pomegrante.

Los Angeles—city of the Angels! well named, embowered as it is in floral beauty and luxuriance. What a change from the grand but barren and rocky heights of Denver to so lovely a spot! This, my first trip through the Santa Clara valley, was full of charms, from the moment I caught glimpses of hedge-rows of lilies and roses encircling gardens of our rarest flowers in almost wasteful profusion, which with the snowy magnolia and other blooming trees, made the air heavy with their perfume.

The quaint adobe houses, between more pretentious modern structures, quickened the memory of those

early Spanish settlers who, with the Franciscan Fathers, had left traces of their great and holy work in ruined churches, villages, etc. Each stone had indeed been hallowed by prayer and ritual, but still more by toil, hardship and suffering, that told of a faith supreme and proof against all difficulties.

A day or two of rest, then on to Ramona's home, about forty-five miles west of Los Angeles. It is named Camulos, meaning juniper, the founder being Ygnacio del Vallejo. This is the only typical Spanish ranch in California, modern innovations leaving little of primitive methods and customs.

From the station I was driven through thickets of wild mustard, looking like fields of molton gold as the yellow blossoms swayed with the breeze. Passing Indian villages of brown adobe huts, where swarmed big-eyed, half-clad children and babies, then through groves of willows and cottonwood, we were brought to the sheep corrals, barns and stables of the Camulos ranch, some fourteen hundred acres in extent. All these led to Ramona's—my Ramona's home!

She had been so linked with my life as friend and sister from the moment we first met in the thicket of mustard, when peering through to see the good old Padre Salvierderra, that face kissed by the southern sun and gentle breeze, was revealed in all its loveliness; then on and always with her through that strange career.

As I came nearer and nearer it seemed like returning to my childhood's home, where each dear familiar spot would have a touch of tender attraction, linked with the memory of one who had thus stolen into my heart's affections, becoming to me another self. Its

familiar approach made my blood tingle with the quickened pulsations of heart and mind. Little wonder then that tears filled my eyes.

There was the adobe house of Senora del Valle, surrounded by verandas, where people of all ages and conditions were sitting, lounging and making merry. This somewhat abashed me, fearing I might intrude upon some family festa; however, my note of introduction was all-sufficient. "Any friend of good Father H— is ours also; he did write to me already that you would come," was the cordial response to my apology, as the Senora, dignified and affable, too, presented me to her family. This welcome was fully confirmed during my brief visit. Spanish hospitality is proverbial, but a double share fell to my lot on the strength of mutual friendship for Father H——.

Not being familiar with Spanish, I fell back upon French, which was also spoken here; the few courses I had taken in the natural method of Berlitz serving me admirably, with some broken English from the Senora and her children.

The broad veranda, some eighty or a hundred feet in length, was occupied by her personal household; it included two sons, a daughter, daughter-in-law and two lovely grandchildren, one of them an ideal Ramona. Fruits and other refreshments were served there by one who seemed the exact counterpart of the Margarita I had known as our heroine's steadfast friend. Soon after the ringing of the largest of three bells hanging in the old belfry summoned us to Vespers. This bell, though cracked, still retained something of its former melody. Brought from the San Fernando mission, its record could be traced back to 1770 at

least. A Russian inscription, too much blurred to be read, doubtless told its age and history.

The Senora conducted the service, assisted by members of her family, maids, servants and workmen being also in attendance. The little chapel was tastefully and even richly adorned. A large crucifix and picture of San Rafael for altar-pieces, with statuettes in niches and other pictures, besides fresh flowers in beautiful vases and urns, spoke of the love and faith that prompted these offerings. The richly chased hanging-lamp told us, too, that the divine Master awaited our coming.

Service ended, I still lingered, unwilling to leave the sacred place; the Senora with two or three others also continued their devotions. Looking around everything recalled only the more vividly scenes of Ramona's life. How often had she been there where I now knelt, pouring forth her heart's affections, desires, joys and sorrows. The altar-cloth with its mended rent was not the least of the suggestions before me. The calm repose and solemn stillness of that hallowed spot were broken only by the melody of ever-singing birds, floating in rippling waves through the open window—a chorus of praise to Him whom we there adored.

I gladly assisted the Senora as she covered the altar and put away the sacred vessels, vestments, etc., in a press near by, where were also kept rich chasubles, albs and surplices, many of them sacred heirlooms brought from Spain long years before. Much of the delicate, filmy lace was the handiwork of the Mission Indians and servants on the ranch. Everything there proved the faith and piety of this noble lady and her family. In truth, of all the traditions preserved by the house of

Del Valle, none are more tenderly, sacredly cherished than those relating to our holy faith. Two large crosses capped the hills on either side of the ranch—beacon lights they were for all passing within their range.

These impressions were more fully confirmed when, leaving the chapel, my kind hostess spoke freely her sentiments. "Gladly would I restore the old Franciscan missions; so much good yet to be done, but what use? They would soon go like the first ones. Settlers, settlers all the time come in, always for money and fine houses; but for the Church—ah no! little care they." And then the sigh and the shadow of sadness on that noble face told how truly her lips echoed the heart's emotions.

"Now for a stroll," she continued, leading the way; "it is the Spanish life on a real ranch you should see, if it is your wish?"

"Thanks, Senora, nothing would please me better."

I told her then of my love for Ramona; how closely our lives had been linked, that as this was the fulfilment of my dream for many a year, it was indeed a joy to be thus privileged.

"It is well, and I am glad. So many already come, but strangers to us, we have not always a welcome; but friends as you"—and she pressed my hand—"I always say: Do not go. When Mrs. Jackson came and found here her Ramona, with Allessandro, Margarita, Juan Can and all the rest, I was away; too bad; would so much like to see her—good soul, may she rest in peace! Such a friend to the poor Indian. How did she work for them; more good one-half dozen people like that than the whole government. That I call the re-

ligion of one's life. But here we are at the sheep corral, you remember?"

"Remember, Senora? How can I forget any spot here?"

"Some sheep there are, but not as when Ramona and Philip gave orders to Alessandro and his band. Here is the mill to crush olives; a wine-press for the claret and all the rest."

"What are those large buildings beyond?" I asked.

"Warehouses for grain, wool, skins, etc.; meat smoked and dried they have always in that low building behind the storehouse."

A fine vegetable garden, with flowers and fruit everywhere told of energy, thrift and plenty. I could plainly see that the Senora held her forces well in hand, having an eye to every part of her broad domains, not merely giving orders, but seeing them executed.

"Since the general's death I must fill his place and my own, too. The help of my sons I have, yet more of one than the other, who must stay with his family at Los Angeles. I trust myself best of all; is not that well?" she asked in a merry tone.

To this appeal I readily assented, for my hostess was more than equal to the charge—verily could have ruled a kingdom. Strong of will, self-reliant, shrewd at a bargain, a stranger to fear or anxiety, thus did she impress me; yet withal, these virile traits were enshrined in a womanly heart, loving, tender and true to the very core; her magnetism was irresistible; dignity and affability happily blending made the Senora del Valle the charming regal woman she was. Her plans and purposes, many and varied, were plainly evinced as we

continued our ramble; all for the welfare of her family and dependants. A well conducted school for the children; an infirmary where the sick and infirm were carefully tended by a faithful nurse and assistants, with comfortable quarters for the laborers, nothing seemed forgotten or neglected. Duties thus accomplished were by no means a sinecure. In a moment of confidence I ventured to ask:

"Do you never tire of this responsibility?"

"Yes, oh so much; it is weary work at times, and gladly would I have it no more. But these people, they are mine; what shall they do if not here?"

Crossing the garden radiant with summer bloom, we came upon a little brook rippling merrily along. I was startled with glad surprise. Ramona again, I said to myself and half aloud, too. The Senora read my thoughts, if she had not heard them.

"Yes, here it is—the brook where she washed the altar-cloth." Need I be told? Could not I almost see her there even as Alessandro had, when "he felt a light smite his eyes as from a mirror?" Yes, there she was before me, all but in living reality, Ramona again; "hair in disorder, sleeves pinned loosely on her shoulders, her whole face aglow with the earnestness of her task as she bent down low over the stones, rinsing the altar-cloth up and down in the water, anxiously scanning it, then plunging it in again. The sunset beams played around her hair like a halo; the whole place was aglow with red light, and her face was kindled into transcendent beauty." Indeed, I seemed to see it all again, and gave myself up for a moment to the illusion. A casual remark of my hostess however dispelled the happy dream.

Passing on to the foot of the grape-arbor, at the left of the little square garden, we came to the broad, flat stones on which the family washing had formerly been done. East of this were the shops for carpenter and blacksmith, fine stables for horses, and beyond rich pasturage for cattle, and sheep with their calves, colts and lambs. There was the orchard, too, giving promise of abundant crops; and over all the soft, filmy haze, tinted with hues of a thousand flowers that seemed reflected from the delicately variegated carpet of Mother Earth.

"Beautiful, oh, more than beautiful," I exclaimed in an ecstacy of delight. "I could live here always."

"So it is, Miss E——, though so many years I am here, it is still ever to me so lovely; changing always I think makes it thus, never is it the same. But tired you will be, let us rest here," and we entered a vine-covered arbor, the branches laden with luscious grapes, just touched by the white and purple down of ripeness; refreshing, too, they were as I gladly accepted some of the finest from the Senora.

"There, the children are free now," she said, as their merry shouts reached us from the schoolroom.

"Here, Carita!" calling her whom I had already christened Ramona, "stay a little with our friend and make it pleasant while I look after my men and women; lazy they are sometimes," she added with an expressive look and shrug of the shoulders that told she had no use for idlers; and bustling away, the lady went her rounds.

My new little friend, shy at first, soon yielded to my interest in her daily life, telling me in very good English of her work, studies, amusements, etc. Noticing

the music scattered around, besides mandolin and guitar, I said: "You play, dear, of course?"

"A little, Senora," was the timid reply; "but my sister better; you like to hear her? We sing, too—my cousins Inez, Carmita, Jose and Luis. I call them;" and sounding a little ivory whistle two or three times, added: "I know not where they are, but this will bring them," as indeed it did; and not only those she called, but a dozen more, shouting and laughing in merry glee, chatting too in their own soft, musical Spanish tongue. Wonderful command had my Ramona over these young elves of the Camulos, for a look and word checked this outburst of mirth; perhaps, too, the sight of a stranger had its effect.

"I called you not all, only Luis, Jose and their cousins."

The wistful looks of the others told their desire, and with my pleading, gained the favor. A few expressive words and gestures in Spanish proved that good behavior must be the condition for remaining.

Music then began in earnest, free, hearty and joyous, in which all took their part. The beautiful Spanish songs were so light, airy and graceful, as if each note had plumed itself for special flight, glowing with the heart and fire of that warm southern clime. Then came those gay, fantastic dances, into which these elves and sprites threw all the joyful abandon of their sunny nature. The regular figures and movements of our northern and eastern dances were wanting, but instead all the more grace and witchery. Seeing my pleasure they only gave themselves with freer spirit to the frolic. Those beautiful faces, expressing at will every emotion of their earnest, passionate nature, proved indeed a

study, where could almost be read their future of love and hate, joy and sorrow. The frolic came to a sudden pause as the Senora entered, saying:

"Too much children—tire you, I know, Miss E——."

"Just what I like; all are so happy, they must be very good."

"Ah!" and she shook her head a little doubtfully; but motherly love prevailed. "Yes, sometimes—oh, so good! and then—little mechantes." But the rogues knew the loving heart that prompted the caress they were sure to gain, as they gathered around the Senora; then sending them away with a playful, "Now, allez, mes petites, à votre diner."

I detained them long enough to distribute some holy pictures. Then what a change! How did the earnest faith of those impulsive hearts reveal itself in the reverential mien and soft, "Gracias, Senora, gracias," with which each received her treasure, pressing it to heart and lips while wending their way to the house.

"How blest, Senora, are these little ones, safe sheltered from whatever might weaken their faith! A noble work indeed is yours among these people."

"It is well you say so, my friend, for I lose heart many a day; it is weary, weary to me. But there is the call to dinner. Shall we not go? You will see our family all there."

"Thanks, Senora," and we were soon in the long dining hall across the yard from the kitchen, opening like the other rooms on the veranda.

The seat of honor, at the right of my hostess, gave me a full view of the household, numbering some thirty or more, nearly all related by marriage with the Del Valle family. My vigorous appetite, whetted by re-

cent travels and healthy digestion, welcomed the dinner that would have more than satisfied the most Epicurean taste.

After the highly seasoned soups and meats, generally more suited to Spanish than American taste, came fruits, fresh or preserved, as if in amber, which with jellies, dainty cakes and the best of tea, coffee or chocolate, as might be preferred, made a feast fit for royalty.

The pure Spanish type was plainly visible in the faces before me: dark hair and eyes, olive complexion, with a certain supple grace and vivacity that told of the dolce far niente life prevailing there. Two marked exceptions, however, attracted my attention, in the light hair and blue eyes of a boy and a girl, some ten or twelve years of age, telling that Northern blood must have found its way to this Southern clime. How happens this, I was on the point of asking, but delicacy forbade. The Senora read the inquiry in my face, and said:

"Yes, it is true, those are of our family, too, and as dear as if of my own flesh and blood. Movers do often cross our ranch en route for some El Dorado, or leaving it heartsore for their home again. But a few years since, and there camped such a caravan a half-mile distant. When leaving, one wagon did not go. A sad story was soon brought me by Luigo, one of our herdsmen. Father, mother both sick, a little babe and these two children, with no food, no help, nothing but trouble. Taken to one of our storerooms made pleasant as I could—but too late. Soon no father, no mother; the poor baby, too, followed them to heaven. Then I did send letters to the East, as the father had told me; but one answer came, from an uncle; he too poor—could

hardly care for his own, so I knew that the bon Dieu had given me these poor orphans. It is well, and they shall be cared for as my very own. Our Blessed Lady will be their Mother now; it is to her I did give them at first."

"Certainly nothing more can you desire for them. God will surely bless you and your noble work."

The next morning before any one in the house was astir, the singing of birds in the vine-covered porch under my window aroused me from a heavy sleep. Humming a little response to this pleasant greeting, I thought it might be the signal for a general chorus from the household, as in Ramona's time, but such is no longer the custom so beautiful; would that it might be now as then. My thoughts, however, readily turned to Majella, as I occupied her room, thus vividly recalling the scenes of that marvelous life. West of this was the room reserved for priests, reminding me of the saintly Padre Salvierderra. Looking towards it, as I left my room, it really seemed as if I must see the venerable, gray-haired Franciscan in brown habit and cowl, with sandalled feet standing at his threshold, ready to give me greeting and his own fervent "God bless you, child!"

I knew the place at once, even before the Senora pointed it out to me, as she did a moment later, after a pleasant "Bon jour, my friend," with kind inquiries about my health, night's rest, etc. A stroll through the garden with two or three others, then to breakfast, which in honor of St. Ignacios, patron of the Del Valle family, kept as a festa, was served in a large tent spread for the occasion and decorated with Spanish and American flags.

This, my last day at the ranch, opened with sincere regrets that it could not be lengthened indefinitely, but time and pressing duties beckoned me away from this delightful spot and its charming people.

With many thanks for the happiness afforded, and almost in tears, I exchanged farewells with the kind Senora and her family, true types of those who had made my Ramona's life so full of strange and mournful incident.

KATHERINE ELEANOR CONWAY.

Katherine Eleanor Conway was born of Irish parents in Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 6th, 1853. Her early studies were made in the convent schools of her native city. From an early age she had whisperings of the muse which convinced her at the age of fifteen that her true sphere was literature. In 1875 she commenced a little Catholic monthly, contributing poems and little moral tales under the pen-name of "Mercedes" to other Catholic journals from her spare hours left from editing her little venture and teaching in the convent. In 1878 she became attached to the Buffalo "Union and Times." To this journal she contributed the most of her poems in her volume of "Sunrise on the Slope." Soon after she became connected with the "Pilot" (Boston), and held the position of co-editress during the lifetime of its gifted editor, John Boyle O'Reilly, and continues in the same capacity with his successor, James Jeffry Roche.

Miss Conway is possessed of most brilliant faculties of speech and pen, holding her audience spell-bound during her readings of essays on religious and literary subjects before social and literary clubs. She is also a member of the New England Press Association.

Her volumes are few, but her papers are many. Her works are "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints," "The Dream of Lilies" (poems), "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly, with Literary Estimates," "The Family Sitting Room Series," viz.: "A Lady and Her Letters," "Making Friends and Keeping Them," "Questions of Honor in the Christian Life."

XXXV.—SUCCESS.

Ah! know what true success is. Young hearts dream,
Dream nobly, and plan loftily, nor deem
That length of years is length of living. See!
A whole life's labor in an hour is done;
Not by world-tests the Heavenly crown is won—
To God the man is what he means to be.

XXXVI.—THE LITERATURE OF MORAL LOVELINESS.

(From Catholic Reading Circle Review.)

(Read at the first session of Catholic Summer School, 1892.)

From time to time the most optimistic lover of his kind finds his faith in human nature shaken by the signal popular success of books that are signally vicious. It is worse than vain for conscientious critics to sound the note of warning. Every condemnation from high places means a fresh ten thousand to the circulation of the book, and added fortune to the author and publisher. It is placarded in the bookseller's window; sold on the street corners, hawked through railroad trains; yea, given away, with packages of tea or violet soap, in place of the chromo mercifully put on the superannuated list.

They stand, apparently, a poor chance in the race for popularity and wealth, to say nothing of the memory of posterity, who, mindful of the responsibilities of authorship, hold up above the mire of the road the pure white standard of a high moral purpose. Hence, the

idea often cropping up among the young and superficially educated, that goodness is more than likely to be stupid; and that to be bright, witty, or "taking" in literature or life, one must necessarily affect some evil if one have it not.

Our thought, however, is not only nor chiefly of literary workers.

It is much more for those who appreciate literature as one of the great potential forces for good in the world, but who are sometimes tempted by the successes we have touched upon, to believe that the Enemy has captured the whole literary arsenal; or, is, at least, wielding the best weapons out of it, with an adroitness and effectiveness from which the friends of the unpopular right might well take a lesson.

We shall keep to the work of English and American writers; nor consider, at all, books of direct religious, philosophical, historic, or scientific instruction. Our concern is only with that which comes distinctly under the head of literature. And here, these questions naturally suggest themselves: What is the law of literary attractiveness? What are the pronounced dangerous tendencies of present-day fiction and poetry? What are our resources in the way of literature, which combines moral healthfulness with artistic beauty? And what are the conditions of literary immortality?

The reader seeks in literature his own real or fancied good—as relaxation, sympathy, comfort, amusement. But he seeks good through beauty and with a more or less vague perception of a great truth—that they are, or ought to be, one. The world, which its Creator called all good, as it lay smiling back to Him, fresh from His hand, was also all beautiful. The phy-

sical and moral ugliness which have since intruded themselves, were never down in God's plan. They are the monuments of free creature's misuse of His freedom: the human thwarting of the Divine intent. But there is still more good than evil in us, and our attraction to the good is exceedingly strong. Yet, true to our primal instinct of fitness, we expect (to slightly vary the poet's word) that goodness shall go beautifully. The lovely apparel wins entrance for the thought; the graceful guise for the incident. Very few seek evil for itself in literature. They are seeking good, and the evil in ambush traps them off their guard, because it wears the fair outward semblance that the mind naturally associates with virtue. The boldest propagandist of evil principles through the medium of literature would not dare to put them forward in their real aspect. It would be bad art. His evil must be dextrously blent with good. Honor may be rooted in dishonor, and faith unfaithful keep one falsely true; but honor and faith, and truth, are indispensable ingredients. Love and self-sacrifice and tenderness and mercy, to however base end degraded, must be there. The angels may fall from Heaven, but there must be Heaven, and there must be angels. "It is the soul of goodness"—which is also the soul of beauty—"in things evil"—which gives evil whatever drawing power it has.

Take the worst novel or drama that has ever been compelled upon your notice. What is the secret of its fascination? Is it the cruelty, the disloyalty, the self-indulgence and recklessness of the man? Or the vanity and infirm purpose and moral color-blindness of the woman? No; but the courage, the tenderness, the magnanimity and generosity wrought in pure gold through

the base metal that makes up the most of the one; the passion, the self-sacrifice, the pathos of endurance and constancy inextricably blent with the substance of the other. Our eyes are so dimmed with tears for the sorrow, that we can hardly see the sin it justly punishes. We are tempted to condone ultimate Avernus for the sweetness of the flowers that border so luxuriantly its easy descent.

Are we not taking the matter too seriously when we speak of mere danger in literature? Hardly, in an age when it plays, if possible, a more important part in the popular mental life, than food and drink in the physical order. We are not going to run aground on manuals of positive theology, philosophy, or political economy, but count, if you can, the specialists in each of these departments of intellectual activity, who have deserted the treatise or essay for the novel as a vastly more effective circulator of their convictions or opinions.

Thousands have read Cardinal Newman's "Loss and Gain" and "Callista," for one who has cut the leaves of his "Development of Doctrine," "Apologia pro vita sua." If Harriet Beecher Stowe had published a tract on "The Moral and Social Evils of Slavery," instead of her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," men might be still trafficking in the flesh and blood of their brothers in the markets of New Orleans. Half the civilized world takes its religion, morals, social theories and practice from popular literature.

We might, therefore, to quote from one of the best recent critics, Henry Van Dyke, as well be careless about the air we breathe, or the water we drink. "Malaria is no less fatal than pestilence." And he declares

the chief present-day peril to Christian faith and morals is "the malaria of modern letters—an atmosphere of dull, heavy, faithless materialism"—"the teachings of Christianity have become part of the moral atmosphere of the age," and that it is impossible for the literary critic to divest himself of those views of duty and human life which Christianity has molded.

The faithless materialism of our day has two chief active manifestations in literature: the defense or active propagation of irreligion, and the lesson of light esteem of the marriage tie, and the glorification of unlawful love. To the logical and well-trained mind, the anti-Christian and infidel novel carries its own refutation. But unhappily, the mass of readers have not logical temper nor mind and character training. So Doubt and Infidelity win entrance, and the more surely that they come hand in hand with Love.

Love takes up the harp of life, but too often he plays the dance of death on it. No observant reader but must be struck with the change wrought within a very few years in the character of the love story. Once its interest centered in the youthful hero and heroine, and the obstacles set by cruel parents or adverse circumstances in the course of virtuous love. But now our sympathies are sought for the mature, clever, and beautiful woman whose lover and husband are, alas, not identical. You know that I am touching lightly; you know that within this deep there is a lower depth; the sliminess and defilement sent forth in the name of realism.

Oh, but the realist! Must he not paint human nature as it is, not as it ought to be? Let us have a word right here from Oliver Wendell Holmes. "It seems to

me," he says, "that the great additions which have been made by realism to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin. It is perfectly easy to be original by violating the laws of decency and the canons of good taste. The general consent of civilized people was supposed to have banished certain subjects from the conversation of well-bred people and the pages of respectable literature."

Let us go further than Dr. Holmes on this subject of realism. Our ideal selves are, after all, our true selves, and he is the truest realist who keeps constantly before humanity its highest character-types and noblest achievements. It is worth while to appeal steadfastly to the best in human nature. It will take but a little study and reflection to show us that the literature of such appeal does win contemporary success; and that the honorable immortality of all literature is conditioned to its moral and spiritual beauty; in other words, to its fidelity to truth and sound moral principles.

XXXVII.—THE HEAVIEST CROSS OF ALL.

I've borne full many a sorrow, I've suffered many a loss—
But now, with a strange, new anguish, I carry this last dread cross;
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life befall,
The cross that our own hands fashion is the heaviest cross of all.

Heavy and hard I made it in the days of my fair strong youth,
Veiling mine eyes from the blessed light, and closing my heart to truth.
Pity me, Lord, whose mercy passeth my wildest thought,
For I never dreamed of the bitter end of the work my hands had wrought!

In the sweet morn's flush and fragrance I wandered o'er dewy meadows,
And I hid from the fervid noontide glow in the cool, green woodland shadows;
And I never recked as I sang aloud in my wilful, selfish glee,
Of the mighty woe that was drawing nigh to darken the world for me.

But it came at last, my dearest—what need to tell thee how?
Mayst never know of the wild, wild woe that my heart is bearing now!
Over my summer's glory crept a damp and chilling shade,
And I staggered under the heavy cross that my sinful hands had made.

I go where the shadows deepen, and the end seems far off yet—
God keep thee safe from the sharing of this woeful late regret!
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life befall,
The crosses we make for ourselves, alas! are the heaviest ones of all.

ELVIRA SYDNOR MILLER.

Miss Miller was born, in Virginia, of Irish and French ancestry on the paternal side, and Italian on the maternal, educated in Louisville at the Presentation Academy, where Mary Anderson was a pupil. She became a Catholic shortly after leaving school with Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey for her instructor and god-father. Her first book of poems was issued early after school days, since then she has been on the editorial staff of the Louisville Times, doing most effectual work. Her poems are of children and for children and of the affections.

XXXVIII.—LITTLE PILGRIMS.

Beyond these loveless regions where we wander,
 Beyond the rose and snow,
To some celestial country over yonder,
 Our little pilgrims go.

Some silent and some singing, some called early,
 Who do not speak, but smile,
Love's darlings with bright eyes and locks so curly—
 Heirs of the afterwhile.

We read full oft in some quaint olden story,
 Traced by a priestly hand,
How once the children dreaming dreams of glory
 Sought for the Holy Land.

Bright-eyed and brave they passed from town to city,
 Led by the heavenly call,
While worldly souls looked on in love and pity,
 Yet stayed them not withal.

And some who saw them wept, and some were quiet,
 And some smiled as they passed,
They knew beyond the darkness and the riot,
 They found God's land at last.

And so they passed beyond all earthly noises,
 Beyond all human sight,
Yet still the echo of their angel voices
 Was blown back through the night.

And even now as in the old time story,
 Led by some gentle hand
Our little pilgrims dreaming dreams of glory
 Seek for the Holy Land.

They rise and leave us in the flush of morning,
 At sunset or at night,
Nor smiles, nor tears, nor words of earthly warning
 May stay them in their flight.

They leave no footprints in the springing grasses,
 Nor on the highways wide,
But wheresoe'r the glad procession passes,
 The earth seems sanctified.

We may not know what cares or ills befall them,
 What troubles or what pain,
But all things fair, and sweet, and pure recall them,
 And bid them live again.

And so beyond these regions where we wander,
 Beyond the rose and snow,
To some celestial country over yonder
 Our little pilgrims go.

XXXIX.—THE CALLING OF THE CHILDREN.

Close by the Jordan's side in days departed
 The Christ held commune with His friends and foes,
While at His feet the sick and broken-hearted
 Laid down their burdens and forgot their woes.

The dreaming land stretched beautiful before them,
 The bright stream rippled 'neath the passing breeze,
While blue the angel-haunted skies bent o'er them,
 The rapt Disciples and cold Pharisees.

Long, long He talked, and as they bent to hear Him
 Make clear the precepts of the seers of old,
Some gentle mothers brought their children near Him
 And touched with reverent hands His garment's fold.

The awed Disciples frowned upon their daring
And sought to chide them from the hallowed spot,
But He, the Master, gracious and forbearing,
Rebuked them with these words, "Forbid them not."

He called the children to Him and caressed them,
Smiled in their eyes and held them to His breast,
He set His hands upon their heads and blest them—
Those little souls He always loved the best.

* * * * * * *

Years have gone by; no more 'mid regions vernal,
The Savior wanders at dim eve or dawn;
Through pain and death He passed to life eternal—
His faithful Twelve—His mockers, too, are gone.

But still as in that time so sweet in story,
But still as in the happy days of yore,
He makes the children sharers in His glory
And calls them to His loving arms once more.

Dark seems the earth from which they have departed.
To seek the shelter of that gentle breast,
And oh, their passing leaves us broken-hearted—
Those little souls He always loved the best.

XL.—GOOD-BYE AT THE GATE.

When purple shadows softly fall
O'er tree tops brown and bare,
And bells from lofty bell towers call
The faithful souls to prayer,
I wander out the crowded street
Past stately spire and dome,
While close beside on footsteps fleet
The children hasten home.

And
Oh, 't is this one,
Oh, 't is that one
Each must have his say—
I must heed them
As I lead them
Home at close of day.

The lamps are lighted one by one
As we go softly by.
Yet some red glory of the sun
Illumes the western sky—
And as one yellow star comes out
Above the old church tower,
They raise a little childish shout
To greet the new blown flower.

Their merry voices echo sweet,
Their hands I clasp in mine
While on the pave their little feet
Make melody divine.
I do not think the way is long,
Nor that the air grows chill,
While we go onward through the throng
And they are with me still.

'Tis only when we say good-bye
Outside the closing gate,
I mark the darkness of the sky
That tells the hour is late.
I miss the rosy lips that cling
So sweetly to my own,
Ah yes, as winter misses spring
With all its roses blown.

To me the sweetest time of all
 Is twilight's peaceful hour
When bells like angel voices call
 From out each airy tower.
To me the sweetest time is this
 When childish forms are nigh,
But ah, the saddest when I kiss
 Those little ones good-bye.

For,
 Oh, 't is this one,
 Oh, 't is that one,
Rob and Nell and Kate—
 How I miss them
 As I kiss them
Good-bye at the gate.

MARY BLANCHE O'SULLIVAN.

Miss O'Sullivan was born in St. John's, N. B., Canada, educated in St. Vincent's Convent and graduated from the provincial Normal School. She taught in the public schools until about three years ago, when she took up her residence in Boston and engaged in business, besides contributing to various publications. She has not as yet collected any of her works into book form, but all readers of "Donahoe's Magazine" hail with pleasure anything from her able pen.

XLI.—EASTER LILIES.

(From Donahoe's Magazine.)

The crisp gray dawn flushed with color; the sun crept slowly above the horizon, then remembering its Easter mission flung off the trailing cloud-robes and mounted swiftly upward, a globular mass of splendor, luminous and golden.

The distant city became visible, an incongruous study of brick and mortar, hopelessly out of perspective against the gold and gray background of the eastern sky. The big brick factory on the marsh emerged from obscurity and drew attention to a stretch of country sweeping down to a thread-like creek, a living, pulsing thing, guarding from intrusion a hill-side grouping of nameless mounds, marble crosses, and monumental columns.

Down in the lowly quarter, where lay the nameless dead, a yawning hollow sought to imprison the mellow light, but it quivered away from the frozen earth and glanced searchingly in at the factory windows as if seeking there a tenant for the open grave. The great looms stood idle with the unfinished cloth firm in their grasp, one snowy web was flecked with crimson stains, and a broken strand hung loose, strangely suggestive of a life cut short.

The print of a woman's hand was tracked in the dust of the frame, and a scrap of womanly gear—a little knot of ribbon—lay trampled on the floor.

The golden rays recoiled from the empty silence and

darted cityward, gilding the plumage of the twittering birds nesting alike in church towers and tenement eaves; projecting gables interposed their bulky shadows, and forbidding walls glowered darkly; but cleverly outwitting such surly foes the persistent rays slanted into a narrow court, and passed through an attic window, to shine upon a face ineffably beautiful in its holy calm. The small, toil-worn hands, clasped on the pulseless breast, were filled with Easter lilies, and rest, eternal, God-given rest, possessed the lifeless figure.

As the sunlight invaded the darkened retreat, an inert form crouched in the shadowy corner, roused into feeble, senile life. With shuffling, uncertain gait an old man crossed the floor and stood beside the bed, the disheveled tufts of silvery hair above his temples adding to the indescribable pathos of an aged face furrowed by tears. His gaze wandered vacantly from a little willow rocker to a flowering window garden, then back again to the bed.

Memory was strangely at fault; the expression of immutable calm on the young face troubled him vaguely; her mother had looked like that—suddenly the truth forced itself home, the father knew himself bereft, and laying his head down beside his child entered a passionate protest against the divine ruling: "A' mighty God, she was all I had: I'm desolate, desolate."

A great beam of light, flecked with wavering shadows from the flowering plants, grew decorously somber in the deeper oblong shadow that lay like a pall in its golden path. Some kindly rays intent on warming a heart numbed by sorrow quivered across the bed, and

drew the mourner's misty vision to the little hands filled with Easter lilies.

"'They must bloom fer Easter, father,'" he whispered, softly; "how she kep' a sayin' that: 'my lilies mus' bloom fer Easter.' Mebbe she knowed as they'd be needed to deck the dead."

Tenderly loosening a flower from the little fingers, he stroked the petals lovingly.

"They airn't unlike yerself, my girl, pure ez a new-blown drift, and a heart of gold; it ain't no wonder 'at you loved 'em. A most hate 'em," he added savagely. "Seems ez if they helped along thet onairthly look in her great shinin' eyes. Old hearts hev sorrow to thole when young hearts turn to Heaven. I was allers fer others conformin' to the Lord's will, but I rassled agen it when it teched on giving up my girl. I tried hard to sarcumvent Him, but it wa'n't no use, she jes' kep' dwinin' away, workin' to the las'. 'Poor folks mustn't be finicky, father,' she'd say, 'ith her pretty little laugh 'at will make my old heart ache forever. So death found her at her loom, the thread an' her life jes' snapped together. They laid her down an' brung me, her stricken old father. I lifted her bonny head to my breast, and after a bit she began to talk, soft-like, to herself, an' jes' at the end she smiled up at me an' sez 'Good-by, father'; her little hands fluttered up to my neck but fell back sudden like birds shot on the wing, an' there I was too dazed an' stoopid to know 'at it was me sittin' there agen the loom, the machinery whirrin' like mad, and the lint driftin' down like snow on the desolate old man 'ith his one bairn dead in his arms. Aye, the lilies bloomed fer Easter."

The evening shadows found him lying across the

bed, no longer desolate. The message of the resurrection had freed his weary spirit, and passed it on beyond the source of the golden glory still lingering above the Easter lilies.

XLII.—WOMEN WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY.

The portraits of Catholic women whose lives have influenced the ages form a goodly array in the galleries of time. Illumining the shadows closing round the past, faces shine out upon us, sweet, calm, holy; eloquent silence on the lips; sublime faith speaking in the tender, saintly eyes. The child-martyr, Agnes, lustrous in her purity, a fitting companion of the Lamb; the divinely inspired Cecilia, whose holy soul found in the psalms and canticles of praise an immortal expression of its spiritual joy; St. Rose of Lima, model of humility, fidelity, and patient endurance, ecstatically pleading in her agony, "Lord, increase my sufferings, and with them my love of Thee." St. Winnifred of Wales, around whose history tradition has woven many legends, marvelously beautiful, and whose memory is daily honored in the Gothic chapel erected over the world-renowned Holy Well; Elizabeth of Hungary, by birth daughter of a king, by destiny wife of Lewis, landgrave of Thuringia, by choice a humble follower of Christ, poor, oppressed, forsaken; Margaret of Scotland, saint and queen, progenitor of a line of illustrious men and women; St. Bridget, the Mary of Ireland, foundress of the Cathedral, convent, and monastery of Kildare, the patroness of learning, the fame of whose sanctity spreading beyond her native isle, throughout

all Christian Europe, churches reared their towers in living testimony to the holy zeal of the Irish maiden, "the lily of the vales of Leinster."

Truly a noble company of valiant women, chosen from the vast army of champions of the cross. Enshrined in every Catholic heart, elect of God, saints of the Church, their fame rests not on the things of earth; their guerdon was won in the long ago, but the fruit of their sanctity remains eternally reproductive of good in the guidance of other lives.

A glory less divine, the halo of earthly fame, encircles other faces; some surpassingly beautiful, strong in expression of lofty thought, in purity of soul, in nobility of intellect; others, again, instinct with human ambitions, marked by human passions, yet chastened by suffering; "the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes," appealing with indescribable pathos for the sympathy craved by woman's heart but repelled by regal pride. One by one these women of history wearing the laurels of immortality return to earth at the touch of thought.

Bertha, the royal envoy, who bore to England "a message from the living God," surely the noblest dower ever brought by English queen. What holy exultation must have possessed her soul when her pagan consort bowed his head to the waters of baptism, when over the altar stones of the Druids rose the tabernacles of the Most High, and Christian England proclaimed in her churches, "The beauty of Thy house, I have loved, O Lord, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth!" Well may the name of Bertha, queen of Kent, be honored in English annals: a woman-apostle, her life-work was the redemption of her people, her monument is the faith of a nation.

A later period, a more historic land, and another type of womanhood is limned on the canvas of time—Berengaria of Navarre, queen of the kingly crusader, Richard Cœur de Lion. "It was in the joyous month of May," writes the historian of this royal pair, "in the flourishing and spacious isle of Cyprus, celebrated as the very abode of the goddess of love, did King Richard solemnly take to wife his beloved lady, Berengaria." Though long had been their probation and many the obstacles in the path of their love, their married bliss was destined to be of brief duration. The Saracen flag, waving defiance from the towers and turrets of the Holy Land, caused Richard to forsake his gentle bride and join the soldiers of the Cross. His adventurous spirit, reveling in the attractions of war, forgot the arts of love; and "the royal, eloquent and beauteous lady who, for his sake, had ventured through the world" was requited by neglect—the cruelest affront that could be offered woman. So true a queen deserved a worthier consort than was this hero of romance. Yet note the summing up of her history: "From her early youth to her grave Berengaria manifested devoted love to Richard; uncomplaining when deserted by him, forgiving when he returned, and faithful to his memory until death." What a commentary on woman's devotion!

From Cyprus to sunny Florence is but a span in thought, and there "Beatrice again at Dante's side no more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise." Beatrice, beloved of Dante—inspiration of "Divina Commedia!" What a claim to immortality! and through a love so pure that its object appears transfigured in the courts of Paradise, "her brow a wreath reflecting of

eternal beams." A grand conception of ethereal woman, fulfilling the lover's vow "to sing of my Beatrice what has never yet been said or sung of any woman." A lofty ambition giving to the world the Florentine's master-poem, the flower of his genius.

Another hiatus in time, and the royal beauty, Blanche of Castile, once more claims homage as the pride of Spain. That other lands were not less sensible of her charms is evinced in the successful suit of Louis of France, and in the eloquent tribute paid by England's bard in the panegyric—

"If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanche?"

Fair, virtuous, of lofty lineage, noble attributes of the Castilian maiden, destined to win yet greater honors in the broader, fuller life of wife and mother; wife of a valorous king, mother of a saint—Louis, the brightest gem in the diadem of France.

A sweet, sad face with wistful eyes reflects the gentle spirit of Elizabeth of Austria, one of the most beautiful, intellectual and virtuous women of the sixteenth century. Wise, loving, loyally devoted to her husband, Charles IX., she nobly exerted her influence for good, but was powerless to combat the evil counsels of the queen-mother. The deplorable events of his reign so grieved the gentle queen that, after her husband's death, she sought in the cloister the rest and peace never found in earthly courts.

Another century, and by right of womanly worth, rather than the royal claim—"Sister, wife, mother, daughter of kings"—Anne of Austria appears among the famous women of bygone ages. Her able defense of her son's rights during the war of the French marked her a woman of rare courage as well as diplomatic skill. A warm heart, a brave spirit, and intense devotion to France, sustained the queen-mother during the many vicissitudes of her long and troublous regency.

The din of battle, the cries of contending armies echo down the ages, and fancy, dispelling the mists of time gathering o'er the scenes of carnage, reveals the majestic visage of Philippa of Hainault, a warrior, and yet a woman to the innermost fiber of the heart that pleaded so nobly and effectively for the burghers of Calais. Skilled in the arts of peace as in the tactics of war, the material prosperity of England owes its origin to the efforts of this daughter of an industrial race. Chaucer, the pioneer of English poets, and the gifted Froissart found in her royal patronage the needed encouragement of genius, and Oxford was made the center from which the light of knowledge radiated to the remotest parts of the realm. Community of interests led to the fusion of races, and Saxons, Normans and Britons, forgetting individual feuds, made common cause as an English nation.

The turbulent fifteenth century in its complex wars of nations presents a rare panorama of historic scenes, the central figure of each being that of a woman. Amid the solitudes of Domremy, on the field of Patay, before the walls of Rheims, at the coronation of a king, and, then—last scene of all—from out the funeral-pyre kindled at Rouen, gleams, like a star, the heroic face of

Joan of Arc, the ill-fated Maid of Orleans. An enthusiast in the noblest sense of the word, a phenomenon of valor, in whose pure hands the sword of Charlemagne won added sheen, and—highest meed of praise—a woman "chaste and immaculate in very thought, the current of her life-blood still crimsons England's honor, and stains the history of ungrateful France."

The cry of the gallant Gilles de Bretagne, "O, this queen is a pearl of matchless beauty, a very phantom of delight," finds an echo in all hearts, as, once more assuming mortal guise, Marguerite of Anjou emerges from the past. Love, loyalty and lofty purpose give character to the fair young face, the beauty of which was the lesser part of the royal stranger's merit. Rare qualities of mind and heart governing the noblest impulses of humanity gleam brightly on even the darkest passages of her checkered destiny. Her magnificent loyalty to her mentally enfeebled lord, her intrepid courage undaunted by disaster till, with the death of the idolized prince, hope died in her valiant heart, and then the agony of despair, the interior desolation of a soul at war with its God, and finally the Christian's triumph, the last and greatest victory, the vanquishing of self, present an array of conflicting forces rarely found in woman's character.

The Spanish colors, floating to the breeze on the shores of a new world, proclaim the right of Isabella of Castile to the laurels of renown. Her royal support, her religious enthusiasm, and material aid, even to the pledging of her jewels, inspired the Genoese with the courage born of hope, and gave to the world the Western Continent, the Christian America of to-day. No eulogy more eloquent could be written by fame to the

memory of this fair Castilian queen than speaks in the loyal homage of the sons and daughters of so noble a land.

Mary, Queen of Scots: what a host of memories the historic name recalls! The holy convent life in sunny France, the glamour of a court and the joys of love, the radiance of a bride shadowed by the desolation of widowhood, the victim of the buffets of fortune, subject to the dictates of "Men's uncertain minds," a fugitive from her people, the captive of English treachery sacrificed to the passions of England's infamous queen, the scaffold of Fotheringay, the culmination of earthly hopes and dreams, the elevation from which a Christian soul passed to its God. That truth "is manifested as a star in Heaven" is proved by the fact that the foul aspersions of her foes have not survived the test of time; her character as a woman has been placed beyond reproach.

Maria Theresa, queen of Austrian hearts, again challenges the admiration of Europe and wrests from her foe acknowledgment of her worth, "and honor to her sex, and the glory of her throne." Royalty and beauty, mind and heart answering the promptings of a lofty soul, and a high conception of her duty in every phase of life as queen, wife and mother, weave a garland of immortelles round the brow of this heroine, "The mother of her people," and most notable sovereign of the eighteenth century. The exalted motive directing the deeds of a life-time found expression in the words uttered on her death-bed: "If I could wish for immortality on earth, it would only be for the power of relieving the distressed."

The lurid glow of the revolution falls menacingly

on the beautiful upturned face of Marie Antoinette appealing to heaven for protection from a people gorged with blood. The majesty of her royal mother speaks in her mien, and in the charge addressed to the tribunal of regicides; "I was a queen, and you took away my crown; a wife, and you killed my husband; a mother, and you deprived me of my children. My blood alone remains. Take it, but do not make me suffer long."

What a fate for the flower of the Austrian court, the beauty of the palace of Versailles, slain by the rabble of France; even the coffin enclosing the charms that once held Europe in thrall expressing the disrespect of the mob, disallowing the identity of a queen in the inscription to the "Widow Capet."

Women saints and women warriors; women of song and story; heroines of history and romance; Catholic women of long ago; the story of their lives lies open before the women of to-day. The moral it inculcates is the sublime truth that spanning the shores of time and eternity there is but one plank of safety—the Cross so meekly borne from Bethlehem to Gethsemane.

XLIII.—THE SACRIFICE OF THE SHOP-GIRL.

The shop-girl is an important factor in business life, an essential part of the running gear of every large establishment. Beyond this involuntary recognition of her use as a bit of flesh and blood machinery, the public she serves evinces no interest, asks no questions as to her present needs or ultimate fate. She is merely a human something, as easily replaced as a broken lever or a worn-out cog.

Her personality as a woman; her home-life, its sacrifices and trials; her few pleasures and many cares; her limited income and unlimited longings for everything dainty, womanly and beautiful; and, above all, the development of her soul as the dominating influence of her daily life amid untoward circumstances, arouse no interest and excite no sympathy in the selfish mass, who regard their God even from no higher standpoint than as the necessary motive power, keeping the world rotating for their sole benefit.

And yet what a heroine the girl is! What a practical embodiment of the Christian virtues! Her cheerful endurance is a most pathetic protest against the injustice of her lot; her triumph over the many temptations daily besetting her the most acceptable prayer ever offered by creature to Creator.

When a great hulking brute is condemned to a life of hard labor as an expiation of an atrocious crime, mawkish sentimentalists raise their voices against the severity of his sentence, and not unfrequently secure its mitigation. Yet in every great city of America thousands of weak young girls, innocent of all offense save the necessity of living, enter on a treadmill existence, and the voice of protest is seldom heard—so much less potent is patient endurance than rampant vice in an appeal to public sympathy. If so-called social reformers could live one day out of the lives of these overworked, under-paid shop-girls, their experience might be productive of much good; one mighty wave of public censure would revolutionize the whole false system of employment.

Look into the scale of wages even, and compare it with the actual needs of every-day life. What thoughts

are born of such knowledge! What hideous possibilities are suggested as a means of supplementing so meager an income. Pass over the pittance supposed to compensate the little cash girls for their long hours of toil, their loss of education, their stunted growth, both physical and moral, the deprivation of out-door games and pastimes, and the many other perquisites of childhood, and look into the case of the experienced girl, who has worked her way up to a position behind the counter. She is an expert in her line, a valuable employe, a conscientious, thoroughly competent workwoman, a bulwark in her employer's business, and he rewards her energetic, untiring service with the munificent sum of eight dollars a week! Eight dollars a week for the best years of a woman's life!

Still, this sum is not to be despised; with rigid economy the practical girl can manage to live within it decently and with a moderate degree of present comfort. It is positive wealth compared to the remuneration given to the great majority eking out an existence on four, five and even six dollars a week.

How can a girl make such a sum meet her actual needs and leave a margin for possible illness, or as a provision for the time when youth and usefulness are things of the past? Consider the expenses of the girl who lives at home, by far the best off of her class, provided the home be even a moderately congenial one. Nominally she does not pay for her board, but as a general rule all her earnings over and above her personal expenses, go into a family fund to eke out the father's income, heavily taxed for the maintenance of younger children; or it may be that a widowed mother finds in her her chief support; in either

case the young wage-earner has little left for herself, and out of that little she must provide for car fare, lunch and incidental expenses; a new gown represents the savings of months; a natty coat is an event in her life, an epoch in the family history; she does all her own sewing, sitting up late into the night to keep her slender wardrobe in condition; she is always mending, brushing and turning, contriving womanly wiles to deceive herself into thinking that she is well-dressed—a harmless conceit that the sunlight ruthlessly exposes by showing up the neat little darns and worn edges and seams. If she be a brave little women she doesn't flinch from the knowledge thus forced upon her, but consoles herself with the reflection that poverty may always be decent even if it will not be disguised.

Her work begins early, eight o'clock being the usual hour, and is very laborious, necessitating as it does, an almost constant standing position. In some stores this position is compulsory at all times whether necessary or otherwise, an evil that has been dwelt upon so often and so urgently that further comment is futile.

All day long the wearisome work of the shop-girl continues, selling, answering questions, humoring whims, checking accounts and straightening stock, with a brief intermission for lunch as the only rest of the day. Sometimes the weary saleswoman is too tired to eat, or a cold lunch is distasteful to her, and she returns to her work without having tasted food since early morning, the result of such deprivation being nervous headache and exhausted vitality. Who can wonder that under such circumstances and subjected to such a strain, the girl behind the counter is not wholly

angelic? She is very weary of it all, not the least of her trials being the constant resistance of temptation, the necessity of overcoming self.

Here again the home girl has the advantage; the day's work over, she is sure of counsel and sympathy; she looks forward to the gathering in of the family at the evening meal, when the troubles of the day grow trivial under the cheery influence of true home-life. She knows that she has a staunch champion in her favorite brother, even though his appreciation takes the objectionable form of a vigorous pat on the back, making her wince with its heartiness; she doesn't mind being tired when she thinks how much the money will do for the children; and then if there be any great difficulty or danger, why, "talking it over with mother" will make the way much clearer. Who can estimate the saving influence of home-life with its strong sense of good-fellowship among brothers and sisters, their loyal response to the claims of blood, their life-time of memories in common?

Yes, the home-girl's lot is a happy one contrasted with that of her fellow-worker, who lodges in a dreary back room, and never knows what it means to take a comfortable meal in congenial company. She lives up to every cent of her income, and finds it woefully insufficient. Outside of her working hours she is thrown on her own resources for amusement or occupation. She may be very young, and not very wise in her pursuit of pleasure; under such circumstances her freedom from control is perilous.

It is much to be regretted that more care is not given to girls in the transition period between childhood and early womanhood, when there is no settled

purpose, and the craving for enjoyment is inordinately strong. The thoughtful, motherly girl whose spare time is absorbed by family problems, the studious girl, the musical girl, in short, the girl whose mind takes any special intellectual trend, or is engaged by a fad even, is comparatively safe, but the aimless girl, or the girl with misdirected activity of mind and body, is constantly in danger. Through her love of the sensational, she makes herself conspicuous by her loud dress and louder manner, and accepts the hundred and one doubtful attentions men pay to women they do not respect. She accepts their invitations to dinners, theaters, theater parties, and balls of a suspicious character, where she dances away the fever of unrest, together with her reputation, and does it not because she has any real love of wrong-doing, but because she has no stability of character, and the craving for amusement must be satisfied. Such girls should be the special care of all women with a spark of motherliness in them. A word in season, a kindly act, a few friendly (not patronizing) attentions go far in bringing a frivolous, thoughtless girl to a better knowledge of herself, in forming a truer conception of the dignity of womanhood.

And yet in every city there are thousands of women who spend their days in returning pharisaical thanks to God for their own unblemished lives, but make no effort to save the young things fluttering by them on their road to ruin. They feel no pity, no sympathy—nothing but distrust and condemnation.

These are the people who condemn working girls for walking the streets at night. Do they forget that air and exercise are as necessary for bread-winners as for the petted daughters of luxury, and, granting that

many of them do not go forth for the sake of health alone, are their motives less worthy than those of their wealthier sisters, who choose an earlier hour for their pageant of dress and display? It is surely no retiring disposition, no modest wish to remain unseen, that brings these fashionable idlers to the crowded thoroughfares, where the air is thick with odors and unsavory vapors.

The girl who is a practical, consistent Catholic is safe under all circumstances, at home or abroad. There is no city so vast as to make her a stranger within its gates, no situation so perilous as to compass her ruin. She is never without an adviser in matters spiritual and temporal, never without a refuge in her hour of need. When in doubt of her own judgment she seeks in the confessional a stronger mind and a broader experience to supplement her limited knowledge, to strengthen her faltering purpose, or to point out dangers hidden from her untrained vision. Comforted by words of divine inspiration, exalted in spirit by frequent recourse to the sacraments, she grows strong in faith. Religion is the source of her courage, prayer is her sanctuary and her salvation. Temptation after temptation assails her. Her unprotected condition, if without a home or family ties; her winsome youth, her very innocence, make her the object of unholy desire often skilfully disguised as interest in her welfare; she is grateful for the tender solicitude, for the many attentions so delicately proffered, but shrinks back appalled from the words of the tempter when he reveals his hideous purpose, using the specious argument that the semblance of virtue is as valuable as its untarnished possession.

The young Christian asks no aid from the world in this her hour of need. At the foot of the cross where Magdalen wept for the lost treasure of her womanhood the pure spirit pleads for strength to preserve her purity even unto the end. The greatest danger besetting her young life is met and vanquished by prayer. She cheerfully accepts the daily routine of toil, the constant sacrifice, and passes through the discipline to the tranquil peace of maturer womanhood, or, as often happens, she may be called away early to the enjoyment of her reward.

Who has not seen such a one forever at rest, her passing earthly beauty already divinely transfigured, the luster of her purity glorifying death? Contrast such a triumph over temptation with the fate of the girl who yields, the girl without faith. She is the girl who, for a time, dresses elegantly, occupies an expensive suite, and fares luxuriously. She cannot do all this on eight dollars a week. She may have other honest resources, but circumstantial evidence is very strong against her. To say the least, her feet are set in perilous places, and slip down gradually to the level of the social outcast. Of the ultimate fate of such girls the homes for fallen women, the prisons and the morgues keep the record. What other future is possible to degraded womanhood? Abandoned by her destroyer, her one treasure pledged beyond redemption, debased and destitute, the phantom of her lost innocence remorselessly pursuing her, despair rises up in the soul that never sought its strength in God, and hatred darkens the heart never lighted by His love.

Public censure is the one remedy for this evil; it is the most powerful deterrent that can be brought to

bear on illicit evil-doers, who recognize no other authority, civil or religious.

There should be no trifling with so grave a subject, no respecting of persons; every paper recording the suicide of one of these unfortunates should lay bare the exigencies of her life, together with the name and social status of the primary cause of her spiritual as well as physical death.

Here is a mission right at their doors for the dominating spirits among the women of America. A nobler cause than clamoring for rights that do not belong to them, for positions that they can never fill, even if men be so foolish as to let them try.

The emancipation of working-women from the necessity of selling themselves would be a royal seal to set on the closing years of the nineteenth century. It is surely time for vigorous concerted action, when the morality, and consequently the strength, of a nation, is being weakened by the constantly increasing traffic in woman's purity, degraded into a marketable commodity, a tremendous price paid, willingly or unwillingly, for coveted employment, worldly emolument, or —saddest of all—for that commonplace but indispensable article, bread.

MRS. MARGARET ELLEN HENRY-RUFFIN.

Margaret Ellen Henry-Ruffin was born at Daphne, Baldwin County, Ala., the summer home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Henry. Both parents were Irish Catholics. Mr. Henry was a prominent merchant and banker in Mobile and was greatly respected and beloved. He fostered and encouraged the literary taste of his daughter "Nellie" in every way. In 1887 Miss Henry married Mr. Frank G. Ruffin of Virginia. Mrs. Ruffin is the mother of five children, three daughters and two sons. For several years she has contributed to the Catholic and secular magazines. In 1884 she published a volume of poems, "Drifting Leaves." Her literary work consists of stories, poems, sketches, etc. She is a trained musician and speaks several languages. She has made special studies in Celtic History and Literature, with a view to utilizing these in her new work. Mrs. Ruffin was educated by the Sisters of Charity in Mobile, finishing at St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md. She has always made her home in Mobile, but has traveled a great deal through the United States. A part of the year she spends at her country home in Citronelle, Ala., thirty miles from Mobile.

XLIV.—THE VISITATION.

"And in those days"—what wondrous days they were
To that meek maiden speeding o'er the hills
Of Judea's summer! And what reveries stir
Within us as that tender memory fills.

The picture past! O trusting Mother-Maid!
Of thee and of thy thought, but scarce a word
Upon the silence of the scene is laid;
The echo only of thy footsteps heard.

With the mid-summer's blooms and breezes blent
We see thy young joy going forth to meet
The hope, unto thy aged cousin sent;
Thine own, full of the Promise dread and sweet.

"Magnificat!" O little Maiden! sing
Thy prophecy. Thy meekness now forget.
Only the world's great Hope remembering,
And all thy spirit to its music set.

"Magnificat!" Look down the stream of years,
The generations' chorus shall not rest
From age to age, the last, to-day, she hears
Proclaiming her, above all women, blest.

XLV.—WILD JESSAMINE.

I went to the woods to-day;
The winter was in the town;
But out in the woods away
A tenderness drifted down;

And ah! the spring is near,
For an odorous tone rings clear,
And the breath of the pine-land swells
With the fragrant note
From the amber throat
Of the wild, sweet jessamine bells.

O stately, insensible pines!
You would stand so proudly clear;
But the gentle, caressing vines
Subdue your grace severe;
And you lift the perfume aloft,
While a sense, so strange and soft,
In your hard brown bosom dwells,
As around you climb,
Like a golden chime,
The wild, sweet jessamine bells.

O sudden spring of the South!
You would take us all unaware;
You would kiss, with a swift, warm mouth
The sting from the wintry air.
But you cannot steal in unknown,
Nor silence the herald tone
That ever your coming tells,
When the woods rejoice
With the golden voice
Of the wild, sweet jessamine bells.

O bird of the timid note!
Sing out! for your time is here;
Open your trembling throat,
Bring us your welcome near.
Your comrade Music has come,
And the hours no longer are dumb,

For the hills and the palmy dells
And the forests ring,
With the message of Spring,
In the wild, sweet jessamine bells.

* * * * *

I dreamed of the South, to-day:
Ah, Southland! fair and far;
And all the wings of my vision sway
In a golden, scented star;
And all my memories seem
To fade to one odorous dream,
One breath in my spirit dwells,
In pine-land gloom
The starry bloom
Of the wild, sweet jessamine bells.

XLVI.—ST. PATRICK'S BEACON FIRE.

Easter 432.

The ship by Innis Phadruig stands, the isle
That Patrick's name has hallowed, since the Saint
Trod, as a benediction on its sands.
Then many an isle and little port and bay
The Saint's ship touched; till, where the bending Boyne
Bows till abased, self-lost within the sea
They tarry. Forty days, the faithful watching crew
With fast and prayer the golden hours held.
O vernal promise! mingling with the tide
Of Patrick's gospel, filling all the land
As song and blossom fill the spring.

On Tara's height, a glory yet ungleamed
This Resurrection Morn. The mystic fire

That fed the Druids' faith by Loagare's tent
Shall have another mystery. Eternal steps
Are on thy hills, O Erne, to-day.
Thy Saint, thy Message comes; and nevermore
Shall fade the flower spring on his track;
The Flower of Faith, his Erin wears as full
As fragrant still as when it leaped up free
On green Magh-Breagh that Easter memorable.
And nevermore that Message fainter grows.
Its echo brings a thunder sound to-day
That wraps the world.

Loagare was King and held
O'Nial's throne, his gransire famed in song
Of bards "O'Nial of the Nine Hostages."
The Court at Tara met. The sacred fire,
The sovereign's sole right, was blazing forth:
The royal flame, proclaiming far and near,
The Council of the Nobles and the King.
And instant death was his who durst to light
A beacon fire in sight of Tara's hill,
While burned the royal blaze and Council met.

"But see!" the Druids cry unto the King,
"The fire of sacrilege!" Upon the banks
Of Boyne, a tent. Before its open door
The daring light of beacon fire forbid
The limits of the land of Breagh.
"A sign, O King!" the Druids wail. "A fatal sign,
Bid yonder blaze be instant quenched. What say
The prophecies? A deadly and dark word
For thee, Loagare. When burns a blaze before
The beacon of the King, the hand that held
The daring torch shall hold thy land as well;
And never age on age shall pass away:
The power of him whose beacon burns before

The beacon of the King. Forevermore,"
The Druids wail, "unless he instant die,
Shall he be sovereign of our land of Erne;
And never other King the Erseland own."

So King Loagare bade hasty messengers
Summon the builder of the impious fire
Before the Court and Council of the Druids.

"Let none arise!" the monarch gave command,
As all the Court, impelled to reverence,
Moved at the coming of the gentle Saint.
Close after him, in loving humbleness,
A noble convert followed Sessnen's son
Benignus, young and eager in new faith;
Leaving the heirdom of all Meath, to join
His steps, with Milcho's stranger slave.
But Erc,
The tall, strong son of Deso, rose up straight
And bowed in Patrick's sight, the impetus
Within impelling stronger than the word
Of King Loagare, forbidding reverence.

And all forgotten was the daring fire
Of sacrilege as Court and King and Queen,
Druid and Bard and Warrior owned the spell
Of that strange message captives to the faith
Dubtack, the master soul of song, the Bard
By King Loagare, the best-beloved, swift taught
His Druid harp the melody of Christ.
And never fell in battle fierce and fast
The vanquished from the Irish swords, as fell
The ancient creed of Erne at Patrick's word.
Just as the land, the dear and green sweet land
He loved, laid off the winter's snow, at touch
Of spring's first smiling, finding emerald garb

And richest gems beneath, so fell from Erne,
As swift away the Druids and their day.
So melted fast into the warm, true light
Of Christ's own love, the little Isle of Saints.

O that first Easter Morn on Tara's Hill!
O springtime in that ancient Shamrock land!
We tread the centuries to meet again.
We bring the picture back to loyal faith.
The Court of King Loagare on Magh-Breagh's plain,
The witchery of spring, the song of thrush,
In hawthorn hedge or hid in ivy wall,
We fill the picture of that Easter Morn
And Patrick coming with the fair young day.

But lo! a stronger voice comes thrusting through
The widening waste of ages, stronger still
The voice of prophecy. O wailing priests
Of Baal! the fire of Druid faith has paled
Before the greater light in Patrick's hand.
Still may your wail grow into prophecy
Fulfilled; and Patrick's daring fire, before
The beacon of the Council of King Loagare,
Proclaim another everlasting King.
Our Erin's only monarch and His reign
Shall never perish; for our land of Erne
Is Christ's own Kingdom, won that Easter Morn,
For faith eternal, by her deathless Saint.

MRS. SAM'L P. SPALDING.

("Cora Berkly.")

Mrs. Spalding was born in Columbia, South Carolina, on the 27th of January, 1831; daughter of William B. Barry, (who came to this country at the time Bishop England took possession of the See of Charleston,) and Miss Ann Butler of Columbia. The family moved to Cincinnati shortly after her birth. She was sent to school to the Sisters of Charity until the late Bishop Purcell introduced the Sisters of Notre Dame, when she was placed at their school, where she remained till her sixteenth year. From early girlhood she wrote, but published little. Her first publications were short stories in the "Telegraph," edited by the Rev. Edward Purcell, who encouraged the young writer. Her first book was the "Hamiltons," "The Three Eleanors" and "The Beauforts," a tale of the Alleghanies. In 1856 she was maried to Mr. Samuel P. Spalding, a cousin of the late Archbishop of Baltimore. Family cares interrupted her literary labors. Mrs. Spalding's style is simple and direct, Catholic and American, just the stories to give young, growing girls. They illustrate the strength, the beauty and the purity of a true Catholic heart, whether in prosperity or in adversity; and the noiseless, yet almost irresistible influence it may acquire over those who come within its sphere. She writes as though she is convinced that the deep, tender piety of Catholicity, with its unselfishness, its childlike repose in the will of God, is fully equal to all the emergencies of the most eventful life and that the deepest piety is not incompatible with the most brilliant success in every sphere of life.

XLVII.—SELF-DISTRUST.

(From "The Hamiltons.")

"Where do you suppose we will all be by this time next year?" asked Frederick, abruptly, rising and going over to Hortense.

"Are you asking me?" said Mrs. Hamilton. "I think I shall be exactly where I am now; that is, if I am just as tired as now. Alice will be married, and Marguerite!—really, my dear, I have not an idea what is to become of you and Mr. Lamar."

"Have you not? That is very wonderful," said Margaret, with a laugh, "considering you are such a seer."

"I can tell where I should like to be," said Etienne, glancing at Margaret and then to Hortense. Margaret was serious again: "I don't know," she said, as if talking to herself, "but I think everyone must feel a little sad at times; don't you, Mr. Lamar?"

"Why do you ask Etienne only?" said Fred, with his sneering laugh. "I suppose you think Hortense and I have caught the stony-heartedness from each other. I believe we are a little flinty, are we not, Hortense?"

"Ask Alice what she thinks of you. It makes no difference what I am."

"If all my New-Years' Eves were spent as pleasantly as this," said Mr. Lamar, "I should think myself very happy."

"Would you?" said Margaret. "Yes, it is pleasant. But, then, I think we all have something to regret in the past. There are always some misdeeds to mar the perfection we meant the year to bring forth.

Always some evil done that lies like a dark stain on the fair fabric we intended to be so spotless; some unaccomplished good that breaks the warp, and leaves an unfilled space. Do you not feel that?"

"Yes, but not in the way you do," he answered. "Disgust for the self-deception almost all people practice, for the ungenerous weakness that shrinks from the accomplishment of resolutions made in some moment of enthusiasm, has quite as great a share as sorrow in my feelings."

"But that is pride," she said, with a quick decision of manner that was natural to her when talking of anything upon which her own opinions were perfectly settled. "You know we ought never to be astonished at any amount of weakness in ourselves, but rather wonder that we do no worse."

"Are you going to open a new school of Theology, Madge?" asked her brother. "I have some idea of studying, and might gain a degree under your learned tutorship."

Mr. Lamar's voice was musical after that hard mocking one: "That must be a very hard lesson to learn. I am afraid, Miss Hamilton, you will not find many to agree with you on that point."

"You are mistaken. All Catholics agree with me, or rather," she added, with a blush, "I agree with all Catholics. If the church did not teach it, perhaps it would be a hard lesson to learn; but our good mother makes it easy enough."

"How?" he asked, with no little interest.

"How!" she repeated, the flush rising to her cheeks, and her fingers ceasing their quick play. "By showing to us what we really are when guided by our own

evil natures, as all must be who are deserted by grace."

"But it is said that self-confidence is a mark of true greatness," said Etienne, gently; "that the timid and distrustful are ever unsuccessful."

"Yes, in worldly affairs," she said, with a slight tremor in her voice; "in buying and selling, and hoarding up wealth. But the greatness which self-reliance alone makes is not true greatness. On the contrary, that pride which boasts of its own sufficiency is just what will soonest unthrone the intellect and corrupt the heart. Show me, among all who have lived, a nobler being than St. Peter; and yet, in a moment of proud self-reliance, he fell. 'Though all should desert Thee, I never will forsake,' were his words to his Lord; and one little hour later he swore that he knew not the man. And look at the countless host of apostates of all ages and climes—men drinking in, as from a full fountain, the knowledge and beauty, and truth of Catholicity—deserting their God, forgetting all his tears and his sufferings, laughing to scorn the undying love that keeps Him still upon earth while reigning in Heaven; trampling upon the very blood that crimsoned Calvary's summit, when they loosen their hold upon the hand that can never lead them astray; turn from the heart that can never deceive, to lean upon their own weak will and paltry strength. Oh, we may well distrust ourselves, when we know these things; we may well wonder at the Goodness which, almost in spite of us, so sustains us that we do not fall with them."

She had risen in her excitement, and stood now with the full light streaming on her.

"Well," said Frederick, "that's a pretty long speech, and a pretty sober one, too, for you, Madge."

For a moment Margaret was embarrassed by her own warmth, and said, with a smile: "I did not intend to say so much, but you know it is all true."

XLVIII.—MARY ASSUMED.

In an Eastern town a Maiden dwelt,
Fair as a summer dawn—
 With eyes so softly bright and deep,
One gazing, wondered what they saw
 O'er harvest fields asleep.

Now clothed like the sun and crowned with the stars,
 O Love of the Mighty One!
Maid with soft eyes, and fair young face,
 Yet Mother of God's own Son!

Never again will thy weary feet
 Tread over the blood-stained stones;
Never again will thy gentle heart
 Break over His fainting moans.

He has crowned thee Queen for thy loyal love,
 He has named thee Mother of Grace!
Our Mother, too! O bend thine eyes!
 Turn not from us thy face.

Purest of all! Save He Divine,
 Who dwelt within thy breast,
Guard us and lead us while life lasts,
 Till at His feet we rest.

O Queen of that sorrowful land of fire,
Where souls are burnt with their keen desire
 To see the face of the Holy One;
Mother of Mercy, pray the Son,
 On this day of feast, and joy, and song,
 To open the gates to that weary throng.

MRS. MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

Mary Angela Scanlon was born Jan. 8, 1840, in Monroe, Michigan, and in 1861 was married to Mr. P. H. Spellissy and has resided in Philadelphia, Pa., for the last forty years. She has contributed to many periodicals and papers, both Catholic and secular, but has not yet made a collection in book form. She is particularly happy in her short stories, that contain many useful hints to women under a kindly vein of humorous sarcasm. Her latest story, "A Modern Iconoclast," is the best.

The magazines and journals to which she has contributed are the "Catholic World," "Carmelite Review," "Young Catholic," "Catholic Standard," Philadelphia, also "The Catholic Times."

XLIX.—A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(From The Catholic Standard, Philadelphia.)

The breeze was rising, lifting the oppressive cloud that had been all the morning lowering over the city, and my whole soul responded to the delightful freshness. A few promenaders passed me occasionally, sauntering towards the Inlet. One of them attracted me singularly. She was tall and carried herself with dignity; she appeared to be about forty-five, a rosy-red showed vividly in her cheeks, contrasting beautifully with her sparkling black eyes and white forehead; her hair, black and wavy, was parted in the middle and drawn in sweet womanly fashion to the coil at the neck. Her eyes rested on me an instant and quickly flashed with cordial recognition. Our first greetings over, I invited my friend to my nook, and we settled to that comparison of experiences so usual, and often most delightful, between old friends. And what friendship can bear comparison with that existing between those whom we have known in our early days? Dr. Horstmann once said: "In youth we make friends—later on we form acquaintances."

Our old friend may have remained in the obscure position from which we have been drawn by circumstances or stepped out of by greater boldness; but if we are not snobbish, there is the old love and true-hearted ring in the voices when old friends meet.

Ten years had passed since Julia and I had met; there was, therefore, much to tell and much to hear. Her parents, like my own, were of the good old faith

and from that blessed island that we hear of so often and are likely to hear of until the end of the world; for, whether it is in the earth, the air, or the water, or in all three, I know not, but certainly there is in its people somehow an astonishing source of effervescence.

After we had reviewed the past, had wept for our dead, and rejoiced at the progress of the living, I learned that Julia had attained the dignity of grandmother.

"Yes," she said; "just as my own youngsters are getting out of my way it seems as if I must begin all over again; but I just ran away from it all and came down here for a rest. Maggie has a vacation, and I helped her finish her sewing; Beatrice and Maria are very useful in the house, and with Maggie to keep them in order, and take care of the boys, they can do without me for a week very well. Jack has taken a week from the store, and we have come out like bride and bridegroom on a honeymoon. Bessie has a trained nurse, and the baby is a fine, healthy child, so I think it better to leave her to manage her own affairs now."

"Well," said I, "this is all very pleasant news."

"Yes," she replied, "but Bessie is inclined to be foolish; she's something like myself. Her husband is a good young fellow with an Irish Catholic name. When he began visiting her I could see she was inclined to turn his little peculiarities into ridicule, so after letting her run on for awhile I just brought her up short one day.

"See here, Bessie," said I, "if you don't intend to favor that young man I wish you wouldn't encourage him any longer."

"Why," said she, "can't I go out with a man unless I am willing to marry him?"

"Now, Bessie," I said, "have a care."

"Well, she cooled down a little, and we had a sensible talk. I just showed her that the young man was true to his Church and dutiful to his uncle; he was getting on in business. He is a carpenter and had just built a couple of houses on Diamond street. She had turned up her nose at him in the beginning as a mechanic. I soon told her she might be thankful if her father had as good and as independent a way of earning a living, instead of drudging as a clerk, never knowing but that he would lose his position if a dull time came. I reminded her that plenty of the men she thought so swell hadn't money to pay their washerwomen, and that some of them are tempted and steal in order to pay for the theater tickets, the flowers and the rest of it. Oh, she knew what I said was true. You know how news of that kind travels; and, fortunately, she has good, sensible brothers, who can give information to their sisters when necessary. She has sense enough, if she will stop to think. Well, his uncle sent for him to go West, and he proposed to Bessie. They were married in a hurry; he wanted her to go with him, as the contract would keep him away from the city for some months; indeed, I think he was afraid she would change her mind if he left her behind him; but I don't think she's that mean. Well, they were gone over a year, and when they came back they went into their own house and are very snugly settled."

"I am truly glad to hear it," I replied; "a good husband is one of God's best gifts."

"Don't I know it!" she cried fervently, "and that makes me so mad at Bessie. Now, just to show you what she's like, the baby was christened yesterday. I

went over in the morning, after mass. James was in the parlor when I went in, and I thought he was not as lively as usual. 'How's Bessie?' said I."

"She is not so well this morning," he answered.

"Why that's strange," said I. "She was in great spirits when I left her yesterday."

"Well," he said, "I suppose I had better tell you. She had quite a crying spell this morning."

"Oh," said I, "is that all? What stuff has she got in her head now?"

"Well," said he slowly, "she wants to name the boy Ignatius."

"Ignatius," said I. "What put that notion in her mind?"

"Well, it seems that she had a great fondness for one of the Sisters, who had that name."

"Humph!" said I, "is that all?"

I felt sorry for the poor fellow, he looked so worried. He's very fond of Bessie, and I sometimes think if he humored her less she would think more of him.

"I'll tell you how it is," said he. "My Uncle Dan has been awfully good to me. When my mother died he sent home for me, educated me and then made me his right hand man in his own business. I often think now, when I remember little things that happened, and that I thought nothing of at the time, that uncle remained single for my sake, and I am very grateful to him, and would like to name the boy for him, who has been to me like a fond father."

As he said this the tears stood in his great blue eyes.

"Now, I don't want to cross Bessie, and she has had

such an awful time this morning, I don't know what to say."

"Don't be uneasy, James; I'll bring Bessie to reason," said I; "you go off to Mass."

"I am very thankful to you," he answered. "You're a great comfort to me."

"Indeed," said I, "there's every reason why I should be, for from the day you first came to our house I have always found you kind, manly, and considerate."

Well, I went up stairs, after taking my things off, and waiting to smooth my ruffled plumage. Bessie's room was quite dark when I went in, and I could guess she was busy cultivating gloom.

"Good morning," said I boldly; "are you asleep?" "No," said she, "but I don't feel very well."

"Why, that's too bad," said I; "maybe the thunder storm was too much for you last night."

"Was there a thunder storm?"

"Yes, indeed, but it has given us a fine, cool Sunday, thank God. A lovely day for the christening. What time will they take the little animal to church to make a Christian of him?"

"I don't know that he can be christened to-day."

"Why, what's happened?"

"Well, we've not agreed on the name."

"Oh, that will not take long; what does James say?"

"He wants to name the baby for his uncle, and I can't bear to have him called Dan." And here I saw the tears were ready to flow.

"Well," said I, "there are prettier names than Dan, but let us talk it over; but first let us have a little light on the subject." I turned to the window and opened

the shutters. Bessie's house is on the south side and opposite a beautiful garden. Some of the trees are over fifty years old. A wisteria vine runs over the western porch. The front of the house is shaded with woodbine, and in the open center mignonette, heliotrope and other lovely flowers delight the eye and make breathing a pleasure.

"Do you know who lives over there?" I asked Bessie.

"No," she answered; "I have been so busy since we came here that I had not thought of them. Indeed, now that I remember, I don't think I have seen the house open."

"Then I can tell you," said I, "the names of your neighbors and a little of their history. Janet Macdonald was a schoolmate of mine. Her father was rich, she was an only child, and motherless. Her father was very stern, but very fond of her. She had gone out very little, and knew nothing of the world. Therefore, when Ramsey Clifford came a-courting she felt very much flattered, and in spite of her father's disapproval they were married. Her father gave them that house. He had got it at a bargain when real estate was a drug in the market. I lost sight of her after her marriage, and only last week learned that she was your neighbor. She lives there alone, but for the servant who took care of her when she was a baby."

"She 's a widow?"

"I did not say that. She might be happier if she were. I believe her story is a sad one. Her husband was a handsome, plausible rascal. He soon wearied of Janet, and deserted her. For years she heard of him only through the society news. Her father died

six months after her marriage and left Janet only a life interest in the money and the property across the street. When Ramsey learned that, he was fit to be tied, and two months after he departed. There had been a scene between them the night before. Her baby was born prematurely next day, and died without baptism."

"Wasn't that awful?"

"Yes, indeed, and that's not the conclusion. Your father read me a paragraph from the paper this morning. Ramsey was arrested yesterday for robbery and will have to stand trial for murder. The evidence against him is very strong."

"Oh, the poor woman."

"Yes, Bessie, you may well say so, for bad as he is, she has always loved him. Now, Bessie, when I came here this morning with her sorrows in my mind my soul was welling up in gratitude to God, who had given you a loyal, true-hearted husband. I found James looking very anxious, and I drew from him the cause. For reasons most creditable to his manhood he wishes to pay his kind old uncle the compliment of naming his son for the man to whom he owes everything, and you, out of pure sentiment, and a good deal of self-will, insist on calling the child after one who has no claim on you and who would be the first to rebuke your obstinacy. You forget yourself. Didn't James marry you without a penny but your bits of clothes, and hasn't he humored you until there's no standing you. His uncle is a canny old man, and with his help and James' own attention to business you are likely to be very well to do. You should be never done

thanking the Lord, who has saved you from misery like that over the way."

James came in just as I finished speaking, and at the same minute the unconscious bone of contention began to whimper.

"James," said Bessie, "will you please bring Dan to me?"

"Indeed, I will," said he.

I knew I could be spared, so I took myself out of the way, saying I'd be back at four o'clock to go with his highness to church.

"Well, Julia," said I, "you're a credit to the sex, and bid fair to redeem the name of mother-in-law."

Our husbands, who had met in the surf, now joined us, and informed us that it was dinner-time.

L.—LOOKING-GLASSES.

(From the Carmelite Review.)

"O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves."—Coriolanus II.:2.

I have read of one who had the walls of an apartment lined with mirrors in order that the occupant might have the benefit of every possible point of view. We live in the presence of reflectors; unconsciously we are giving ourselves away all day long. Often very discreditably, and when the consequences of our ugliness come upon us, few are wise enough to recognize where the blame belongs. Arabella is highly accomplished, she speaks three languages, plays on four instruments, she has an artistic temperament, but—she is poor, proud, and peevish, she enters an enter-

tainment with a "nobody-here-to-speak-to" air. In society she appears ignorant that in accepting an invitation she has assumed a responsibility. Loyalty to her hostess should prompt her gracefully to adapt herself to the exigencies of the occasion and endeavor tactfully to elicit from her companions the best they have to give. On the contrary, she is usually consumed by the desire to receive the attention of the principal persons present. Her selfishness is grossly apparent, and she disgusts where she would attract. Seeing herself neglected, she vents her spleen by sulkiness or by ill-natured remarks. In the eyes of the thoughtful she is making a sad exhibition of herself, and she is vaguely conscious she is not a success. Instead of seeking the cause, she makes matters worse by attributing her failure to the dullness of "people"; she declares them very uninteresting. Alas! she has closed many a loving heart and charming home-circle against her. When she shall meet neglect and coldness in the future, her lack of self-knowledge shall prevent her recognizing the cause; in her blindness she will declare she is omitted from this or that company because she is poor. Is it not a pity that she will not try to see herself as others see her? Paula is poor, pious and pleasing. Always ready to oblige, she wins all hearts. She is ever a welcome guest, because sunshine enters with her. She is an interested listener, to all who approach, be the subject politics, foot-ball, fishing or fashion. Thus she develops harmoniously, she enlarges her horizon, and, meanwhile, she has the love of many, the admiration of all. When her engagement to a man of high estate is announced, Arabella is "surprised" and wonders what he saw in

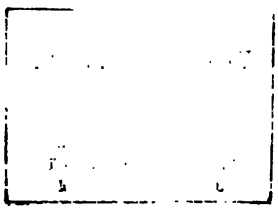
her. "Paula is not a bit pretty, and she has no polish." High polish often prevents the usefulness of an article; because it scratches so easily, it is simply ornamental. The man who thinks, chooses his wife as a helpmate. He is deeply conscious that "the amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie." Therefore his love embraces such as Paula, in whom he has ever found a sympathizing listener, and prudent counsellor. It is wise to have a decent respect for public opinion and to learn its uses. "He that loveth correction loveth knowledge, but he that hateth reproof is foolish."

MARY J. BROWNE

("Marion Brunowe.")

Miss Browne was born in New York City and is the daughter of a well known physician now residing in Yonkers. Her earliest companions were books. From the first her home training was excellent, and she now delights to dwell on the fact by saying, "my mother formed my literary style." At an early age she was sent to the Academy of Mt. St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson, remaining there for seven years. Her first story was sent to the "Ave Maria," and being well received by the editor, was quickly followed by others, which afterwards made her first book, "Seven of Us." Other books followed —"Lucky Family," "Ghost at Our School," "Sealed Packet." These are juvenile works, which are by no means trivial, nor of the "goody-goody" school, but healthy, wholesome books, to amuse and invigorate the young mind. Miss Browne, though young, bids fair to rank among the best in American literature. She is a careful student, as is evidenced in her latest paper on "Newman," given in "Catholic Reading Circle Review" for March, 1895. She is genial in mind and manner, making her a pleasant companion for young and old; showing that a playful exterior is not incompatible with deep study and careful analysis of methods. The future generation may look upon Miss Browne as an exponent of Catholic-American literature.


Miss Lambert
Margaret S. Mooney



LI.—RUTH'S CHRISTMAS COAT.

I.

"Oh, I am so glad Christmas is coming!" exclaimed Ruth Allen; "for I have been dying for a seal-skin coat ever since June."

"Well, I would not have envied you your wish then," laughed Carrie Parsons; "it 's rather a funny garment for the month of June, you know, Ruth."

Ruth's rosy lips formed themselves into a pout as she remarked, with dignity:

"Indeed, Miss Smartie, I suppose I don't know anything!"

"Perhaps you're not so wise as you think," retorted Carrie. "How do you know you'll get the coat?"

"Because I always get everything I want, and am always as happy as happy can be on Christmas Day."

There was a note of joyous assurance in Ruth's voice, which to an observing ear meant more than her simple words. It certainly seemed to tell of a happy home, loving parents, plenty of earthly goods, and, perhaps best of all, a character capable of being contented by the efforts exerted to make her so. Yet, in the note of that same ring of joyous assurance one inflection marred its music. Carrie could not have put such a thought in just such words, yet it found expression in her next question.

"Don't you give anything?" she asked.

"Why, what do you mean?" returned Ruth; "of course I have to give my friends gifts, they give me so many."

"Oh!" said Carrie; and then she was quite silent.

Her companion glanced at her once or twice in some surprise. Then she exclaimed, with a touch of impatience in her tone:

"What have I said or done now, Carrie Parsons, of which you don't approve?"

"I was only wondering," said Carrie, thoughtfully, "whether you ever give anything to poor people."

"Certainly," was the emphatic rejoinder. "Mamma gives away all my old clothes, and papa sends them turkeys and things."

"Hm! I don't call that extra charitable," asserted Carrie, with candor. "Poor people don't want old clothes, at least if they all feel as I do," she added.

"Carrie Parsons, I don't believe you know what you're talking about!" cried Ruth, waxing now a trifle indignant. "Why, last year mamma gave away my blue serge, my lovely wine-colored cashmere, that awfully stylish plaid, and my 'old rose' dresses. I had grown out of them, and they weren't much worn at all. Of course, the blue had a horrid rent just across the front, where I tore it stepping into the carriage one day. Mamma said it could be mended; but, then, it would look so ugly and show dreadfully. The cashmere and the plaid, however, had a few stains, which wouldn't come out; the 'old rose' was quite good, only faded in streaks, here and there. I am sure the poor children who got them must have gone wild with joy."

"Indeed!" said Carrie, a bit scornfully. "You don't suppose poor people have feelings like us at all, do you?"

Ruth shrugged her shoulders. "I haven't really thought much about it," she returned. All whom I

have ever seen have been so dirty, it isn't likely they notice a few grease spots on a new dress. And I don't understand how you know so much about them, Carrie," she continued.

Carrie laughed, but it was not the mirthful, light-hearted laugh to which she usually gave vent. "Ruth, I am a poor relation," she said.

Ruth gave a great start, and looked her full in the eyes.

Carrie returned the look steadily for a moment; then she was obliged to suddenly turn away her head, for a mist had come over her own eyes.

"Yes," she went on, steadying her voice by an effort. "It is not a very exhilarating confession to make, but I really am my cousin Belle's poor relation. Belle is a year older than I am, and Aunt Caroline always sends me her half-worn dresses. They often have spots and stains and rents, just like yours, Ruth dear; and I tell you it 's mighty hard to have to take them and say thank you, and try to wash the stains out and never succeed, and be obliged to wear them that way."

Carrie's voice was choked, and she seemed to examine the carpet intently.

"I call that a downright insult!" exclaimed Ruth, crimson with indignation. "I'd throw them at her head before I'd wear the old things!"

"Probably you would," agreed Carrie. "But you see, Ruth, your father is rich, and has only you; my father is a clerk on a small salary, and has ten of us to take care of. It makes a difference."

Ruth pondered a moment. "I don't care: I wouldn't take them all the same!" she broke forth. "I should

think if your father could afford to send you to Edenville, he could afford to give you new dresses."

"But he can not," said Carrie, calmly. "It is Aunt Caroline who pays for the schooling, too."

"Gracious me! just like a charity pupil!" blurted out Ruth, before she thought of her words. "That is — I mean," she stammered, blushing confusedly, "that — that — she treats you shamefully."

A few hot tears had welled up into Carrie's eyes. She winked hard and bit her lip for a moment before she ventured to speak again. Then she said, sorrowfully:

"I suppose I am ungrateful; for she means to be kind, and desires to help papa along (he is her brother, you know); but she doesn't know how to give in a kind way. That's the reason I get so angry. When I was a little girl I used to cry my eyes out over it, and sometimes dance jigs on the dresses; and once I threw a hat in the fire. Since I've grown up, though it doesn't come any easier to accept charity, I try to be patient for mamma's sake. I know she feels dreadfully every time a bundle comes, and if I act cry-baby, nobody knows it except the grease spots and the ugly rents across the front of the dress."

Carrie tried to smile bravely, but her lip still quivered suspiciously.

Ruth was very quiet for a moment or so, then she went on:

"I feel just like crying; why did you tell me all this?"

"Really, I don't know," returned Carrie, carelessly, at the same time rising and shaking out her skirts. "You talked so about poor people having no feelings.

Of course I am not exactly a poor person," she added; "but being a poor relation has sort of made me realize that they must have them. I don't often have the luxury of being charitable, because I don't often have anything to give; but at Christmas, at least, everyone in the family, from papa down to wee, toddling Georgie, gives something of his or her very own to the poor; and I tell you, Ruth, I've always known the happiest sort of a Christmas."

"Oh, do sit down and tell me more — all about it, and how you do it!" cried Ruth, seizing her friend's jacket, and trying to detain it. "You must not go home so soon, Carrie."

"I must," returned the other, smiling; "I have a few little things to do besides my lessons to-night."

Ruth relinquished the garment rather reluctantly.

"If you don't tell me anything about poor people, I don't see how I can know them, or find out whether their feelings are hurt when they get old clothes," she complained.

"Open your eyes," said Carrie, tersely; "you'll find lots of them soon enough, and don't throw torn clothes at them. I suppose I shall see you in school to-morrow?" she added, as, having buttoned up her jacket and adjusted her hat before the handsome cheval glass, she made ready to depart.

Ruth accompanied her friend down the thickly-carpeted stairs, not parting with her till they had reached the door. After "Good-bye, dear!" and "Good-bye, darling!" had been repeated half a dozen times, Carrie tripped gaily down the steps, and Ruth returned to her own room in a most unusually meditative mood.

"Who would have thought it!" she exclaimed, as

she cozily curled herself down in the depths of an easy-chair; "she is such a thoroughly lady-like girl, and always looks so neat. She was very brave to tell it, though; I wouldn't."

And then Ruth fell into a brown study. The short afternoon rapidly waned, and twilight came slowly on. As the darkness fell without, the pretty open fire gleamed more brightly within; and to the dreaming girl before it pictures appeared and vanished, as though wrought by magic art. Just what they were this little story may not tell, but one at least must have been pitifully appealing; for, with a low expression of pain, Ruth impulsively turned away her head and hid her face in her hands. Shortly after she arose and left the room.

II.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Merrill, the daily seamstress, heard a knock upon the door of the sewing-room. "Come in!" said the weary, subdued tones, believing her visitor to be one of the maids, with a commission from her mistress. What was her astonishment, then, to see the petted darling of the house enter with her arms full of half-worn garments!

"Why, Miss Ruth!" cried the woman, starting up and taking them from her. "What are you about?"

Ruth was glad to sit down; for her arms did ache from carrying that immense bundle up two long flights of stairs.

"I have been looking over my dresses, Mrs. Merrill," she said with a soft blush; "I mean the dresses mamma generally gives away to poor children; and I think I

should feel a little ashamed to give them just as they are,— torn, you know, and spotted. I thought perhaps you — you could show me how to mend them. I — I don't want to hurt people's feelings," she went on, blushing deeply; "and — and I am afraid that I often do."

"Bless your dear heart!" said Mrs. Merrill, wiping away a suspicious looking drop; "leave them here, and I'll make them all as good as new."

"Thank you," said Ruth; and then she paused rather abruptly.

The woman looked up questioningly.

"That is not just what I mean," stammered Ruth. "I should like to do the mending myself, Mrs. Merrill: I should like to give something myself this Christmas. Oh, if I could only give it with my own hands, too!" she added, in an impetuous outburst.

Mrs. Merrill stitched very rapidly on her pillow-cover for a few moments in complete silence. Ruth watched her intently, noting for the first time—though she had seen the woman day after day for more than a year — the pale, patient-looking face, the heavy eyelids, the pallid skin, the sad-looking droop about the mouth, the neatly-mended, though unmistakably rusty, black gown, and the thin, nervous hands, which seemed to tremble now with every stitch they took.

"And why not?" The seamstress spoke in a low, thrilling voice. "Would not the sight of your sweet, kind young face bring a ray of sunshine, which the handsomest gift without it could not give?"

Ruth gazed at her in wonder.

"To see me — would that really make anybody happy?" she asked.

"Ah! would it not?" Mrs. Merrill's voice seemed to throb throughout the room. "Suppose you were obliged to lie day after day, night after night, for months and months in the selfsame little bed, always in pain, ever looking at the same bare white walls, or at the same long row of little beds like your own; hearing nothing but the groans of the little sufferers as they tossed to and fro in their pain, welcoming, perhaps, the doctor's visits as the great ray of joy in the day, would you not feel happy to see a bright-faced visitor, — a visitor who would smile on you, and speak a few words of sympathy, even though she brought you no other gift than the sunlight of her gracious presence? Indeed, Miss Ruth, you little know the power of a kind word and a bright smile."

By the time she had ceased speaking Ruth was crying softly.

"Oh! can there be children who have to suffer like that?" she said, through her tears. "Do you know any, Mrs. Merrill? do you?"

"Yes," was the answer, spoken almost in a whisper.

"Tell me, please; tell me who!" implored the girl, with clasped hands.

"One is my little daughter,— my own patient, suffering little Annie; but there are many others."

"Your own little daughter!" exclaimed Ruth, springing to her feet.

Mrs. Merrill bent her head in silence.

"Why, you've lived with us a year,— more than a year, nearly fourteen months, and you never told us that before! How could you keep it, Mrs. Merrill,— how could you!"

"'T was easy enough, Miss Ruth," was the sad reply.

"When one has a heavy heart, only the kindly interest of others will lead one to talk of what troubles it."

If there was a touch of bitterness in these last words, the girl listening to them felt that they were not undeserved. Thoughtlessness was, after all, her own greatest sin. Had not Madame K. told her so time and again in school, and was not that what Carrie meant this afternoon? Swift thoughts flashed through Ruth's brain, and her resolve was taken.

III.

A large, bare room, twenty-five small white beds side by side, twenty-five pairs of young eyes, all fixed expectantly upon the great folding-doors at the upper end of the long ward; twenty-five pairs of thin little hands outstretched, while twenty-five "Ahs!" of delight burst from their owners' throats, as, at a given signal, the doors rolled back, and a fairy scene of enchantment was disclosed to view.

In the midst of a room gayly decorated with holly and mistletoe, the bright scarlet berries showing effectively against their glossy green background, stood an immense Christmas-tree all aglow with lights and tinsel glory. From every branch depended mysterious-looking packets, tied with bright-colored ribbons; while the space about the foot of the tree, for a radius of fully three feet, seemed a veritable toy-shop. In the midst of the toys, and just beneath the spreading boughs, stood a real live Santa Claus; while from the topmost branch of the beautiful tree an exquisite Christ-Child looked down.

We need not describe how Santa Claus distributed

the Christ-Child's gifts, nor how pale little faces lit up with rapture, as, one by one, toys, books, trinkets, and goodies were strewn over their beds; nor need we dwell upon the pleasure which the light-footed, sweet-faced little girl, who tripped from bed to bed with a kiss and a joyous greeting to each recipient, afforded to all who saw her.

Ruth met Carrie at the convent that night. Midnight Mass, at which they had received Holy Communion, was just over, and the girls had left the chapel.

"O Carrie, I am so happy!" exclaimed Ruth, in her sweet, impulsive way, throwing her arms about her friend's neck. "Look," she continued, with a touch of native gayety,—"look at that poor finger, Carrie!" And she held up to view a slender left-hand forefinger, partially disfigured, however, by pricks and roughness. "Feel it," and she rubbed it along her friend's smooth cheeks; "that's where I stuck the needle in when I was sewing,— making over my dresses, you know. Mrs. Merrill showed me how, and I did ever so many stitches myself. Mamma said the dresses were all fit for me to wear."

"And the Christmas-tree for the children of St. Michael's? — how did you manage it, dear?" asked Carrie.

"Why, I just told mamma and papa everything," said Ruth, with engaging candor: "all about Mrs. Merrill and her poor little Annie, who is so ill with that spinal disease; and — and." Here Ruth paused and grew very red.

"Tell me the rest; I insist upon knowing it!" cried Carrie, holding her fast by both hands. "You gave up something, you little darling, I know it!"

Ruth struggled in vain to free herself; Carrie would not be baffled; she insisted upon being told.

"Well, it was only the seal coat," confessed Ruth at length, in desperation. "The Christmas-tree and all the presents only came up to the price of that coat, and papa gave me my choice between the two. He acted Santa Claus, and mamma and Mrs. Merrill and I made up all the packets; and I am happier than if I had a thousand seal-skin coats."

"Indeed you are!" said Carrie, kissing her with renewed warmth. "Isn't it lovely to give things?"

Ruth was permitted no answer; for at that moment Madame K., her class teacher, came up. She bestowed a warm Christmas greeting upon both girls. Then, still holding a hand of each, she looked from one to the other and said: "Is it not a happy Christmas for you both?"

Madame K., who seemed, somehow, to know all her girls' secrets, needed no reply in words. The bright faces before her, albeit the blue eyes of one were brimming over, and the dark eyes of the other were screened by their drooping lashes, were answers eloquent enough.

Carrie did not regret the brave little act of humility which had set her thoughtless friend to thinking, and certainly Ruth did not regret her seal-skin coat.

LII.—DIEGO'S DREAM.

Diego was tired, very, very tired; his little feet ached; he was hungry, and his eyes were full of unshed tears. But those tears would remain unshed, so Diego had resolved; for to give father pain was, in the

eyes of the brave little man, to be bad and wicked,— almost as bad and wicked as the Moors, whom he longed that he might grow up and go forth with his sword to fight. So Diego trudged bravely along, his small hand locked in the large one of his father; and wishing — oh, wishing with all his heart! — that uncle Muliar and sweet cousin Mercedes did not live so very, very far away.

How unkind the people in Palos had been! They had jeered at father and called him a beggar; and even the children in the streets had laughed at him (Diego), and mocked him for his poor clothes. Yet father had only said:

"Courage, my little hero! Do not mind them; some day they may be happy to carry thee upon their shoulders."

Diego wondered what father meant. Trudging along by the side of his usually silent, though tenderly kind, parent, many thoughts and fancies were wont to chase through the brain of the boy. Like his older companion, he dreamed his dreams, and they were always dreams for "father's wish." And to Diego the wish was not dim: it was very real. Father said there was a world beyond the sea, and in that world dwelt the greatest king of the earth, the Grand Khan. And when father had found that new country and that great king, the king would give him gold and jewels and gems. Then father, his heart full of joy, would return to Europe; and with the treasure raise a great army of soldiers, and forth they would all go to fight for the Holy Sepulcher. Father had said Diego should be clad as a gay knight, with a bright, jeweled sword clanking at his side. He should be mounted upon a

coal-black charger, and ride side by side with father at the head of the army. That was what father meant when he called him his "little hero." Yet when would it all be? Diego could not repress a sigh at this thought. His father looked kindly down.

"Art very weary, my little hero?" he asked, gently.

The boy looked up and struggled to smile.

"Father," he said, "thou art more weary and hungry than I. I was thinking of the cruel princes who will give thee no ships to sail in search of that country beyond the sea. Father, thinkest thou the gracious Queen will be more kind?"

The little hand was clasped still tighter.

"I know not, my son"— the voice trembling with emotion; —"but cease not to pray to the good God and Our Lady, and all will be well."

Diego devoutly crossed himself, breathed forth an earnest petition from the bottom of his heart, and then fell to pondering again.

The daylight faded, and night drew quickly on. One by one the stars began to glimmer in the cloudless sky, till presently the arc overhead was one glorious canopy of sparkling gems.

"My cousin Mercedes goes to bed with the coming forth of the stars," reflected Diego; "I shall not see her to-night."

And then, as it were on a sudden, a drowsiness came over the little lad. He stumbled, and would have fallen had not the kind, strong hand upheld him.

"Thou must rest awhile, my little one!" said his father, in a voice full of tender solicitude. "See, I will spread my cloak upon the fragrant grass; lay thee down and sleep."

The boy did not resist. For an hour he slumbered peacefully; then on a sudden he awoke, with a fire of hope in his soft, young eyes, a glow in his delicate cheek.

"Father!" he cried, springing to the side of the grave man, who, wrapped in anxious thought, reclined near by,—"O father, I have had a dream, and thy wish shall yet come true!"

Columbus laid his hand upon the child's shoulder, and looked down into the earnest, shining eyes.

"A dream, my Diego?" he repeated. "Thou shouldst give no credence to idle dreams; but"— seeing the boy's look of grieved disappointment —"tell it to me."

The boyish voice grew low and thrilling.

"Father, I dreamed an angel came and said: 'Look! yonder is the Golden Gate; it waits but to open for thy father.' I did look, and off toward yon mountain top"— pointing to the west —"up rose a gate all bright and shining as with the sun. You came, father; and as you came it swung wide. Father, I saw you leap for joy; and then the picture faded, and I awoke. Let us go to the mountain top, dear father. Oh, let us go!"

The child's entreaties were so pitifully earnest that his father had not the heart to refuse him; and, though their course to Huelva and the shelter of their relatives' roof lay straight through the wood, the man, led by the boy, turned aside and began the toilsome ascent. Diego forgot that he was hungry, forgot that he was tired, forgot that his poor little feet were blistered — forgot everything but his beautiful dream and the Golden Gate upon the mountain top.

They had reached nearly to the summit in the thick

pine forest, when a faint light far above began to glimmer between the interlacing branches of the trees.

"Father, it is the star above the Golden Gate!" cried Diego, clasping his little hands in a transport of joy. "Oh, let us hasten on!"

But Columbus paused, and peered sharply into the gloom beyond.

"No, my Diego," he said, sadly; "yon light is no star. It is an earthly beacon; but we will follow it."

The next moment a cry of dismay broke from the boy. They had topped the mountain, when, on a sudden, a clearing in the wood revealed the huge, gray walls of an ancient monastery. High above the massive portal gleamed 'the kindly light which led them on.'

"We will seek food and a night's shelter within," said Columbus, gathering the trembling little form close to him. "The angel did guide us, Diego."

And Diego, sobbing now with all the unrestrained passion of his childish, disappointed heart, was tenderly cared for, fed and soothed to slumber by the charitable friars. Poor little lad! he knew not that verily he had found the Golden Gate.

Late that night, in the monastery upon the lonely mountain top, a grave council was held. Again Columbus told his wish, and this time to a sympathizing and believing listener. The good Father Juan Perez understood, believed; and ceased not his powerful aid till, all obstacles overcome, he blessed and bade Godspeed to his friend at the port of Palos that memorable Friday morning, August 3, 1492.

Truly was the Convent of Santa Maria de la Rabida the Golden Gate opening into a New World!

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK-REDMOND.

Marie Louise Sandrock was born in Buffalo, N. Y., July 11, 1869. She was educated with the Grey Nuns of that city and was graduated from their school at the age of seventeen. The summer of 1893 was spent abroad visiting most of the European countries. On June 6th, 1894, she was married to Doctor David Laurence Redmond. For so young a writer Mrs. Redmond has done much for literature, and gives promise of solid work for the future. She has so far (1895) not published anything in book form, her productions having been chiefly sketches, short stories and poems for several Catholic periodicals, namely: "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart," "Donahoe's Magazine," "The Carmelite Review," "The Content Leader."

LIII.—CHILDREN'S READING.

(From the Catholic World.)

Despite the wise, brilliant, and practical things that have been said on the subject it is an indisputable truth that nine children out of every ten do not receive the special training demanded by the wants of their peculiar bent. As a class they are profoundly misunderstood. Few parents, teachers, or guardians are clear-eyed or pure-hearted enough to comprehend the child-nature. Grown people are absorbed in their own interests, amusements, occupations. They are pressed and hurried and weighted by business, learning, philanthropy, home and social duties.

The intensity and impressionableness of childhood are often forgotten. Never should they be more strictly borne in mind than when the choosing of juvenile literature is in question.

For children, much more than for their elders, books are like living presences. Whatever explanation be given of the psychological phenomena of the attractive or repellent action of one mind upon another, the simple fact remains that contact with some persons brings out in us all that is good and healthful, while contact with others develops all the unhealthfulness that may be latent within us. Over children especially books, as well as people, hold this power. In spite of the outpouring of egoistic sense and nonsense that have lately been the fashion, under the titles, "Books That Have Helped Me," or "Books That Have Hindered Me," the majority of parents have refused to see the blessings

extended to them in the form of these lists, and still continue to provide for their children's spiritual and mental pabulum the best illustrated or best advertised juvenile periodicals of the day. The opportunities of Christmas and birthday celebrations are still taken advantage of to accumulate for the benefit of the younger members of the family choice series of "Elsie" or Mildred Keith's books.

A child's reading should be chosen with the sole view of developing breadth and strength and health of character. Whatever it consists of, it should be like a magical broom, called Sunshine, sweeping away cobwebs of moodiness and broodiness and listlessness from heart and soul. Cobwebs may be very beautiful when the morning dew sparkles like diamond dust upon them, but the old tale of the princess whose escape from the enchanted tower was barred and prevented by tangles of cobwebs has its moral still. Dreamy-eyed children must be given literature, duties, occupations that will teach the blessedness of action. Then their dreaminess will become a happy belief in life's ideals. Otherwise dreamy children, left to themselves, are controlled by unhealthy influences, are almost certain to become morbid men and women. Dreaminess, which we are apt to think so beautiful a thing in the blue-eyed, golden-haired boy or girl, is generally an excellent foundation for melancholia and hypochondria. The first book to which children should be accustomed is the Bible. Notwithstanding its obscurities, and due care being had to avoid contact with what would scandalize unknowing innocence, the Bible is at once the simplest and most delightful of books. It is the one only book of which it can be said that

God is the author. The oldest book, the most eloquent, the most intensely interesting book is the Bible. The daily reading in childhood of a few verses in the Gospels or in the Psalms will do much to make religion a matter of books throughout life, something quite a necessity in our day.

Every healthy child — and none need be other — has an intense love and curiosity for realities. Let it be gratified by judicious selections from that delightful field of reading, biography. Show the children the realities of history — not that as portrayed by the compilers of most juvenile histories. Give the boy or girl the "Story of Ireland," as told by the late A. M. Sullivan; "Agnes Strickland's Lives"; above all, the rich gleanings from the field of Catholic-American history which we owe to the learning and tireless labors of John Gilmary Shea.

It is a mistake to suppose that children have no feeling for good literature. No one who understands them will disagree with me in saying that children are not appreciative of true poetry. Let any mother who would like to try the experiment, and who possesses "a sweet low voice," read aloud now and then to her little ones a few verses from some musical, simple, true poet. The chances are many that her lads and lasses, when they have grown into manhood and womanhood, will find an intense pleasure in the form and soul of Aubrey de Vere's poetry, in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." If novels are given to children, and in moderation — it is very desirable they let it be only the humanest and healthiest class of fiction that is put into their hands. Let Dickens be their friend. He can never be to the man and woman what he is to the boy

and girl. Give them "Fabiola," "Callista," "Dion and the Sybils," those Catholic gems that glisten upon the dark robe of the first Christian centuries. Teach them to read and admire all the works of Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Mrs. Craven. Make them acquainted with "Ben Hur" and its author's equally fine work, "Fair God." Give them that perfect story, "Lorna Doone," to read and re-read until its manly hero, John Ridd, of brawn and heart equally well tempered, has builded his earnestness and simplicity upon the masonry of character that they are daily raising. There is another story I should want to see as well-thumbed as "Lorna Doone." The most untutored boy of ten would have an honest consciousness of character displayed by the hero of John Boyle O'Reilly's "Moondyne." Such books as these can hurt no child. If the evidence of two generations of young people be prophetic of the future, it is safe to say that Sir Walter Scott and James Fenimore Cooper will continue to be as important episodes in every boy's and girl's career as P. T. Barnum's "great moral show." Stevenson's marvelous story-telling cannot hurt them, nor W. Clarke Russell's sea-stories, nor Jules Verne's science-winged flights of imagination. The romances cannot harm, and they may lead, later on, to a deeper interest in the real marvels of science and discovery. Better still would it be to give children a living interest in the living heroes of to-day. Set the children's minds in an attitude of veneration for the heroes of our Republic. Let the names of Gladstone and William O'Brien be something more than words without other interest or meaning than notoriety. It would be an easy matter to inspire children with lively interest in

Stanley Cardinal Lavigeries' African slave crusade, in that noblest hero of all, the leper-priest of Molokai. Stories of saints enkindle more quickly than anything else the juvenile imagination. Every one knows this who has ever tried relating to a group of little ones, in lieu of a fairy tale, some simple legend of the saints, or who has read to them the beautiful sketches comprising the series of Patron Saints, by that charming and elegant writer, Eliza Allen Starr.

Cultivate a child's sense of humor, and let fun play as important a part in his readings as it should be in his life. The vulgarities and bigotries of Mark Twain and Bill Nye should never be put in juvenile hands, but they might be given Marshall P. Wilder, Burdette, Eugene Field, Anstey, the delicious fun of whose Vice Versa appeals to everybody; the exquisite drolleries of Stockton, the writings of a multitude of Irish authors, chief among them Gerald Griffin.

It should be the constant care of those who have charge over them, to give into the youngest hands literature that will awaken thought and enthusiasm, that will teach children to see things in their true proportions; recognizing what life may be made, let them see with Father Faber, that in "God's wide world there is no room for sin; no provision for sorrow; not a corner for unhappiness."

LIV.—LINES FOR THE FEAST OF ST. THOMAS.

I hold him none the lesser for the dust
 Of earthliness that clouded his high dreams.
If shining armor bear a trace of rust
 It still the warrior's honored use beseems.

From out the twelve, he, Thomas, seems to stand,
 A figure full of love and full of zeal;
The lustrous eye, the tender, eager hand,
 Bespeak his ardent will to serve and heal.

A pathos clings about the Gospel word
 That paints, of him, the mistrust and the doubt,
As if the struggle in his heart one heard,
 And felt its sadness pulsing in and out.

"Unless I see"—a groping through the mist
 Of feeble earth-sight for the Light complete,
A love that would defiantly insist
 In making realms of earth and heaven meet.

Within the precincts of one mortal's sphere,
 All this, the doubt and agony unfold—
As cynics, of our modern times, in fear
 That belief might fail them, sneering unfaith hold.

Too much he sought and yet, I hold it dear,
 The cry of love, without demand or term,
"My Lord and my God!" Heart and life are here,
 As off'ring made, and fullest faith affirm

So in these days of ours that long and reach
 For sweetness and for light beyond our ken,
May Thomas, in his wisdom's fullness, teach
 The trustfulness that bringeth peace to men.

LV.—FRANCOIS' PILGRIMAGE.

(From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

François was old and gray and weatherbeaten. Thinking of the first garden, one hesitated to apply to him the phrase and quality of ideal gardener; and yet, had he not so grown to his work that his very face and hands were of the color and texture almost of the soil, his gait and attitudes suggestive of a gnarled old oak?

The gardening forefather of all of us scarcely had a more blooming paradise around him than old François' efforts had largely aided in making the walled enclosure of many acres which belonged to the Maison du Sacré Coeur, of the little Belgian village of Jette St. Pierre.

The good nuns held the first place in the love and reverence of François' honest heart. Above all he revered the Mother Superior of the Convent. "Ma mère," as he, in common with the nuns and the village folk, called her, was a woman born to command, a saint whose humility longed to be ruled rather than to rule. All the village depended upon her, for the passion for souls, by which she seemed ever consumed, bid her to exert herself beyond the utmost for the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of those who surrounded her. And, as she was a woman blessed with the "tête d'homme," as her community expressed their estimate of her unusual abilities, it was natural that everybody should look to her for guidance and help in all difficulties. It was wonderful the number of men and women that ma mère contrived to give steady work to. As for the

children of the free school there were over a thousand of them who were taught by the good religious and well cared for otherwise through an ingenious device of the Reverend Mother. This was an arrangement by which each of the young ladies of the boarding school, from the youngest child to the demoiselles who were soon to enter the world, adopted a protegée among the poor children, whom she dressed with the clothes she herself had made. Besides this, each of the nine classes of the convent school adopted one of the poorest families of the village, to whom they distributed every month food and clothing.

It was a beautiful and touching sight on Christmas Eve, when a fête was always held in the large recreation hall of the convent, to behold each of the children offer to ma mère one or two objects which she herself had made for "her friends, the poor." Nor was it only the pupils actually at the convent who brought gifts for her beloved poor to Reverend Mother. On this day all who had been educated here, whatever their subsequent lot had become, sent some gift, big or little, for this purpose. It seemed indeed that all who had ever had the happiness of coming under the influence of the Superior of the Maison du Sacré Coeur, of Jette St. Pierre, had imbibed a little of her burning charity, and her actual friendship for God's poor.

As for the feeling with which the poor regarded her, it was very simple, a sentiment composed altogether of love and veneration. The roughest peasant did not fail to remove his cap and mutter huskily, "God bless her!" when her name was mentioned. The little children shyly looked for her smile and were almost as content when she glanced kindly at them as when

sometimes, while they knelt at Mass, the eyes of the Madonna seemed to return sweetly their intense gaze.

François, the gardener, was jealously anxious that nobody but himself should attend to ma mère's wishes regarding the beautifying of the convent grounds. His two young assistants presumed sometimes to anticipate his commands in their work. On such occasions, particularly if they won her approval by so doing, François made life hard for them. He raged, and stormed, and abused them so roundly that nobody but ma mère herself could quiet him.

"Why, François," she would say gently, "are not Pierre and Jacques younger than you, and is it not fitting that youth should lighten the burdens of age? If they do not lend you the proper assistance, you will be worn out before your time, and what then will become of our gardens? Surely you would not have me trust the superintendence of the grounds to some careless young fellow?"

This answer always proved unanswerable, and invariably mollified the irate gardener for a time, though indeed, as he respectfully and often assured the Reverend Mother, "the lads were a sad cross to him."

Then came a day when another cross was laid upon François. Very vexing it was to the old man, who had so long been alone in the world, that he knew little of real sorrow. To him, therefore, it was a genuine grief to see himself baffled in his work by some hidden evil. And what else could one call the unknown cause of the peculiar and unhealthy moisture that seemed lately to permeate all that part of the grounds extending from the vegetable garden to the summer house. Reverend Mother had sent for some experts from Brussels, and

they had come and gone and given up the attempt to locate the trouble.

Then the scowl, which the interference of these strangers had called up, left François' face. He laughed grimly to himself at the discomfiture of the fine gentlemen from the city, and mentally resolved to accomplish what they had failed in, or ———. I know not what tremendous vow completed this sentence in the old gardener's mind, but I know he set to work with redoubled energy, and in the course of a few weeks had the satisfaction to discover the hidden spring which had been doing so much injury, and which he succeeded in making of great use to the convent.

Many congratulations were, of course, showered now upon François, and the proudest day of his life was that in which Reverend Mother sent for him to receive her formal thanks. It was the day of the Fête Dieu. A few hours previously the long procession had gone from the chapel—a large, Gothic apartment built entirely of carved and polished oak and forming a most perfect and exquisite framing for conventual devotion—through the long corridors to the garden. Thence the spectator would have beheld the glittering line of lights and flowers and adoring human beings, winding slowly through the graveled paths and over the rustic bridge crossing the miniature lake and on through the thick plantation of chestnuts to the grotto where a temporary shrine had been erected. François made his way now along these corridors and up a flight of stairs to the parlor where ma mère was always to be found, seated at her desk, when not busy elsewhere.

The old gardener twirled his cap in his hand and made an awkward obeisance as he entered the room.

His clattering wooden sabots slipped on the well-waxed floor, and his long body rather suddenly resumed its erectness.

Ma mère smiled kindly at him.

"My good François," said she, "I have sent for you to thank you formally for your recent exertions in our behalf, which have resulted so favorably for the convent. We are desirous of testifying more substantially than in mere words our appreciation of your efforts. What would be most pleasing to you, my friend?"

"Reverend Mother," protested the old man, "I am perfectly contented to do my duty, when you are satisfied with me, and those impudent young rascals, Pierre and Jacques, know their place and treat their betters respectfully."

"That is indeed desirable," answered the Superior gravely, "but at present it is with you we will concern ourselves. Tell me what reward will best please you!"

"Reverend Mother is too good," muttered François, awkwardly shifting his position, and thoughtfully stroking his grey beard.

"Would you not like to go on a pilgrimage, François?"

"Ah!" ejaculated the old man sharply, with a sudden gleam of interest in his eyes. Ma mère saw the effect of her words, and continued, "You may go wherever you please—to Tréves, to Salette, even to Lourdes."

"But, Reverend Mother"——

"There is no but, François. You may start to-morrow, if you wish."

"But, Reverend Mother, even to Rome?"

There was an intense but suppressed excitement in

his face, and the hand that held his cap was trembling. The Superior's grave mouth smiled again, the light of kindness gave fresh luster to her dark, beautiful eyes as she perceived that the pleasure of granting the keenest wish of old François' heart lay in her power.

"Why not to Rome?" she answered. "Surely that is the greatest pilgrimage of all to the truly Catholic heart. Since you desire it, Rome it shall be. You may set out as soon as you please."

Then François was guilty of the most extraordinary behavior that he had ever indulged in during his sixty years of life. He sprang three feet into the air, and his heavy sabots fell from his feet and clattered noisily on the floor. Picking them up, he waved them in the air and shouted, "Long life to Reverend Mother!"

When he finally stamped out of the room, ma mère sat down and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the heartiest laugh she had had in many years.

In a few days the convent garden had been given up to the care of those thoughtless young fellows, Jacques and Pierre, and François was enjoying his first glimpse of Rome. How bewildered he was with the strangeness of the great city, how delighted with every church that he entered, how homesick, every now and then, for his peaceful Belgian home! As he spoke a fairly good French as well as his Flemish patois, he did not have much difficulty in making his way about the city, for most Italians, except those of the very lowest ranks, have at least a superficial acquaintance with French.

On the second day of his stay in Rome, he found himself, with the rest of the world, hurrying towards St. Peter's. It was the Feast of the Apostles, and every-

body in the city, tourist, peasant, noble, monk, hastened to the Basilica.

At last the services began, and François did his best to assist without distractions. He was wedged in between a party of American tourists on one side and a couple of bare-footed Franciscans on the other. Monks of other orders and ecclesiastics of every rank were interspersed here and there among the crowd. It seemed to François that the behavior of the Italians themselves was even more disedifying than the chattering and laughing of the English-speaking tourists, from whom, by all accounts, little that was good was to be expected. Our Belgian did not know the Italians well enough to understand the depth of their simple piety, nor to know that their continual moving about in the holy edifice had not even a tincture of irreverence.

The strains of the wonderful soprano voices of the choir of the Sistine Chapel soon made themselves heard. François listened entranced. To his simple soul it seemed almost as if the angels were singing. When the Mass was at last over and the vast crowd began to disperse, François made his way slowly around the great interior. At each statue and chapel he paused. He lingered a long while before the bronze statue of St. Peter, which on this occasion was ornamented with magnificent vestments. A long time, too, he paused before the tomb of the Apostle, and admiringly counted the one hundred and twelve lamps which were adorned with festoons of flowers and vines.

Finally the old man bent his reluctant steps outside. It occurred to him that he would put in practice the idea that had haunted him since ever he had been in Rome. He would go to see the Pope. But as he did

not know how to set about this important undertaking, he addressed himself to a tall, good-humored looking young officer who stood near by and who explained to him, in answer to his query, that it was necessary to obtain permission for an audience from the Maestro di Camera, at the Vatican.

Politely thanking the officer for this information, François marched straight across the square to the vast pile of dingy stone known as the Palace of the Vatican, and walking with the ever-present crowd of tourists up the staircase at the entrance, guarded by the faithful Swiss guard, he soon found himself in the picture gallery. He looked with some curiosity and almost as much real appreciation as most of the others, perhaps, at the masterpieces around him. But even Raphael's Transfiguration had little interest for him compared with the object he had most at heart. He began to grow impatient, and wandered out of the gallery and again set out on his search for the Maestro di Camera, in the course of which, after losing himself several times in the regions forbidden to the public, and being summarily held to account by the omnipresent Swiss guard, he at last reached the foot of the grand staircase. Then he remembered that the directions he had received bade him mount the little staircase to the right of the entrance. He accordingly started up the stairs, but had scarcely proceeded more than a few steps when the two Swiss guards at the entrance came running excitedly after him, volubly telling him that he had no right whatever to go in that direction.

In vain François assured them that he had business with the Maestro di Camera. Then ensued a great chatter of French and Italian. In his excitement François

forgot his French and relapsed into his familiar Flemish, interspersing it with angry and continual demands for "Il Maestro di Camera!" One of the guards caught him by the arm and was forcibly dragging him down the stairs. At this point, the other took pity on the old man and interposed in his favor so successfully, that in a few moments François, still somewhat angry and bewildered, stood at the door on the left of the second landing and rang the bell.

In a few moments the door was opened by a thin, dark, smiling lackey who bade him wait in the anteroom while he carried his message to the Secretary of the Maestro di Camera. After waiting some twenty minutes, the lackey escorted him to the Secretary's presence. The Secretary was a large, austere-looking ecclesiastic. He looked up from the mass of papers with which his desk was littered, and nodded abruptly as François entered.

"Good-day, my man; you wish to see His Holiness?"

"Yes, yes, Monsignor."

"Well, it is impossible."

"But, Monsignor, I have come all the way from Belgium, and it has been the dream of my life to see the Pope. Don't send me away without a chance!"

There were tears of entreaty in the old man's eyes and his lean, brown hands twisted themselves nervously together.

"Well, my man, I am sorry for you, but an audience is quite out of the question. His Holiness gives no public audiences until November, and there is only one way in which it might be possible for you to see him. It is perhaps a little irregular, but as you have evidently set your heart on this pleasure, I'll do my best

to obtain it for you. When His Holiness returns from the garden in the evening, he sometimes speaks to any visitors desirous of an interview, who station themselves in one of the corridors through which he passes. It is all a matter of chance, you understand. His Holiness may not go into the garden at all, he may not pass through the corridor in which the strangers are waiting, or he may not feel disposed to stop and see them. But, if you want to come and take your chance, I'll give you a card that will admit you to-morrow afternoon about five and on any subsequent day on which you may choose to present yourself until you have attained your desire. I can do no more for you than this. And now, good-morning. I am very busy."

Touching his bell, the Secretary cut short the old man's flood of gratitude. The smiling lackey again appeared, and François was ushered out of the room.

The old Belgian soon become a well-known figure in the Secretary's ante-room, for it happened that many days elapsed before His Holiness spent a day in the gardens. The smiling Italian was driven to despair every day by the pertinacity with which François insisted that they were all leagued together in the attempt to prevent his seeing the Pope. At last the day came when there was a shade of relief in the lackey's constant smile, and François was solemnly informed that His Holiness had gone into the garden and might, perhaps, condescend to speak to him on his return. Then bidding François follow him, he led the way up countless staircases, through innumerable corridors to one in every respect like the others, where a number of people were walking aimlessly about.

Here François stationed himself and waited with

the rest till, in about three-quarters of an hour, the door opened at the end of the gallery and two Swiss guards appeared making a sign for all to kneel. After them came four others carrying the sedan chair in which was seated Leo XIII.

The little group of tourists fell on their knees, and not a sound was heard for a moment save the steady tramp of the guards, till the Pontiff's delicate, white hand was raised and a word fell from his lips. Then the men halted. The inscrutable, calm, sweet eyes of Leo looked out upon the waiting group. One by one, as he motioned them to approach, they came forward—an American bishop, an Australian priest, some French clergymen, two or three English gentlemen, and a party of American ladies. Each in turn knelt by the sedan chair and received the blessing of the Holy Father.

François knelt back from the rest. His courage had deserted him. He looked fixedly at the saintly face, pale as alabaster, of the great Pontiff, and two tears rolled slowly down his shriveled cheeks.

The Pope, having now spoken to all of the others, glanced about to see if he had overlooked anybody. His eyes fell on the old gardener and a smile of almost divine benevolence illuminated his features as he signed to him to approach.

Trembling with emotion, François obeyed. His Holiness extended his hand through the window of the chair and François fervently kissed it.

"From what part of the world do you come, my son?" asked the Holy Father, in French.

"From Belgium, most Holy Father. May it please your Holiness, I am the gardener of the Maison du Sacré Coeur, of Jette St. Pierre."

"Ah, indeed! I once knew the convent very well and used to go often, when I was nuncio in Brussels, to visit the good ladies of the Sacred Heart. But that was over forty years ago and I suppose few of the good sisters who knew me then are still alive. I give you for them and for yourself and your work a most special benediction!"

In a few seconds François had again kissed the hand extended to bless him and the Pope had vanished from his sight. But in his memory remained ever afterward, as the most precious treasure of his life, the moments he had spent in the presence of the saintly ruler of Christendom, Leo XIII.

EMMA FORBES CARY.

Emma Forbes Cary was born in Boston, Oct. 10, 1833; became a Catholic in October, 1855. At present she is residing in Cambridge, Mass. She is well known for services rendered during many years as a member of the Prison Commission of Massachusetts.

She has written occasionally for Catholic magazines, chiefly the "Young Catholic." In 1894 she published a volume of selections, "Day Spring from on High."

LVI.—EPIPHANY.

(From "Dayspring from on High.")

Twelve nights the Magi journey from afar;
Twelve days they tarry, waiting for the star;
Now towards the hills that Judah's plain enfold,
Drops down the sun, steeping in pallid gold
The wintry air, the water-pools, the sky,
Telling the watchers that their sign draws nigh.

A troop of swarthy slaves in eager haste,
Bearing large cruses, jars, or caskets chased
In wondrous designs, encrusted o'er
With gems, and filled with incense, gold and myrrh,
Pile them upon the beasts. Then with swift hand,
They furl their tents, and wait their lord's command.

Apart from all, the kings with steadfast gaze
Watch for the star. Each earnest sage surveys
The whole broad firmament, for who can say
Whither its light shall lead their feet to-day?
O'er desert, mountain, river, it hath shone,
O'er Herod's court, yet still it draws them on.

Decked to do homage are the royal seers,
With crowned heads, gemmed hands, and jeweled ears;
'Tired in gorgeous stuffs where fingers deft
Have twined with rainbow hues the golden weft.
Now dies the day; with chant of love divine,
And outstretched arms, they hail the sacred sign.

Each laden camel struggles to his feet,
Sprinkling the air with music silvery sweet
Of tiny bells. The torchlight all around
Makes uncouth shadows dance upon the ground;
Then all grows dark; and still; the reverent train
Moves on toward Bethlehem o'er the rocky plain.

LVII.—THE ELEVATION OF WOMANHOOD THROUGH VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A paper read at the Woman's Congress held in Chicago, 1893.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus," says St. Paul, in the third chapter of his epistle to the Galatians. And a few verses below he adds: "God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law: that He might redeem those who were under the law; that we might receive the adoption of sons."

"Neither Jew nor Greek," yet to the present day nation rages against nation. "Neither bond nor free," but centuries passed before the voice of the Church could procure for those in servitude more than a slight mitigation of their wrongs. How has it been with the third part of the prophecy, "Neither male nor female"? From the first days of Christianity we see the beginning and course of its fulfilment. Softly as the dawn, gentle as the power of that woman of whom Christ was made, arose the influence of women in the Church. From the earliest days of apostolic times we see them in all modesty, but with the valor of men, taking their share of work, of peril, and of commendation.

To prove by quotations from great authorities that this recognition of the just claims of women was the natural as well as supernatural result of the Blessed Virgin's place in the scheme of Redemption, would be to fill the short space allotted to this paper with a list

of illustrious names, and to leave that list unfinished. Beside the figure of the Sacred Humanity of Christ there stands His Mother, the feminine impersonation of wisdom, fortitude, grace, mercy, purity; as far below her Son as the created is below the Creator, yet offering a standard of womanly perfection so exalted that it urged forward to maturity one element of civilization, while others toiled for centuries only to have their importance acknowledged by the noblest, most enlightened spirits of each age. Nay, to this hour there are claims of humanity which cry vainly in the name of Christ and His Church for recognition; and the crimes against them hide behind the shield of virtues, such as Justice, Prudence, Liberty, Patriotism, and Valor.

I will not touch on the dangerous ground of theology: I appeal to history to show that public opinion was so purified by the veneration felt for the Virgin Mary as to lift at once the service of women in the early Church to a position of dignity; to hold it at the same high level when the simple relations of Christians toward one another became involved with social and political combinations; and in time to make the protection of distressed or oppressed women one of the holiest duties of the clergy and of the patrician class. We have the women of the apostolic age, beginning with those halcyon days when "continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, they took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart." The Blessed Virgin was the direct guide of the women of the earliest Church. Tradition tells us "she spoke little, but she spoke freely and affably; she was not troubled in her speech, but grave, courteous, tranquil." Who, in reading this, does not

recall the manners of religious women of our own time? In convents are still found the exquisite manners which spring from a perpetual consciousness of God's presence. We often see in pupils of convent schools the same deference, sweetness and dignity. Perhaps they have not as yet in perfection the "higher education," but time will soon bring that about; and the highest education they have already, in possessing a perfect standard of womanly behavior drawn from the household of Nazareth.

But the scene changes. Political problems become entangled with religious questions; a more active participation in the trials and perils of men is called for; and in the arena, on the scaffold, in banishment and persecution, we find that there is in Christ neither male nor female.

In giving counsel and support women also found their true development. Wherever Augustine and Chrysostom are known there Monica and Arthusia are known. St. Jerome guides and consults, too, his noble band of spiritual daughters. With Basil stands Macrina; with Gregory Nazianzen are the three canonized saints of his family, Nonna, Gorgonia, and Cesarea. Later Scholastica is as familiar to us as Benedict himself; and in the sixth century we have Gregory the Great and his mother Sylvia.

In that wonderful fourth century the condemnation of Nestorius by the first Council of Ephesus pledged all Christians to devotion to the Madonna as the Mother of God; and her pictures, which had usually been drawn alone, now combined with the Infant Christ made the lovely image of the Mother and Child.

"Yea, all ye that be virgins, whosoever ye be, run

to the Mother of God," says St. Jerome. "She will keep for you by her protection your most beautiful, your most precious, your most enduring possession . . . She is at once the parent and handmaid of God, at once Virgin and Mother."

And St. Augustine, contemplating the virtues of his own mother's life as matron and widow, says: "We are to suppose that for the exaltation of the male sex Christ appeared on earth as a man, and for the consolation of womankind He was born of a woman only; as if it had been said, 'From henceforth no creature shall be base before God unless perverted by depravity.'" And again he writes: "The new miracle of Mary's delivery hath effaced the curse of the frail backslider; and the singing of Mary hath silenced the wailing of Eve."

In the dire days of the Iconoclasts, three centuries later, a fresh impulse was given to devotion to the Blessed Virgin, through the condemnation of that barbarous sect by the second Council of Ephesus. Then begin the beautiful rhapsodies of the Eastern Fathers in honor of our Mother.

"Hail, stately Palace of the King!" cries German of Constantinople. "Most holy, stainless, purest House of the Most High God, adorned with His royal splendor, open to all!"

"Blessed couple, Joachim and Anna," says St. John of Damascus, "unto you is all creation laid under debt, since through you creation hath offered to the Creator this noblest of gifts; namely, that chaste Mother who alone was worthy of the Creator. Grace, for that is the meaning of Anna, is mother of the Lady, for that is the meaning of Mary. And indeed she became the

Lady of every creature, since she hath been the Mother of the Creator."

"Hail Mary!" exclaims St. Tarasius of Constantinople. "Hail, thou Paradise of God the Father, whence the knowledge of Him floweth in broad rivers to the ends of the earth! . . . Hail, stainless crown of motherhood! . . . Hail, restoration of the whole world!"

But we must hasten on to the thirteenth century, when painting, poetry and theology all united in lifting on high the ideal of womanhood through the veneration of Mary; for then she was Our Lady, so called through the devotion of the knights of chivalry, who saw her in all women, and found for her a thousand beautiful epithets. Our Lady of Liberty, cried captives; Our Lady of Sorrows, moaned the afflicted; Our Lady of the Cradle, prayed mothers; Our Lady of the People, exclaimed those who saw in her the elevator of labor.

Dante calls her "Ennobler of thy nature," in that magnificent apostrophe which so satisfied religious feeling that Chaucer and Petrarch, nearly one hundred years later, paraphrased it in words as beautiful as Dante's. St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure among theologians, Giotto and Cimabue among painters, were her panegyrists. No wonder that in the succeeding century we have two women of transcendent gifts: the Saint of Siena, controlling the youth of her city and moulding the political events of the day; and the Saint of Genoa, ranked among the theologians of the Church.

Meanwhile through the ages preceding the thirteenth century three phases of civilization had tended

to develop the talents of women and to show their powers. The feudal system, though in after times it was flung off as a most grievous yoke, was the creator of domestic life in disinction from wandering life. The wife of the lord was, of consequence, his companion when he was at home, his representative when he was absent, especially in the Holy Land—for such separations lasted perhaps for years. Thus the Crusades formed a second influence upon the development of women; for the head of the family being absent, the wife was forced to bear great responsibility, and to act as regent in a sphere more or less extensive.

The third external influence was chivalry, which made all women objects of romantic devotion, either as inspirers and patronesses or as sufferers to be defended against the evil part of the human race.

We can not linger over the period of the Renaissance, familiar to many through descriptions as various as the minds which have delineated its wonders. It brings us to the culmination of art in its perfection, and to the close of the Ages of Faith, so called by those who had but little of the gift of hope. With the decay of religious art there came a spirit of luxury, far more perilous to religion than persecution can ever be. The extravagant self-indulgence of the upper classes aroused rebellion on the part of the people—revolutions which changed the face of the civilized world, and, while tearing off veils from many hidden evils, checked civilization, and above all the intellectual development of women. A spirit of scoffing and cynical incredulity possessed society. Many of the clever women of that day recall the dissolute women of pagan times. The average position of a good woman was

merely that of a notable housewife or of a frivolous belle in the gay world. Where was now the spirit of chivalry, which should have defended women from the spirit which prompted the farcical drollery of "Les précieuses ridicules," and invented the names of blue-stocking and bas-bleu?

But, beautiful to record, the heroines of religious life sustained the best traditions of their sex, and showed themselves daughters of Mary. New congregations arose, founded by women, and the ancient Orders were preserved in their integrity. Education of a simple and wholesome kind was given in convent schools, and a foundation laid ready for the best development of feminine training when time should be ripe for it. And, in imitation of our Mother, religious women were always to be found at the foot of the Cross. Wherever there was adversity, hard work, or danger, women stood ready to meet the crisis; Tabor could do without them, Calvary they claimed as a right. For women living in the world, the pure ray of light which streams from the first century has been sometimes obscured; but for religious women there has been no mist rising from the miasma of self-indulgence, no smoke from the fires of vanity, to hide that light; and that it still shines for us all is due in part to their heroism in preserving the noblest traditions of womanhood.

Much do we owe also to women who in our century have used their great gifts as nobly as any of the heroines of the early or medieval Church: to Madame Craven and Madame Swetchine, Lady Georgiana Fullerton and Miss Mary Stanley; and in our own country to Mrs. Petre, Mrs. George Ripley, and Miss Emily Harper.

We stand at the threshold of the twentieth century and muse on the future that it holds for spiritual and intellectual women. Does the Church ask less of them than of their ancestors in the faith? It asks more, for the privileges which formerly belonged only to a few are now generally diffused. There is not a material invention of the present day which can not be bent to a spiritual purpose. The girdle put round the earth by electricity has surely some message to carry beyond the latest report of the gold board or the last political decision. It binds the world and the nations of the earth together, and the great deeds done in one quarter of the globe belong to the rest of humanity. Shall we lose courage while there are Christian colonists in the heart of Africa and martyrs for the faith in China? But we have no thought of losing courage: we claim all that is highest of modern education, modern ingenuity, and unite ourselves to the traditions of the past, going back to the household of Nazareth, to study the spirit which should animate domestic life, life in communities, and that complex existence led by those who have not the protection of either one or the other

Once more let us look toward her who is, in the words of St. Sophronius, "the exaltation of humanity." We will not take as our interpreters Newman, Faber or Aubrey de Vere. Let us look where there might seem small chance of finding sympathy. We will let Shelley speak for us:

> Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
> Veiling beneath that radiant form of woman
> All that is insupportable in thee
> Of light and love and immortality.

Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd Glory of this lampless universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou living Form
Among the dead! Thou Star above the storm!
Thou Wonder and thou Beauty and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendor of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!

Yes, this is Shelley, not a St. Epiphanius or a St. Sophronius, as one might have fancied; for they were true poets as well as great saints. I thank him, and love his memory for these beautiful words in honor of Our Lady. There might, perhaps, be ground for discouragement if we compared our personal strength with her great gifts and graces, as poets, artists and theologians have described them. Let us, then, think of her as the best of women; ready to visit her friends under adverse circumstances; a thoughtful guest at wedding-feasts; willing to be effaced and apparently forgotten when she was not needed; prompt, energetic and unwearied, when all that was dear to her seemed to be extinguished beneath a weight of defeat and disgrace. What are we called to share with her? The conviction that the sole end of the creature is the glad service of the Creator. "Ave Maria."

MARY LAMBERT.

Miss Lambert was born in Oakland, Cala., and educated there. Her poems have been published in "Oak Leaves." A recent poem, "La Rabida," has appeared. Miss Lambert is an earnest woman of great fervor, religious feeling and deep piety. She is a true daughter of the church and many of her poems have been written for the Monitor, the Roman Catholic paper of the Pacific Coast.

LVIII.—TIM.

Within a grove assembled
 Upon a festal day,
A mighty throng of people
 In holiday array.
'Mid games and feats athletic
 A pole stood stern and proud,
And waved a bold defiance
 Unto the gazing crowd.

A host of ardent heroes
 Came forth with flashing eyes,
To scale the dizzy summit
 And win the champion's prize.
Despite all gallant efforts
 To touch the burnished ball,
Each brave ambitious failure
 Bemoaned his slipp'ry fall.

While lulled the aspirations,
 Contentions, vain and high,
A piping voice inquired—
 "Please, Mister, kin I try?"
Out step't a ragged urchin,
 With thin and eager face,
And upward swiftly mounted
 In strong and agile grace.

His lithe young limbs entwining
 The pole with panther bound;
From hand to hand increasing
 His distance from the ground.

He rose up higher, higher—
 Beyond his rivals, all,
While speculating thousands
 Awaited his downfall.

Up! Up! Yet slowly, slower,
 Till ceased the little feet,
The up-curled ring of faces
 Awaiting his defeat.
But no—again he struggles,
 Again a space ascends,
Then stops; while with its burden,
 The tall staff slightly bends!

Was that a motion downward?
 They watch with bated breath.
See! See! The lad is trembling,
 His thin face pale as death.
A sudden clear-voiced message
 Rang out upon the air—
"Hey, Tim! Up! Up! You'll win it—
 Go on! No restin' there!"

Like warm electric currents,
 It flashed through fainting Tim;
And upward shot the climber,
 New vigor in each limb.
Up! Up! Still higher—higher!
 He scaled the tapering pole,
With firmer stroke and steady
 Drew near the shining goal.

He stops! Is it to weaken
 And lose his tender clasp?
Ah, must he lose the vict'ry
 Almost within his grasp?

Again that voice came ringing,
 Triumphant, firm and clear—
"Rah! Rah! Brave Tim! No stoppin'
 Up! Up! Yer need not fear!

I know that yer kin win it—
 Strike out!—and up yer go!"
Ah, just in time that message
 Came floating from below!
Like elixir of magic,
 It banished ev'ry pain,
And, just in time, Tim's courage
 Rekindled once again.

Again, with nerves full straining,
 He clasped the dizzy pole.
Up! Up!! The lad's last effort
 Has won the shining goal!
As Tim's small hand extended
 In triumph o'er the ball,
The pent up waves of feeling
 Unloosed from ev'ry thrall,

Dispelled the deathly silence
 That hung upon the crowd,
And made the old grove tremble
 With cheers prolonged and loud.
With elbowing and jostle
 There issued through the ring,
A barefoot, coatless gamin,
 Exultant as a king.

With arms around the victor,
 He said, half proud and shy—
"I know'd you'd win it, Cullie,
 If I could help you try!"

Oh, may we find a comrade,
When stern defeat is nigh,
Whose voice shall make us victors
By helping us to try!

LIX.—OUR FRIENDS IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

There are many people, who, in order to impress their neighbors with due respect for their literary stature, feign a taste that is not possessed. While indifferent to Shakspere and adoring the Duchess, they rave over Hamlet and sigh with Ophelia; rise to eloquence over Macbeth and shake with merriment over Falstaff. But they slyly draw from its secluded nook the story of "Lady Walworth's Diamonds" in the restfulness of their boudoir and revel in an atmosphere of congenial spirits when alone. It is in this sacred privacy where preferences are untrammeled, that the true intellectual inheritance of the mind is most forcibly displayed. If born with tendencies that render Longfellow, Dickens and Hawthorne soul companions, how can they be expected to be entirely content in the company of Dante, Spenser and Milton? If glorifying in the imagination of Haggard and Verne, how be at home with the practicality of Bacon? If ardent worshippers of the operas of Sullivan, how laud the dramas of Ibsen? Born with an intellectual capacity for being fully satisfied with Don Quixote and the humor of Twain, why try to gorge themselves with Meredith or Johnson? If content with the wit of Peck's Bad Boy or the jokes of Nye, why praise to excess the charms of Goldsmith?

To appear above the inferior majority and seem to mingle among the esoteric minority, they belie their intellect and try to be what they cannot be. The best books to read are those that do us, personally, the most good irrespective of the opinions held of them by our more fastidious friends. Each individual should choose for himself the literary food most suitable to his own particular needs, in brave defiance of all social fads. Surely it can be no disgrace to admit that Ibsen and Tolstoi fail to satisfy; that Shakspere drags a bit and Browning makes one drowsy. You will find, in that case, that the records of every library proclaim the fact, that the city holds a vast array of intellects not a whit loftier than your own.

While it is praiseworthy to emulate the good example of those disciples of higher literature in a modest way for the purpose of catching a glimpse of their classic associations, yet it is purely hypocritical cant to pretend an excessive admiration that is not felt. The books we love are our true friends and reveal to our own hearts our true intellectual status. This inmost knowledge should warn us as well as guide us. They who are ashamed openly to acknowledge their friends are unworthy an honest soul's consideration. We should have no friends in our world of books of whose companionship we need feel ashamed, nor a friendship we do not openly avow.

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LX.—OUR CHURCH.

Read at the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society reception tendered to Bishop Montgomery in Alcazar Hall, S. F., March 27, 1894.

I'm bidden bring my verse in "happy strain" and bright,
A tribute to the Guest who honors us to-night.
A verse! A trifle writ in rhyme! Small thing to do!
Aye, small indeed while flies the Muse whom we pursue.
Capricious woman! bidden thus she turns to flee—
This secret known—the Poet's solved—'twixt you and me!

With heart brimful of greeting how could I refuse?
I would not—so besought dear Mary for my Muse.
And swiftly came her answer singing through my heart—
"Thy Church shall be the inspiration of thine art!"
My Church! My dear old Church, so ancient, yet so new:
In regal beauty standing for the world to view!

Defying death and carnage, braving storm and shock,
In pity gazing from her pedestal of rock.
Untainted by corruption, stainless through all crime.
Unjarred by human passions, standing calm, sublime;
To her Creator lifting supplicating arms
That bless creation and dispel our vague alarms.

From sorrows, joys and pains distilling incense sweet
That floats in praiseful anthems to the Master's feet.
The power, truth and glory of the buried years
Are claspt within her bosom, children of her tears.
A spotless temple she, of symmetry and grace,
The lustrous soul of Christ illumining her face.

Like him divinely human, harmonizing earth,
The "Brotherhood of Man" the dogma of her hearth.
Like him, divine physician, healing leprous taint,
Her charity outpoured on sinner and on saint.
She knows no caste. There's love and shelter in her breast
For all; for all are hers, the humblest and the best.

Strong nations, empires and dominions rise and fall,
Like comets fade, while rings her requiem over all.
Contentious hands of Kingly influence and pride
Lie low in crumbled dust, the scepter laid aside;
The bust of power quenched and humbled in the doom
Of death; the mad defiance silenced in the tomb.

Unscarred, and calm, she stands above the passions' roar
And sees the billows dash and break, to rise no more!
For her 's the scepter, her 's the Kingdom crowned with youth.
And her 's the voice of Christ, of freedom and of truth.
Oh, Mighty Mother! Blest the children born of thee!
The wisdom of thy teachings maketh mankind free.

Thy touch hath power to quell the spirit's wildest strife,
And unto all thou offerest the Bread of Life!
Within thy fond embrace all sorrows find surcease,
And in thy sacred light there dwells a blessed peace.
And this is ours; this grand inheritance divine,
This peace of Christ that throbs in every pulse of thine.

Oh, flood our souls with light, thy beauties to perceive,
Though mortal vision fails and mortal doubts deceive!
Beyond the finite acts of ministers and men
Show forth thy wondrous beauty, marvelous as when
Its glory sprang divinely moulded into birth,
A body fashioned for the soul of Christ on earth.

Shine out triumphantly—through sin and weakness shine
Until we rest in Christ—for He is thee and thine!
Beloved son of that dear Church, our greetings take;
Thou'rt worthy of our love whose life is for her sake.
She calls thee up to dwell upon the rugged heights
Where thy strong manhood's needed championing her rights.

Thy honor is our joy; our loss the Master's gain:
Yet, parting ever bears the bitterness of pain.
But thou wilt do her justice—justify the choice

That deemed thee worthy to become her sacred voice.
For thou art truly humble, gentle, pure and wise
And fit to brave the searching of the world's keen eyes.

All strength and power lie in true humility
With heart of Christ embracing all humanity.
If this thou art and this thou strivest on to be—
The coming years will rise to bless thy Church and thee!
And so—God bless thee and God keep thee to the end,
Thou honored priest of Christ and our beloved Friend.

MRS. MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

Mary T. McKee was graduated from the Visitation Academy of Mount de Sales, Baltimore County, Maryland, which had been her home from babyhood. She has been writing under various names for twenty-five years and is most popularly known by the poetry of "Queerquill," and the serials of Mary T. Waggaman in the Philadelphia Golden Days—"Little Miss Muffett," "Dame Trot," "Humphry's Luck," and many others. "Little Comrades," recently published in book form, was the mother's work for her own boys when preparing for their first communion. It is a charming story, far above the common, showing that the writer can yet do much for American-Catholic literature, and it is to be hoped this wholesome little work will be soon followed by many more as good.

LXI.—A TANGLED THREAD.

Yes, the thread is tangled, dearest,
As you see,
Twisted into knots and meshes
Hopelessly,
Past all hand or heart undoing,
Let it be.

Yet, this faded web you gaze on,
Years ago,
Wore the mist-veiled morning's fairest,
Rosy glow,
Spun, it seemed, of dew and sunbeam,
Flame and snow.

Silken smooth it brightly shimmered,
In my hold,
Lightly then I grasped Fate's shuttle,
Over bold;
"Life," I laughed, "is as we weave it,
Grey or gold."

But, perchance, my careless fingers
Were untaught;
O, a reckless hand my life thread,
Rudely caught,
Who can say just how such wreckage
Oft is wrought?

Lightly first, I plucked the knot with
Little care,
Then o'er mesh and twist I bent in
Patient prayer,
And, at last, flung down the web in
Dark despair.

Ah, the weary days and nights—the
Dreary years,
When above my task I bent twixt
Hopes and fears,
Working here in smiles and there with
Blistering tears.

Yet, though worthless at my feet my
Life work lies,
Ah, perchance, well-woven it would
Veil the eyes
That I now can lift undimmed to
Sunset skies.

When within those radiant portals
Dies the day,
We will see Life's threads are tangled,
Lest we stray
Blinded by Earth's perfect work from
God's own way.

LXII.—UNCLE SAM'S GIRL.

A word now with you, Cousin John,
Your chaffing I can stand, sir,
But when it strikes the Yankee girl
You raise the Yankee dander.
She may not be your British style,
To that I will agree, sir.
She's built to suit this bigger land
And does it to a T, sir.

My girl, 't is true, is just a bud
Beside your full-blown roses;
She may not trace her record back
A trifle beyond Moses.

She needs no musty "Norman line"
To hoist her to her place, sir;
She stands a Nation's uncrowned queen
Just by her native grace, sir.

Her eyes have all the eagle's light
And all the violet's dew, sir,
And do not need her mother's specs
To look you through and through, sir.
That pretty head, all puffed and fluffed,
You bet it knows its mind, sir,
And 't is a very polar day
When she is left behind, sir.

Her dainty little "fairy foot"
That seems as light as air, sir,
There 's not a path I ever struck
It found too rough to dare, sir.
Though snow-capped height and burning plain
And savage wilds defied me,
I cut a New World out to please
The girl who smiled beside me.

White-faced she held my banner up,
When every fold was gory;
Strong-souled she walked in angel guise
My darkest fields of glory.
Soft-handed poured the oil and balm,
When every limb was sore, sir;
Then, sweet-voiced, struck the hymn of peace
That swells from shore to shore, sir.

Those dear domestic comforters
That are your Nation's boast, sir,
Do very well in British homes,
To butter British toast, sir.

To all the ladies, bless their hearts,
 My high respects belong, sir,
But here my constitution needs
 A tonic rather stronger.

Your blooming maidens need not feel
 The slightest perturbation;
My girl, sir, is domestic stock
 Not held for exportation.
A sample sparkle now and then
 May flash across the water
But here she shines, a Nation's star,
 Fair Freedom's first-born daughter.

Here is her throne, sir; while I stand
 No mortal power can shake it.
Here is her scepter, bright and strong
 As virgin gold can make it.
Here is her queendom, for as all
 My past experience shows, sir,
I've kept the forward track because
 She leads me—by the nose, sir.

LXIII.—MARGERY'S WINGS.

Benediction was just over in St. Michael's. The last jubilant note of the Laudate still seemed throbbing like a glad heartbeat through the incensed aisles.

The great Western window stood out in all its splendor of form and coloring against the sunset sky.

St. Michael's window, the princely gift of an unknown donor, was the glory of the church that bore his name.

"In Expiation" was the brief inscription that ran

under the jeweled panes, whose artistic tints were wrought into a design unrivaled in majestic beauty by the masterpieces of medieval Europe. Men, to whom altar and cross, and even the Presence marked by the ever burning lamp, were as naught, felt their hearts stir as they gazed on the illumined figure of the great Archangel, poised in triumphant strength over the evil one writhing at his feet, while seraphim and cherubim and the shining host of angelic witnesses stretched in radiant ranks into the seemingly limitless distance, even to the "apostle of humanity," with his vague dreams of impossible millenniums and earth-righted wrong. St. Michael's window shone against the sunset sky a prophecy, if not a revelation.

But it was neither poet nor philosopher who dreamed under its glowing splendor now. In the tinted light that fell on the marble aisles stood two children, one a chubby, rosy, ragged little urchin of three years, the other, apparently, an epitome of all that earth's sin and sorrow and want and woe could produce. She was a girl of about twelve; shrunken, crippled, deformed.

Soft wisps of light hair straggled from under the torn straw hat that shaded her pale, weazened face. The dress that hung from her bent shoulders was faded and tattered; the whole dwarfed, distorted figure betokened the direst poverty and neglect.

"Look, Tad, look," she whispered eagerly; "quick, before they turn us out. I'll hoist you up on the bench so you can see better. There, ain't that fine? Jest look at all them folks with their white dresses and wings. And that big one that's a walloping the t'other black one. Jiminy! Don't he shine?"

"Pooty," lisped Tad, whose vocabulary perhaps happily for himself was as yet limited—"pooty, Margery."

"Pretty! I should say it was. Pretty ain't no name for it. And don't it smell sweet and spicy in here? Just see all them flowers heaped on that high table yonder. I'm glad we came in ter look as the folks were going out, you and me don't get a peep at a show like this often, and not a cent ter pay nuther. Only I'd like to know what this 'ere picture means? Mister," and emboldened by the kind face of the grey-haired priest walking down the aisle, Margery accosted him: "Who is that up there with them shining wings?"

Father Dulaney, deep in his reflections on the "Talks on the Imitation" he held every Sunday evening with his Young Ladies' Sodality, paused to answer: "That, my child, is the great Archangel, Saint Michael. Did you never hear of him?"

"No," answered Margery, with a puzzled look in her dim blue eyes. "You don't mean he is real and true, somewhere, do ye? Never heerd of real folks ez had wings."

Father Dulaney smiled as he thought of the text of his evening's discourse.

"By two wings is man lifted above earth—Simplicity and Purity."

"Sometimes they have," he answered softly, placing his hand upon the little bent shoulder. "Come to see me another day and I will tell you all about St. Michael, and how, even though we are weak and lame and crippled here below, God will give us wings to fly to Him and live with beautiful angels like those you see on the window, and be happy and blessed and shiny and well—forever and forever." And with the friend-

ly nod and fatherly smile that endeared him to the little ones of his flock, the good priest passed on, leaving Margery staring in new wonder at the radiant figure above her, for Father Dulaney's words had been the first breath of heavenly wisdom that had ever reached her dulled, neglected little soul. "He says there are real folks like that," she murmured in an awed whisper, "and he didn't look like he were lying, nuther, Tad. Real folks with wings! And he could tell me about them! I'm bound to come back and hear. It didn't appear ez if he were making fun," soliloquized Margery, as she dragged Tad away at the approach of a grim-looking sexton, "but he did talk curus. I'd be a purty pictur with wings on my crooked shoulders. Might do fur you, Tad, but they'd never fit me."

And still pondering the bewildering question, Margery drew her small charge on through the paling sunlight to the narrow, noisome court, and up the steep, rickety stairs that led to the room she called home.

Even to this wretched shelter she had scant claim, for Tad's young mother, her half-sister, had died a few months ago, leaving her baby boy and Margery to the mercy of her mother-in-law, who tolerated the cripple girl only for her care of the child.

Gran worked out in her sober intervals, which were never of long duration, and spent the remainder of her time drinking, smoking and dozing before the fire, rousing only occasionally to belabor the children, and indulge in wordy warfare with over critical neighbors across the way.

So it was on Margery's crooked shoulders that the chief care of the household rested.

It was Margery who skilfully picked Gran's pocket

on her first appearance at home, and so to speak administered on the estate; it was Margery who eked out meal and bacon with the desperate prudence of a mariner stranded on a desert isle; it was Margery who reclaimed Tad from perilous wanderings on housetop and gutter, and kept him day and night at her side.

For Margery's misfortune had been her protection. The laugh and jeer and cruel taunt that greeted "Crooked Mag" kept her from straying into dangerous paths and with little Tad's hand in her own she walked with him the sweet ways of childish innocence through a world foul with the tainted breath of sin.

Gran had been at "a place" for a month, and as the old woman could command good wages and had a fierce natural love for her grandchild, things had been very pleasant, according to Tad and Margery's views, for the last few weeks.

For Gran at a place meant mush and milk and bread without stint and sometimes even a taste of cheese or meat; it meant long days out in the sunshine, charming studies of shop windows and circus posters, daring ventures into respectable neighborhoods and public parks, where trees were budding and flowers blooming; and haughty nurse maids eyed the "little beggars" with scorn, and hastily trundled their dainty charges away; it meant delightful strayings after organ-grinders and friendly hand-shakes with their red-coated monkeys; it meant, sometimes, even such reckless indulgences as two greasy doughnuts or highly polished apples from a corner stand.

So much ease and luxury and freedom of body and spirit did Gran's absence mean that it was with a sinking heart Margery saw as she reached the door that

opened on a very dead fall of steep break-neck steps that Gran was at home again.

She had come under the escort of a policeman about half an hour ago, and was in full war paint, her shawl torn, her bonnet mashed into a very cocked hat and nose and cheek bearing marks of an encounter in which she had evidently been worsted. But the fighting light was still in her eye, and it flamed into a fury at sight of a lawful victim. "So you've come, hev you?" was her greeting to Margery "and a purty way you take care of the place and the child, you lazy, good-for-nothing, broken-backed beggar, ye. Get out of this, I say," hiccoughed Gran fiercely, brandishing an umbrella. "Get out of this and let me never lay eyes on you again."

"No, no," shrieked Tad, clutching Margery's ragged skirt in baby terror; "my Margery, my Margery, don't go leave Tad; shan't go leave Tad."

"Let her go," cried the old woman savagely. "Turning the child again me, are ye? Standing atwixt me and my own flesh and blood. I'll learn ye who ye belong to, ye ungrateful little whelp, ye; I'll learn ye to turn agin the hand that feeds ye; I'll learn ye or I'll not leave a whole bone in yer skin." And she made a dive at the luckless Tad, who with an instinctive shrinking from the lesson sprang to the door, stumbled, swayed and in another moment would have plunged head foremost down the steps but for Margery, who fairly flung herself before him to break the death fall, and, losing her own balance, reeled backward down the rotting staircase to the floor below.

"By two wings man is lifted above earth—Simplicity and Purity."

Father Dulaney's "talk" had been very earnest and

eloquent this evening. "Ah, my dear children," he said, gazing at the bright, daintily robed ranks before him, "not even to you who tread earth's fairest paths are these wings always given. Upborne by them many sweet souls pass through Life's darkest ways unspotted and unharmed."

"A call to the hospital, Father," was the message that met him at his own door. "A child is dying that her folks say has never been baptized. She is hurt very bad, and can't live through the night."

And when a few moments later Father Dulaney bent over the little white cot in the Accident ward, it was to meet the same dim, bewildered eyes that had questioned him before Saint Michael's window scarcely an hour ago.

Through the strange shadows gathering around her, Margery recognized the kindly face. "You here, mister?" she said, faintly. "Is it—honest Injun—about —them—wings?" "Yes," answered the priest, as he took the little cold hand in his own; "I've come to tell you, as I promised, about St. Michael and his angels. They will come for you soon, my child; come to take you home with them to your Father and your God."

And late that night, with the baptismal water scarcely dry upon her brow, Margery went—home.

"Tad," she gasped, starting for a moment, uneasily; "Tad; he ain't hurt or crooked nohow, is he?"

"No, my child," answered the kind sister, who had heard the whole pitiful story. "You saved him, Margery. He is not hurt at all. And we are going to keep him with our little boys and take good care of him, for your sake."

"I'm—I'm glad," answered Margery, with a faint

sigh of relief. "It don't make no—no sort of difference —'bout me, but I wouldn't like Tad—to be crookened— nohow. I want him to grow straight. And mister"— The blue eyes were suddenly uplifted with a radiant glance, the voice grew clear and strong: "It 's true—I see them. They've—all—got—wings. And with these words Margery's happy spirit fluttered—home.

CAROLA MILANIS.

"Carola Milanis" and X. Y. Z. are the pen names of a Dominican Nun of the Community at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin; a convert from Protestantism, born in New York of New England and New York descent. Her father was an officer of high rank in the Civil War. Both parents died converts to the Catholic Church.

She has written much for periodicals and papers, but has published nothing yet in book form. She is gifted in expression, a developing style, and gives promise of very substantial work for future literature.

LXIV.—A POET'S MESSAGE.

(From the Catholic Reading Circle Review.)

Our keenest delight in reading a poem arises from the discovery of the poet's message to the world of readers. If we find no message, we say, this may be verse, but it is not poetry. The message being his to deliver, the true poet makes it forcible by musical utterance and luminous pictures. Grave critics have called Tom Moore a thoughtless singer of shallow songs, though songs that have been sung in every land where the English language is spoken must have something in them to touch the heart and kindle the imagination, as well as the melody of their rhyme and the harmony of their rhythm to appeal to the ear.

In "Paradise and the Peri," we may study some of Moore's better characteristics. It is a pleasure, exquisite in its gratification of delicate taste, to wander through the poet's mind-garden, inhaling the fragrance of its flowers, and listening to its birds sing, while we raise our eyes to the enchanted skies above it, and study the magic pictures in its clouds, for never had poet sweeter odors or more thrilling songs with which to greet the wayfarer than has genial, joyous Tom Moore.

He can be sad, too, and occasionally fierce and wild. In his "Paradise and the Peri," he leads up to his message by a series of pictures. Our interest is awakened by a vision of the Peri at the gate of Paradise: "As she listened to the springs of life within like music flowing, and caught the light upon her wing, through the half-open portal glowing." Here is true, artistic

sense of the power of light and shade; "strong lights and deep shades," a pen-picture to which imagination lends canvas and colors, while taste and fancy revel in the beauty of the scene; the lovely "child of air" standing in exterior darkness, weeping, "to think her recreant race should e'er have lost that glorious place," has caught the light of Heaven upon her wings.

Only regret, however, not true repentance, fills the Peri's heart; regret, unavailing regret, worthless before God, useless to the soul; here is a lesson for many a sad heart that needs but to change the quality of its sorrow to have it turned into peace, if not joy. So the grieving Peri stands and gazes, longingly, at delights she may not share, and yet, as is ever found in God's dealings with His rational creatures, Heaven sends to the despairing one a beam of saving, cheerful light.

Bending low, before the half-open portal, the Peri receives the light and the inspiration, which is likewise the poet's message to us: "Go; wing your flight from star to star," etc.

Then is presented another charming picture: "The glorious angel who is keeping the Gates of Light" draws near to the weeping Peri to comfort her with the precious assurance that—

> "The Peri yet may be forgiven
> Who brings to this Eternal Gate,
> The gift that is most dear to Heaven."

Hearing with fervent hope and bounding joy this blessed suggestion, "Down the blue vault the Peri flies," etc. Then follows a description of India, in the glowing gem-strewn language that flows so naturally

from Moore's pen, when dwelling on Oriental scenes. Meanwhile a youthful patriot, which gives opportunity to Moore's eloquence, dies on the battlefield:

"Swift descending on a ray
Of moving light, the Peri caught the last,
Last glorious drop which he had shed,
Before his free-born spirit fled!"

A noble idea this—to give such value to a hero's blood! The angel of his imaginative creation is loth to reject the proffered crimson drops of life blood, but is forced in truth and reverence to say—

"Holier far
Than e'en this drop, the boon must be
That opes the Gate of Heaven for thee!"

As the disappointed sprite turns sorrowfully away to renew her search for earth's greatest treasure, Heaven's cost, our eyes are again drawn from her to one of the poet's lovely pen-pictures:

"Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes, etc."

Then follows a delirious flight through "the enchanted regions of the upper air," over "fair gardens and shining streams," past the beauties of land, sea and air, until we pause, with poet and Peri, beside the fountain of clear, calm waters, wherein crime beholds innocence mirrored as a guileless child, and a dark-browed sinner stoops to drink, and we are silent witnesses of the grandest and most mysterious of trans-

formations, the change of a sinner into a repentant child of God!

Moore finishes his message grandly by showing the value of a tear of repentance, and rejoicing in "the triumph of a soul forgiven," finishes his series of pictures, grandly, too, by revealing to us the happy Peri giving that peerless tear to the Angel at the Gate, and as the bar was removed, entering Paradise, with ecstatic exclamation—

> "Joy, joy forever! my task is done,
> The Gates are passed and Heaven is won."

LXV.—FLOWERS OF HAPPINESS.

They Grow Only on the Highways of Usefulness.

"I wish I had something to do." It is a voice from a very remote past that comes back to me uttering those words, in accents of such pitiful weariness and discontent as to impress them on a memory since burdened with things apparently far more important and not half so well remembered. I used the word, "apparently," advisedly, for it is, after all, not such an unimportant thing that an active young lad is longing for something to do; it suggests possibilities that one wishes immediately to reject, but which the boy may accept.

He was a daintily-clad and tenderly-reared lad who repeated the above wish, over and over again, in spite of the costly toys that lay scattered around him, and the fastidiously nice things that his elegant mama suggested he might do. More to please his mother than himself, he tried to be interested in his games, but, almost immediately, he wearied of them, and reiterated

his wish for something to do. It was the stirring of a noble nature, the awakening of a noble mind that, unconsciously, sounded the shallowness of the useless occupations of moneyed leisure.

Some one, with a better knowledge of the boy than his own mother had, found him something to do that afternoon, something which seemed to be a help to another person, a grown up person at that. How happy the child was! He did not understand why he was happier at work than at play, but he had learned a lesson which subsequent college instruction could not improve upon; he had learned that the flowers of happiness grow only on the waysides of usefulness, whether they be highways or byways.

I remember hearing an individual reminding a discontented friend of the latter's manifold comforts and blessings, and concluding by asking irritably, "What more do you want?" Quietly and sadly came the answer, "To be of some use." This was not ambition, it was generosity. There is such a thing as a noble discontent, and, instead of condemning it, we might better try to satisfy its cravings. There is so much to be done in this busy world, surely, we might let this eager soul be of some use, even if she will not follow our peculiar methods, but a system of her own. "If I were only of some use," moans the afflicted one, whose body has lost its activity by disease. "He also serves who stands and waits" sounds well in poetry, and we know that it is true, but it does not follow that we are happy in such service; we do well, if we are quietly resigned.

The desire to be of use is the secret of many a vocation that we find it difficult to understand; it seems so strange that anything so heavenly as a religious voca-

tion should originate in a worldly atmosphere, but some of the staunchest do there originate. I recollect hearing a young girl tell how, in the midst of everything that a young heart could desire, of comfort and pleasure, she used to throw herself on her face, on her velvet carpet, and cry out loud, because she had nothing to do, nothing worth living for. Needless to state that she found her way into a convent, at last, where she had no reason to complain that she had nothing to do, but rather that she had not time enough for all that she found to do; but she was happy in her work, happier than she had ever been in her leisure.

A gentleman once said, in my hearing, to a young lady who was leaving considerable worldly advantages to enter a convent, "I can see no earthly reason for your doing such a thing." "That is just it, exactly, sir, the reason is not earthly," was the apt reply. No; the reason was heavenly, for it was a desire to gather the flowers of happiness, not on the byways, but on the highways of usefulness.

If a few of our selfish repiners, who are never contented, and do not know what they want, would go to work and do something for their neighbors they would likewise do much for themselves and would find themselves much happier than they ever were in their lives before, not to speak of being nearer and dearer to God.

As for those dear souls that long to be of use, and are forced to be idle, let them remember that prayer, self-sacrifice, and the fulfillment of God's will are the highest and most fruitful sources of usefulness, for, by their fervent offering of these things, they can help others to work and to be useful, whereby the Master will find not merely one, but many laborers in His vineyard.

MARION AMES TAGGART.

Marion Ames Taggart was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts. She is descended on the mother's side from English Puritan ancestry, her great grandfather was Captain Ames of Bunker Hill. The Taggarts; originally MacTaggarts, came from Scotland to New Hampshire five generations ago. On account of ill health Miss Taggart was unable to attend a school and but for the languages and music her education was entirely given by her mother, and was, as Lamb described Bridget Elia, "Tumbled early into a spacious closet of good old English reading." This generated a passion for reading and precociousness. At ten she thought much on the claims of rival religious sects and settled herself to the task of discovering which possessed the truth. The search ended in failure for a little while, till when entering her "teens" she began a study of Catholic teaching, which ended at the expiration of some months in baptism in the Church of the Jesuits, Boston. Her father died a Catholic and her mother soon followed her into the church. Miss Taggart began to write verses and stories at the early age of thirteen. Except a few of these, which appeared in the newspapers, nothing was published until she contributed regularly for the "Young Catholic" while still under twenty. During the past ten years she has written for many publications, secular as well as Catholic, the greatest number being for children.

Miss Taggart is now residing in quiet seclusion with her mother at Plainfield, N. J.; being young, she promises to yet do much for Catholic-American literature.

LXVI.—NOSTALGIA.

(From the Independent.)

I'm tired of the town; I want
 The silence of the fields;
I'm thirsting for the peace and rest
 The quiet meadow yields.

I want the little breeze to blow
 Across my tired face;
I long to shut my eyes and feel
 The beauty of the place.

I want to hear the busy hum
 Our little kinsfolk make;
I want to smell the damp, moist earth,
 That feeds the fern and brake.

I want so much, I only want
 The Lethe summer brings;
To hear the bluebird's liquid note,
 And see his flashing wings.

To lie upon the kind, brown earth,
 And hear the sweet brown thrush
Calling the trooping daisies up
 Through all the grassy hush.

I want our little brothers' songs,
 To set my soul in tune;
I want forgetfulness of all
 But birds, and leaves, and June.

I want no joys of life and love,
 No touch of human hands;
I long to lie on Nature's breast,
 And feel she understands.

LXVII.—THE BEGGAR IN THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

(From Ave Maria.)

Lame from my very birth! Even too lame to know
The loss of the power of motion, the freedom to come and go.
Never inside the temple; outside forever, to wait
The dole of some kindly passer who went in thro' the Beautiful Gate.

The echo of chanting reached me, and the murmur of voices at prayer,
And faint, sweet whiffs of incense passed out on the golden air,
But I never could see the mys'tries, nor the great high priest who stood
And offered for me and all men the innocent victim's blood.

One day two men were passing; they paused as they came to me,
And the look in the eyes of the younger was like a glimpse of infinity.
I held up my hand for their giving; only the elder spoke;
What a clear, sure ring his voice had on the summer air as it broke:

"Silver and gold I have none; what I have I will give to thee."
He laid his strong hand on my weak one, and a thrill passed over me.
"Arise in the name of Christ Jesus." I sprang to my feet with a cry;
Through the Beautiful Gate of the temple walked Peter, and John, and I.

Silver and gold he had none; all that he had he gave:
Health and strength for the body; the faith that hath power to save;
God, and His Son, Christ Jesus, these gave Peter to me,
And the Beautiful Gate of the temple was the gate to eternity.

LXVIII.—THE GRIFFIN.

(From Wide Awake.)

I am a Griffin, Gothic and grim,
Large of head and small of limb,
Medieval in every scale,
With an utterly Early English tail.

For hundreds of years I have kept my perch,
Over the door of this ancient church;
I have seen the Saxon urchins grin
In response to my smile as they entered in.

A Norman workman spent his toil
On my neighbor, the graceful and gay gargoyle,
Whom, although I am far from proud,
I scorn as modern, and therefore loud.

I have seen the white-robed monks at nones
File past, chanting in monotones;
And it seems but yesterday, indeed,
Since they won the charter at Runnymede.

I have seen the crop-headed men-at-arms
Marching with Noll to the sound of psalms;
And cavaliers swaggering, gaily dight,
Singing, and drinking to "Charlie's right."

And now from a land that was new to Bess,
Come fair, shrill maidens, who cry: "I guess
They frightened the sinners with that great brute;"
Me, a Griffin as old as Canute!

I curl my tail, and thrust my tongue
At the nineteenth century, pert and young,
And feel, with the scorn of conscious worth,
That I've the true beauty of Gothic birth.

All alone with the years I sit;
How the ages come and flit.
Stuart, and Tudor, Plantagenet—
How fast men pass, how soon forget.

But what are years, or men, or race
To me, who for ages have held my place—
A Griffin, perfect to every nail,
With an utterly Early English tail?

MARGARET SULLIVAN MOONEY.

Margaret Sullivan Mooney; native of Lewis County, New York; educated in district schools until fifteen years of age; spent two terms at a village high school; taught one year in district schools; spent one year at the State Normal School at Albany. After graduation from the latter, began teaching in the Union School at Weedsport, N. Y.; taught there two years; in Public Grammar School No. 11, Albany, N. Y., nine years; in the Albany high school, eight years; was married to Mr. Francis B. Mooney of Utica, N. Y., in 1881. After her husband's death in 1886 she received an appointment to teach in the Normal School at Albany. The school was created a College for the training of teachers in 1890. Mrs. Mooney's work since her connection with the College has been in the department of English; her special subjects are methods of teaching literature, rhetoric and composition, and elocution.

She has been a student always of all subjects connected with her work as a teacher, as well as of others, for pleasure and culture—French, the History of the Fine Arts, Poetry and Mythology, and Foundation of Studies in Literature.

LXIX.—THE POETRY OF SLEEP AND DREAMS.

All the researches of modern science have not been able to furnish a satisfactory answer to the questions, "Why do we sleep?" "Why do we dream?" and these two physical conditions, with which we are all so familiar, are as much a mystery to-day as they were in the childhood of the world, when regularly recurring phenomena were accounted for in a very different spirit and manner from those which we employ at the present time.

In that far away age of fable, to which we must go for the beginning of every nation's history and literature, we shall find the origin of a belief in dreams which many people still cherish, while others regard it as a remnant of pagan superstition.

In the myth of Ceyx and Halcyone we have a graphic description of the dwelling place of Somnus, the King of Sleep.

"Near the Cimmerian country a mountain cave is the abode of the dull god, Somnus. Silence reigns there; and from the bottom of the rock the river Lethe flows, and by its murmur invites to sleep. Poppies grow abundantly before the door of the cave, and other herbs, from whose juices Night collects slumbers, which she scatters over the darkened earth. There is no gate to the entrance, to creak on its hinges, nor any watchman; but in the midst a couch of black ebony, adorned with black plumes and black curtains—there the god reclines, his limbs relaxed with sleep. Around him lie dreams, resembling all various forms, as many

as the harvest bears stalks, or the forest leaves, or the seashore grains of sand."

The goddess Juno, wishing to have a vision sent to Halcyone, dispatches her messenger, Iris, to the home of Somnus to ask his aid. Having roused himself with difficulty, he inquired her errand. In answer to his question she says:

"Somnus, gentlest of the gods, tranquillizer of minds and soother of careworn hearts, Juno sends you her commands that you dispatch a dream to Halcyone representing her lost husband and all the events of the wreck.

"Then Somnus called one of his numerous sons, Morpheus, to perform the command of the goddess; then laid his head on his pillow, and yielded himself to grateful repose.

"Morpheus flew, making no noise with his wings, and soon came to the city, where, laying aside his wings, he assumed the form of Ceyx."

Further inquiry in regard to the parentage of Somnus, the drowsy god, reveals that he was the son of Erebus and Night and that Death was his twin brother.

As poetry may be carved in stone as well as expressed "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn," the sculptor, Thorwaldsen, has represented this story in a bas-relief, showing Night in the form of a majestic woman, borne through space by a pair of large wings and clasping her twin children, Sleep and Death, in her arms. There is a fine idea of "repose in action" suggested by the pose of the figures and their closed eye-lids.

Probably Homer was the first poet who made use of dreams as messengers from the gods to mortals. In

the second book of the Iliad, Jove is represented as sending a treacherous dream to Agamemnon addressing it with these "winged words":

"Go, fatal Vision, to the Grecian fleet,
And, entering Agamemnon's tent declare
Faithfully what I bid thee. Give command
That now he arm, with all the array of war,
The long-haired Greeks, for lo, the hour is come
That gives unto his hands the city of Troy
With all its spacious streets. The powers who dwell
In the celestial mansions are no more
At variance; Juno's prayers have moved them all
And o'er the Trojans hangs a fearful doom."

Then follows an account of the manner in which the heaven-sent messenger acquitted himself in carrying out the commands of Jove:

"The Vision heard and went
At once to where the Grecian barks were moored
And entered Agamemnon's tent and found
The king reposing, with the balm of sleep
Poured all around him. At his head
The Dream took station in the form of
Neleus' son, Nestor, whom Agamemnon
Honored most of all the aged men."

The Dream is then represented as repeating the exact words of the message sent by Jove, and immediately disappearing, "leaving the king musing on things that never were to be." All that follows shows the perfect faith of Agamemnon and his council in this Dream-messenger.

In Virgil's Æneid we see our subject from a new point of view. At the close of that wonderful interview

between Æneas and the shade of his father in the infernal regions, we are told, in the following lines, how he regains the upper world:

"Sleep gives his name to portals twain:
One all of horn, they say,
Through which authentic specters gain
Quick exit into day,
And one which bright with ivory gleams,
Whence Pluto sends delusive dreams.
Conversing still the sire attends
The travelers on their road
And through the ivory portal sends
From forth th' unseen abode."

The belief that dreams of good omen came by a different route from those that were sent on purpose to deceive and delude mankind must have been general among both the Greeks and the Romans, for we find repeated allusions to this in the writings of modern poets who, in treating mythological subjects, or by way of illustration, use the phraseology of the old myths.

In "The Masque of Pandora," Longfellow introduces a "Chorus of Dreams from the ivory gate," who, escaping the sentinels set to guard it, whispered in the ear of the sleeping Pandora–

"A tale to fan the fire
Of her insane desire
To know a secret that the gods would keep,"

On awakening, Pandora, obeying the voice that said in her sleep "Do not delay," hesitates no longer, but, filled with a desire of knowing good and evil like the

gods themselves, opens the fatal chest, and immediately a chorus of Dreams from the "gate of horn" is heard singing the consequences of her rash act:

"All the evils that hereafter
Shall afflict and vex mankind,
All into the air have risen
From the chambers of their prison;
Only Hope remains behind."

Longfellow uses the same figure in giving an idea of Mr. Churchill, the schoolmaster of the story called "Kavanagh," for whom "Suddenly closed the ivory gate of dreams, and the horn gate of every-day life opened."

The idea of using sleep and dreams as a setting for poetic "pearls of thought" dates far back in the history of literature. Dante's great poem is sometimes called "The Vision," for he represents himself as seized with sudden slumber, and in that state being prepared for the events that follow. Many authors since his time have cast their literary works in the same mold, and it has usually been found a very acceptable one to the reader.

All along the highways of English literature from Chaucer to Tennyson we find "visions" both in poetry and prose. The "Vision of Piers the Plowman" and Bunyan's dream, which we call "The Pilgrim's Progress," are those best known.

But we must go back still farther in our history of English literature for the model followed by Langlande, Bunyan and a host of later writers.

The story of Caedmon's "vision" by which the lowly cow-herd was so inspired that he became first a poet, then a man of learning, and at last a monk in the fa-

mous monastery at Whitby, is never omitted in sketching the life of the First Christian poet of England.

Shakspere has treated the phenomena of sleep and dreams with his usual versatility, sometimes in plain language, sometimes in brilliant metaphor, as in "Macbeth" where after the murder of King Duncan, Macbeth relating the circumstances to his wife, says:

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep'— the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave* of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

But it is in the second part of Henry IV. that he makes the most eloquent apostrophe to sleep. In the first scene of the third act, the king, weary with the trials and vexations that have beset him in his efforts "to pluck a kingdom down and set another up," finds himself late at night obliged to send for some of his counselors, and while waiting their arrival, he soliloquizes thus:

"How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

*Sleave—coarse, soft, unwrought silk.

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitations of the winds
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?—
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

We might multiply illustrations from Shakspere's plays, showing his familiarity with the most ancient mythology, as well as with the fables, folk-stories and superstitions of every people about whom he wrote. The supernatural has always furnished food for the poetic soul and inspired the highest powers of genius; and those poets who have held deepest communion with the visible forms of Nature and learned her various languages, have borrowed the forms of expression belonging to the old belief in gods and goddesses who directed the affairs of mortals and guided and controlled all natural phenomena.

Perhaps Milton's classical scholarship accounts for his wealth of mythological illustration. His short poems furnish delightful studies in this subject. When the student whom he portrays in Il Penseroso, after spending the whole night in studying the ancient

classic writers, goes out into the early morning he seeks a retired spot in a grove through which runs a brook. There he entreats the goddess Melancholy to hide him from "day's garish eye":

"While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood."

In the same poem he calls dreams "The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train."

As our own poets touch these two themes, we feel that something of the old reverent spirit has gone from among them, although one of the most charming poems written by the late poet laureate in his young manhood is "A Dream of Fair Women."

As a study in literature, it affords such an opportunity for research in ancient poetry and history, and also in modern, as will repay fully the time and labor bestowed upon it by the student. The dream-form of the poem is especially a happy thought, since by means of it the last great English poet, Tennyson, acknowledges his indebtedness to the first, Chaucer. There is a noble dignity in the style and language, and that spirit of reverence that a poet, above all other writers,

must have if he would lift the hearts of his readers above their own pettiness and help them to realize the greatest heroism of which human beings are capable—self-sacrifice.

LXX.—OUR VOICES.

(From the Normal College Echo.)

The human voice has been called the most perfect musical instrument ever invented; but, judging from observation and experience, we must admit that it is found so often out of tune as to make us doubt the truth of the statement.

Our "conversational soprano" in childhood, in youth and in old age is generally lacking in the musical quality of tone so much to be desired.

This fact may be due to the harsh sounds given to the elements of our language, to "the rigor of a frozen clime," or to a lack of training of the vocal organs in singing as well as in speaking.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes the climate responsible for our bad voices when he says:

"Our cold north-easter's icy fetter
Clips the native freedom of the Saxon lips;
See the brown peasant of the plastic south,
How all his passions play about his mouth!
With us the feature that transmits the soul,
A frozen, passive, palsied, breathing hole.
It can't be helped, though if we're taken young,
We gain some freedom of the lips and tongue;
But school and college often try in vain
To break the padlock of our boyhood's chain."

That the art of speaking distinctly, correctly, and agreeably has been too long neglected is painfully apparent in our schoolrooms, our homes, and in most, if not all, gatherings where oral speech is the means of communication.

That the lack of early and proper vocal training is the cause of this condition is also evident to those who have considered the subject.

As a man "looks in a glass and straightway goes away and forgets what manner of man he is," so he speaks without ever giving a thought to the sound of his own voice; perhaps he would not recognize it as his own if he could hear it reproduced by some one else—certainly not if reproduced by the phonograph.

And yet there is so marked an individuality in our voices that familiar friends recognize us by this means and strangers that we meet casually are either attracted or repelled by our tones as much as by our faces.

The charm of a pleasant quality of voice is not so common as to be heard unnoticed. Really pleasant voices are the exception, and when we meet a man or woman whose voice is finely modulated, and whose tones are musical and sympathetic, we find that person singularly attractive.

Certain of our poets have given us a notion of the ideal voice in woman:

> "Her voice changed like a bird's.
> There grew more of the music and less of the words."
> —Browning's "Flight of The Duchess."

The German woman's voice that frightened Holmes by its sweetness, he says was the outcome of "large, vig-

orous nature, running back to those huge-limbed Germans of Tacitus, but subdued by the reverential training and tuned by the kindly culture of fifty generations."

Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake," directs our attention to the voice of his heroine—

"What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear."

And again he says that when she called "Father!"

"The rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound."

Can we doubt that such a voice outweighed even the beauty of expression which he also dwells upon in the same description?

King Lear says of his daughter Cordelia:

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

The lines have almost passed into a proverb, yet we are still far from realizing their significance.

Cordelia, the daughter of a king, with the breeding befitting a royal princess and the society of a court, might reasonably be expected to have a voice "soft, gentle and low;" for the courts of kings have ever been the training-schools for tone quality. In these centers of social culture the drama and the opera have been the favorite forms of entertainment for centuries. As a matter of necessity the actors and singers must have prepared themselves to perform their parts in such a manner as to give pleasure to their distinguished audiences.

Those who attained to the highest excellence in their chosen art became the models for those who followed, and so the stage has also given us our standards, variable to be sure, for judging the qualities of voice, as certainly as it has determined our pronunciation.

In the personal recollections of many authors we find especial mention of the impressions left on their minds by the voices of the great players and singers of their own times.

Longfellow has recorded in the following sonnet his recollections of the reading from Shakspere given by Mrs. Kemble, a famous English actress, of a famous family:

"O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said!
O happy reader! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human thought!
O happy Poet! by no critic vext!
How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice."

Mrs. Ritchie (Thackeray's daughter), who knew Tennyson as a family friend, and had often heard him read his own poems, says: "His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may be between."

As Tennyson was a writer of dramas of a high order, no doubt he had the power of dramatic interpretation in a like degree, as the above reference would seem to indicate. Our public speakers who aspire to become orators, follow the methods of the stage in acquiring the necessary vocal training, for although not all actors, actresses, and public singers have voices that thrill us with their melody, they have the best we are likely to have an opportunity to hear and possibly to imitate.

Whatever may be said of naturalness in speech, the fact remains that our habits of speaking are all acquired by imitation, unconscious imitation for the most part, but imitation pure and simple. If then we would have men and women speak beautifully, their habits of speech must be formed by listening to musical voices, and imitating tone, accent, and pronunciation, as they assuredly will from infancy to maturity.

But let us suppose a less fortunate condition of things for a child than having always heard his own language spoken beautifully and correctly. What can be done for those whose habits are so faulty as to make us almost despair of changing them for the better?

The surest way to correct such faults would be to place the child among associates who always spoke as we would have him speak; but in school life this is impossible, because his every-day companions have quite as many faults as he has, though they may differ from his in kind or in degree. But there are two ways of training the voices of the young in respect to quality and flexibility that every teacher may use to advantage, and in the kindergartens everywhere the first of these methods is already carried out with the most sat-

isfactory results. I refer to the morning songs which the little ones are taught to sing softly and reverently. The idea of teaching children to sing in soft, clear tones, instead of the loud, shrill ones with which we are all familiar, is suggestive of better things to come in our conversational tones.

If the sentiment of the song be such as to awaken the highest and holiest feelings of the heart, the tones of voice will respond to the thought unfailingly. What is true of song is true of poetry in general. But we use poetry too little in the education of the young. We are too eager for mental training, for scientific facts, to give due attention to the culture of the heart and soul as well, and so, instead of furnishing our boys and girls with the purest and best in literature, and that having in it the power to rouse the soul to enthusiasm, we have kept them on mechanical work applied by rule, expecting them to learn to read by having them stand up and say aloud perhaps a dozen lines of printed matter once or twice a day for the few short school years of their lives.

No wonder that we hear head-tones constantly and heart-tones rarely from those subjected to such unsympathetic treatment.

Any young man or woman who has the will to persevere may secure the best kind of voice-culture by reading masterpieces of poetry aloud an hour every day for a year, to an audience either real or imaginary.

Begin with lyric or narrative poems; later read Shakspere's plays, comedies, tragedies and histories. That you may always be sure of the sympathy of your audience, read to some one that you love, and that loves you.

MRS. T. F. HALVEY.

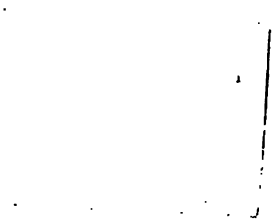
Margaret M. Hovenden Brophy was born at Kilabban, Queen's County, Ireland, in the very shades of one of the historic abbeys for which the old land is famous, and on the site of the home originally occupied, in 1585, by the family of Hovenden, to which her mother belonged.

Educated entirely by her mother, she developed the taste for rhyming at a singularly early age, and had verses published in the Carlon Post—the local journal—when barely seven years old. Coming to New York after her mother's death in 1876, then a very young girl, her poems and contributions to "The Star," the "Irish World" and other journals attracted attention. She penned some stirring national poems; assisted in the organization of the Ladies' Land League, and became known as one of its youngest branch Presidents. All Irish movements, social and political, have been largely helped by her.

On her marriage, in 1884, she removed to Philadelphia, and has since written largely in prose and verse for American papers. She was appointed a member of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition for the State of Pennsylvania, and devoted her energy to securing Catholic representation in all branches. She suggested the exhibit most attractive of all those made by Philadelphia—"The Workingman's Home"—a fac simile of a home such as is usually owned by the mechanic of Philadelphia and purchasable by him through Building Association methods—which exhibit was designed to show to the world the superiority of the system of housing whereby Philadelphia has become known as "The City of Homes."

Mrs. Halvey now holds the office of Secretary to the Board, as well as to Women's Auxiliary Committee of the American Catholic Historical Society, which is organized for the purpose of preserving and extending the records of American-Catholic History in our great land. She writes most frequently of late for Donahoe's Magazine—prose and verse having appeared on its pages recently above her signature.


Mary Conroy
Margaret McNulty
Margaret H. Lawless.
Irwin Huntington.
Anna M. Packman



LXXI.—WOMAN.

My task a welcome one—I count them over,
The glorious women famed of many an age;
Immortalized in song of poet-lover,
By touch of artist, and by wit of sage.
* * * * * * *

Crowned with the conquest wreaths of Peace and War,
As queenly Isabel, apart I set
Erin's proud Macha—England's Eleanor,
Fair Castile's Blanche, and Anjou's Margaret;
Circled with halo vivid as her faith,
Stands France's soldier-maiden to the fore;
And, diademed with bays that know not death,
Smile Beatrice and Laura as of yore.

Shrinking from history's blazonry I see
Behind the screen of vow and convent veil,
Our wondrous Brigid, and our Ita; she
Whose counsel speeded Brendan's vent'rous sail.
The women who inspired! a beauteous legion;
They rise before us bright, benign and blest.
No limitation theirs of clime or region,
From "cradling Orient" to receptive West.

Whom, then to choose for this, my poor laudation?
I ask my poet friend. "Their crowding claims
Confuse me—claims of rank and creed and nation.
Choose for me from amongst these historied names."
And quick his answer: "There can be no choosing.
Only the yielding of a rightful station;
No question here of culling or refusing,
For Woman is Incarnate Inspiration."

"Never a greatness woman has not mothered;
In mothering heroes she has set the seed,
Tended it, saved from growths that else had smothered.
And lo! fruition comes in heroic deed.
She plants for sainthood—an Augustine rises;
For freedom's fight she trains a Washington;
Fires a Napoleon's blood for great emprises—
In self-effacement mother's work is done."

* * * * * * *

I hold my task accomplished by this other,
My poet friend, ignoring age and nation.
Hailing promoter of our Best—the Mother!
And Woman as "Incarnate Inspiration."

LXXII.—"LILACS."

They have tired, they say, of the endless lay
That rhymesters troll to their goddess "Spring"
And the changes rung by the novice tongue
That, untuned to art, is fain to sing;
So I vowed no line from pen of mine
Should drop to swell the despised array.
Ah, wholesome thought, that was set at naught
By the random whiff of a lilac spray.

O! paly plume; in your purple bloom
Lurks sweet temptation to thought and rhyme;
As fairy wand in my clinging hand,
You guide me back to another time.
The while my feet tread the dusty street,
My heart has traveled with you away
To childish hours, when we crowned with flowers,
And sceptered our queen with a lilac spray.

Now vanished quite from material sight
The stem I snatched from the vender's hand;
But tall and straight, by fence and gate,
The lilacs dearer to vision stand;
I can hear the breeze that through aspen trees
Rushed in its own wild Celtic way;
How it lingers, now, tossing bough to bough,
And kissing "good-night" to each lilac spray.

Where laburnums trail, in their golden veil,
Tangling the latest beams that come,
Where their footstools green is of rarest sheen,
Where they smile "good-day" at the door of home,
My lilacs bloom—Oh! fragrant gloom!
For one happy hour of one happy May,
In your shade again—Ah, your breath is pain—
We have traveled too far, my lilac spray.

LXIII.—COMMODORE BARRY.

[Lines read on the occasion of the presentation of Commodore Barry's portrait to the city of Philadelphia by the Hibernian society.]

Well hath the artist painted!—the man in the pride of his fame!
Of manhood's great achievements, when laurels enwreathed his [name;
The sailor who sailed neath venturing flag and earliest venture won,
Ere the freeman's patron stars arose o'er the bold ship Lexing- [ton.
Who bade the English "Edward" halt, and forced her colors down,
And trod the deck of the "Effingham," the hero of Penn's good [town!

Well hath the artist painted!—the sailor who might not stay
When the finger of patriot-duty pointed the landward way!
O memories of memoried Trenton! Echoes of Princeton tell!
How fought the soldier-sailor where many fought and fell,
Till to her glad embraces tempted the Ocean again,
Witness of prideful prowess! witness of prideful pain!

When Barry, the sorely stricken—wounded well-nigh to death—
Spake the defiant message, outsounding the cannon's breath,
And lifting waves that listened, to his Land the tidings bore
Of victory won through the iron will of her wounded Commodore.
But softly! another picture, that vagrant Fancy paints,
For background, the verging grey and green of the Land beloved of saints.

An Irish boy on an Irish rock, glancing the chill waste over
With the longing gaze, and mastering pulse of Ocean's born lover.
When sturdy Wexford counts her sons in test and trial true,
Who shall deny "Jack Barry" place by Wexford's famed "McHugh?"
In 'customed clasp may meet the hands of Mother and foster Mother
Above his grave who was loyal to each, as each unto the other.

Ah! pale my picture's showing, to this that artist skill
Makes a living, breathing presence, but dear to the many still.
Columbia claims her soldier love, and Ireland joys to own
The boy who sailed from his Wexford home, undaunted, if unknown.
Columbia guards his latest sleep—hers was his manhood's noon;
Ireland's the vigorous cradling arms and tender cradle croon.

Yon pictured man is Columbia's own, the "Raleigh's" Commodore!
For Ireland paint the dreaming boy on the lonely Wexford shore!
In 'customed clasp may meet the hands of Mother and foster Mother
Above his grave who was loyal to each, as each unto the other.

MARY ANNE ALEXIS CONROY.

Mary Anne Alexis Conroy was born in Boston, where she has always resided. Her education was obtained in the public schools, but her sight being somewhat impaired from constant application, she was obliged to leave school while still very young.

In her early teens she began to write verses, but did not attempt to submit anything for publication. Her first efforts at verse-making were as offerings to our Blessed Lord and His Holy Mother on feast-days, when she found it difficult to offer flowers.

For a long time after she began to appear in print Miss Conroy wrote for the different Catholic papers published in the interests of charity; many poems and stories thus published have been lost, so little care did she take to preserve copies thereof.

During later years she has been a contributor to "The Pilot," "The Rosary," "Sacred Heart Review," "Donahoe's Magazine" and other religious and secular periodicals and papers. In 1889 Miss Conroy wrote the poem for the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town of Sandwich, Mass. This was considered rather in the light of an honor, since the town was noted for its anti-Catholic sentiments.

Many of Miss Conroy's best poems have been published by the firm of L. Prang & Co. in the form of booklets exquisitely illustrated and daintily bound; among these are: "Love's Quest, "The Advent of Spring," "Nature's Beauties," "Longings," "June," and "Rose-time." Miss Conroy has also compiled many floral and other booklets for the same firm.

As yet, circumstances have prevented the collection of her poems, but Miss Conroy hopes in the near future to publish a volume which will probably be called "Flower Legends."

Since sending her contributions Miss Conroy has passed away from earth. Many of her poems entitled "Love's Quest" have been published by Miss K. E. Conway with a memoir entitled "The Singer and the Songs."

LXXIV.—LOVE AND SELF.

While Love was small and young, they say
He, wandering, met with Self, one day;
This Self so mighty was, and grand,
He bowed to nothing in the land.

So mighty and so bold was he,
He spake to Love full valiantly—
For Love to him seemed really quite
An ordinary looking wight.

Indeed (he mused) 't was hard to see
How mortals could so fearful be
Of such a harmless little thing,
As light as any insect's wing.

But as they journeyed on, these two,
It seemed to Self he smaller grew,
While Love expanded like a flower,
And stronger grew with every hour.

Then Self became alarmed—quoth he:
"Whatever can this marvel be?
This Love must some strange power possess,
Which makes me thus grow daily less.

'T is surely witchery, and I
Am quite convinced 't were best to fly;
Forsooth, it is quite plain to me,
That Love and Self cannot agree."

LXXV.—A DREAM.

(From the Rosary.)

I was in far Judea, while on earth the Master yet was seen,
Walking and holding converse sweet with men.
The country all about seemed strangely rich in verdure,
Yet was clothed and covered with a network close of thorns,
These thickly woven, overspread the place, and pierced
And penetrated everywhere.

Within a valley girt around with hills, many were gathered,
I among the rest, and all were waiting Jesus.
At last we saw, the waiting throng and I—the gleaming
Of the purple robe He wore, as down the hillside
Slowly he advanced. Nearer He came, and nearer,
Till at length he stood where I might touch His robe—
Almost beside me.

My heart was filled with longing love that could not be denied
And fain would utterance find. He, the Eternal Wisdom,
Knowing all my thoughts and all my pent-up yearning,
Bent over me. On his face a look, which, seen on any
Other face, you would have called a smile, and yet it was not.
Gazing deeply down into my soul with eyes of loving tenderness,
Eyes whose amethystine splendor, radiating, shed a glory
Over all the place, and seemed to bathe my very being
In a flood of light supernal,—Jesus addressed me, saying,
"What wouldest thou?" Not all the harps of Heav'n's angelic
choirs
Can melody attune that hath so sweet a sound as Jesus' voice—
"What wouldest thou?"

I, not bolder grown, but in my love less fear,
And all unmindful of the censuring looks of those about,
Made answer: "Lord, that I be freed
From these tormenting thorns that pierce and wound me so;"
Then Jesus, His most sacred Hand upon my shoulder laid,
And, still upon his face that pitying gentleness,
Again addressed me; and gravely, not rebukingly, He said:
"My child, not so, for it must be that in this life
Thou shalt of sorrow taste; but in the next"—He paused,
And with uplifted eyes, and finger pointing upward to the sky,
He left me, and was gone.

I woke—and only had the memory of His voice,
And His dear image graven on my heart.
The thorns alone, of all the vision stay with me,
And sting me as before. Yet do I not despair,
But in the royal promise of His upward look,
Trust that, one day, my dream may be fulfilled.

IRWIN HUNTINGTON.

("Frances Irwin.")

Miss Irwin Huntington was born in New Orleans, La., but has lived in Natchez, Miss., since a child. She is the daughter of Benjamin Wolcott Huntington of Connecticut, and Eliza Wade of Mississippi. Among the many literary members of her family she numbers the beautiful and accomplished Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert.

Miss Huntington writes much for the newspapers, both in prose and verse. Her principal works are, "The Wife of the Sun," a poem of the tribe of Natchez, and "The New Psyche." Miss Huntington is a fluent and promising writer.

LXXVI.—THE HOME OF THE NATCHEZ.

From the "Wife of the Sun" (Canto I.).

There was peace in the Home of the Natchez; for the foe has
smoked of the peace-pipe;
Chickasaw and Choctow smoked it. 'Twas the noon of Falling-
Leaves,
And Indian-summer, crowned with golden-rod, reigned o'er
grain field and wigwam.
Forth from the lodges at even poured forth the whole of the
village.
O'er faces grotesque and wrinkled, the smoke of the Calumet
floated;
And warriors gathered together—played games of strength and
of hazard;
Or tried the stern courage test—who might hold the flaming
coal longest.
To the left beneath a clump of mulberries, with low-muttered
weird incantation,
The medicine-men brewed potions o'er fire of spicy pine-needles.
Aside, in a newly made clearing, tall braves danced the "Dance
of the Beggar,"
While maidens low squatted, onlooking, wove mats of sweet
grasses and rushes.
There was peace in the Home of the Natchez; and suddenly—
past the low-marsh line,
That rests it, pale green, on the bosom of the West a-thrill with
rose-life;
Dreaming, rocked upon its blush-throbs like an emerald a-weary,
'Neath a veil of sea-blue mist gauze—the Sun, the Great God,
plunges headlong
Into the far Land of the Spirits; leaving his robe as he hastens,
And shedding gold peace o'er the village! Silence, dropping
dews of silver,

Floated o'er the trees of Natchez; hushed all bustle and the tumult;
Stilled the gambols and all labors, and lo! all eyes in the village,
As one, strain where the Great Spirit plunges behind the low marsh line,
Leaving his robe in the heavens!

Close nestled the Indian village to heart of the forest primeval;
Framed 'twixt strange groves of dim cypress, and solitudes weird and mournful,
In myth and mystery shrouded of immemorial pine trees,
Like some giant gull alighted, where—round North Bend, Mississippi,
With great blue sweeping of river, spurns the sand-bar's mica—widens—
The dim reach of countless tepees seemed the sea-bird's gray-blue plumage;
And beneath the tall cliff's shadow, moored among the sapling willows,
Stretched a dim line, far, unbroken, of canoes—its dusky talons.
Close nestled the Indian village to heart of the forest primeval;
But, lying away to eastward, broad band of pale gold on its dimness,
Fair fields of wild rice and of maize grew, and flung yellow hair to the breezes
That crept at twilight from the river, where honks the wild crane in the sedges;
And plashes and wades the mud-turtle. High above, around the hill-crests,
Down-writhing, like water-snake under the water, a path. Maids
Came at even with water-jars, unto cool springs by the river.

Such was the Home of the Natchez, when in the gold-gray of the even
The tribe watched the Great Spirit vanish, leaving his robe in the heavens.

Slowly up the bright, burning sunset, came the gentle Star of Even;
Caught the Great Spirit's mantle; shook it to earth as a banner!
And the colors, softly fading, fell ashen and pink into bud-dust,
Pearl of moons; next earth and river, trembled, shook—a great gold bubble!
Then the sweet Star rent the mantle; laid its shreds along the ether
In long bars of faded blue, and mystic rose-lights—green of glow-worms!
Through them, dripped the purple lining. Far out in mid-river, 'tween the
Blue of sky and blue of water, hung a birch canoe; clear mirrored,
Motionless as Rest; and softly sang a mother slow returning
To her babe, in tree-hung basket, deftly made of birch and willow;
"Rest thee, my black-eyed one! mother 's with thee,
Soon will the Night Sun sail yonder big sea;
Tal-o-wah calls from the crape-myrtle tree.
Little one, sleep;
Nor waken and weep—
Swing, while I sing thy lullaby!"

LXXVII.—MOCKINGBIRD'S SONG.

Canto IV.

Radiant, and languorous, and yellow, the harvest moon rose as she answered;
Dropt soft glory on the night-time; bathed and orbed the earth in beauty;
Beauty, of all things, the essence and the fire, the wide world worshiped!
First the pine crests caught the shimmer whence it rippled down the tall trunks;

Then it poured into the flowers, and it drenched the great still
roses
Whose gold hearts were panting odors, as it fell upon the thicket.
Lo! the mocking-bird, moon-loving—prince of buffoons and of
jesters—
And of harmony the emperor, deeply drank the limpid splendor;
Poured it back again in warbles! Save the cotton-wood's faint
tremor,
All was still, for nature listened;
First a wail, low, plaintive, sobbing;
Then a wild note, thrilling, throbbing
Through the hour.
Next an ecstasy of gladness,
Then delirium of madness
And of power!
Miserere followed after,
Next demoniac laughter,
Then the night
Rocked with sweetness, gushing, trembling;
For the tiny throat, assembling,
In its might,
All the lavished, spent emotions,
Shook them forth with new devotions,
In a shower.
Then the last trill rose and quivered,
Higher soared, until it shivered
On the hour!

LXXVIII.—THE NEW PSYCHE.

Pale green meadows wave away to meet the saffron tones of the lower sky—Virgin fields. A stream binding the meads together with blue lover's knot. On the stream a green island; below in the waters, the island

again, mirrored as white souls wear God. Here and there, in the distance, tall sugar houses covered with ivy like desolate altars. Near, an Acadian hut and spring orchards of star-like blossoms. Broad lilies on the blue waters; beside them, great-eyed cattle asleep —Jersey and Guernsey—among lotus crests golding the margin. Above, amid the young green of old oaks, gray mosses dreamily waving. No sound. Yes! the call of nesting mocking-bird. No movement. Yes! the fall of pale oleander blooms, of white apple blossoms, of petals in Cherokee hedges, the canticle of quickening life. Around, gold living light. Up from maiden fields streams an orange glow. Through all, the pale, fine fire of new-born Spring. High, in the childlike blue of zenith skims gray crane from sea marshes. Hark! the great bell of yonder plantation calls the field-hands to dinner; it is noon on La Belle Riviere. Hear again! a sweet sound from afar! a long, low, caressing laugh, half heard, of utter ecstacy of life and love! it chimes with the young Spring. April is only April's self in Acadia! . . . Yonder, between those oleanders, nestles the Olende cottage, the home of Gran'mère, Marie Olende; the straight white smoke of its chimney seems the Angelus rising to Heaven, while the bell for noonday prayer sounds faint from the distant village. Little of the cottage is seen over here by the river; only the low thatched roof where blue wide-eyed flowers peep from the mosses and lichen, and the rough wooden stairs leading up to the loft from the outside. Not a glimpse does one get of the neat earthen floor; of the stout walls with fresh dirt filling up the gaps between great logs from the pine lands; of the two little chambers, with doorless arches

opening between them; of the wee porch where the "Star of Bethlehem" glimmers; of the broad, low lattice, where sweet-pea flowers have grown so tall these golden days, as to thrust within their rose and purple heads, and saucily nod: "Nous sommes jolies, Babette; nous sommes jolies!" ("We are pretty, Babette; we are pretty!")

And what do the pea-flowers see, and the pale sweet stars at the doorway, that never they grow aweary, and turn to the breeze from the river that woos them all the fair day, as grace woos a soul that is pure?

Is it the low white bed with its home-made Acadian bed-spread—a snow flake lost from the winter? Or, is it the shrine and the waxen St. Agnes—a thought of God among lilies? Is it the fragrant thyme that swings from one wall to the other, shedding an humble sweet odor like the heart of a maid at Confession? Is it the loom or the wheel, or the rosary there on the dresser, like moonbeam on breast of a virgin? Is it the rush-bottomed chair, or—is it the maiden within it?

Oh! it is the maiden within it; for Babette has eyes with the Spring in them, and the blue of the beautiful river; and the eyes have gold curling lashes and reveal the Pure as the half-lifted lid of a Chalice. And Babette has the sun in her hair, the sun of Spring, pale gold, that veils its face in mists in the morning of the year, and prays to God.

How fair the plump little hand resting upon that great black wheel; how that mazarine blue cotton gown clings about glimmering whiteness of throat and neck, like a strip of sweet sky to little opaline clouds; Babette is a wee bit of Heaven. She sits in a great, broad sun-ray; her star-like curls have shaken them-

selves out of the high Acadian braids, and stream about her like the halo in her little print of St. Agnes with the Lamb; one wonders where the hair begins and the sun-ray ends, or whether it be hair or sun. Shy gold rings gleam on the low, broad forehead, like little chancel lamps on white holiness. The mouth has the pure curves of the race, with the coy kisses bursting through, as a bruised field flower that awaits the honey bee, with all its sweetness on its lips; and the mouth of this little maid is tender with her unawakened power of love; full—nay, one does not think of such things when one sees Babette; somehow one never looks at her but through her to the Truth beyond; something there is upon her face and form as vague, as intangible, and no more to be described than the life and force of Spring or the odor of her native Cherokees. One feels the God within; there is that strange half-awe akin to sadness in her presence, that is one with the eternal Beauty which penetrates and moves all life. The village folk are vaguely conscious of this, but can no more analyze the sentiment than they can analyze the sunset blush or the river's blue. Even the rudest lad knows something of it; Alcide and Jeannot never kiss Babette on Fête days or at the village games, as they do Margot and Eliska, though envied of the hamlet is he who wins the look that comes into her eyes at times. The maid has such virginity in the virginal lines of her body, that it seems pure with the purity of intense cold. The chastity of Spring folds around her like a baptismal robe; and as Communion veil, lies the glory of youth upon her head. Her soul seems born with crown of grace upon it, at times one almost sees it shimmer; and the old folk of the village cross themselves and say:

"Our Babette is not as other maids; Chérie, you were born as the roses are." And, in truth, she is almost one of them. Babette is like pictures of virgins one sees in great Roman missals; and the curves of her neck and shoulders, like the Saints' in Cathedral windows. She is a vision from Scripture, a page from Revelations. Her pale, spirituelle, flame-like beauty falls from her as incense from censors. One looks upon her and feels she is not fulfilment, but a promise, the fire-woven veil of the Holy of Holies, half revealing the Perfect; a virgin Prophet of the Beautiful; a consecrated Priestess of the Word; at once a mystery, a solitude, and a light. Yet, Babette is only a little peasant maid, living in the simple, hardy Acadian way; kneading and baking, weaving and spinning, as other lasses by La Belle Riviere; dreaming by night, and singing by day, with a voice that sounds like a little mass bell, of the true love she knows "is coming, is coming."

Babette is fourteen now, and at fourteen one is quite a woman grown in Acadia, and has one's trousseau stuff laid away in the great chest in the loft, where white rose leaves rest upon sweet linen like grace upon an altar cloth.

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

Mrs. Lawless is a native of Michigan, her parents having emigrated from Ireland and settled in the southern part of that state in 1844. She enjoyed in her youth all the advantages afforded by the excellent educational facilities of her native state, and at an early age had completed a collegiate course in mathematics, English sciences, and the classics.

For several years she was employed as a teacher and spent her leisure moments in active literary labor, in prose and verse, all of which met with a favorable reception, but, being published under various pen-names, she never achieved that success which has attended her later efforts.

In 1873 she was united in marriage with Dr. James T. Lawless, a rising physician of Toledo, Ohio. For a number of years Mrs. Lawless devoted herself exclusively to the care of her family, becoming the mother of eight sons, seven of whom are living. The two oldest, though yet in their teens, are far advanced in the classical course at Canisius College, Buffalo, while the five junior members attend the Christian Brothers School in Toledo.

In 1886 Mrs. Lawless renewed her literary labors, this time over her own signature, contributing to all the prominent secular as well as Catholic periodicals, and received with favor by all. Her chosen field is in serious verse, which has appeared in the Catholic World, Ave Maria, Pilot, American Magazine, Lippincott's, Travelers' Record, as well as many of the prominent weekly publications of the eastern and middle states. She has also written a vast amount of prose on literary, educational and domestic topics, as well as verse for children, most of which has appeared without her name. Her favorite field for the last two years has been the Home Circle of the Catholic Universe of Cleveland, in which she has conducted a department for young folks and which has proven very successful and popular.

Like her husband, Mrs. Lawless is an ardent and aggressive advocate of Catholic education and has not spared any effort of pen or tongue to aid the cause.

A portrait and sketch of Mrs. Lawless appears in the work published during the Columbian Exposition, entitled "A Woman of the Century." She has not published any book, knowing how coldly books of verse are received, but has always preferred the kinder hearing she finds in current publications. Her verse is copied widely wherever it appears.

LXXIX.—THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

I saw the great sky open down all its deeps of blue,
I saw the hosts of heaven come thronging swiftly through,
And cherubim and seraphim float softly into view.

They met, they closed together, and upward held their wings,
And arm to arm they waited with gentle flutterings,
Till one expanse of glory shone widely on all things.

Then down the wavering pathway a sea of flaming snow,
I saw a human Presence in silent anguish go—
Great beams crossed on His shoulders, blood from His flesh did flow.

He walked alone and downcast, weighed with a whole world's shame;
He turned not and He spoke not, but through the great white flame
Adown the angels' pinions in grief and silence came.

Yet faltered not, or changed not, with step nor slow nor fleet—
He crossed the azure causeway, where earth and heaven meet,
Till on our world of turmoil He pressed His bleeding feet.

And then dark shadows gathered and peals of thunder broke;
The glory of the heavens was veiled with hanging smoke;
Earth's rocks were rent asunder, earth's dead arose and spoke.

Far in the murky darkness the shadow of the tree
I saw that Being carry stood upward, one of three;
A shriek of mortal anguish came ringing up to me.

Then all was still; the darkness pressed upward over all,
And sun and sky were hidden and earth as in a pall,
And all the spirits vanished within heaven's closed wall.

My lord! my lord! I charge thee, have naught to do with
Him
Who walked the flaming pathway upheld by cherubim,
And bore the tree of sorrow into the shadows dim.

Love, of its strange foreknowledge, my dream interpreteth—
Oh! let it not be vainly! If He must die the death,
Keep thou thy hands blood-guiltless of Him of Nazareth!

LXXX.—GROWING OLD.

Time wove a filmy veil within his loom,
And hung it silently before her face,
As gray frost overlies a garden's bloom
It hides the remnants of lost girlhood's grace.
Yet why bewail? 'Twas she who spun each thread
Which Time took up within his loom to spread.

She bent at care; she quailed at stroke of pain;
She pined at losses; beat the empty air
And called the dead, with anguish deep as vain;
Hearkened no voice but that of her despair,
And all the while Time's silent work went on.
He wove and wove; she wept and frowned, yet spun.

'Twas thus her face was covered o'er and o'er
With network firmer than a silken mesh.
Lily or rose will bloom there never more
Nor dimple cleave again the withered flesh.
Only the yearning soul that knows not age,
Looks out entreating from its shrinking cage.

LXXXI.—AN IDEAL.

To voice in song some high resolve of truth
Which should draw up to it the heart of youth;—
Impetuous youth, so quick to waste its wine
At earth's unworthy tables, when divine
And sacramental it might come to be
If offered at high altars worthily!—
Oh, were it mine such song as that to frame
She of the loud voiced trumpet might blow past my name.

MRS. ANNA ELIZABETH BUCHANAN.

Mrs. Buchanan, née Martin, is a descendant of the Ropers of Canterbury on the mother's side, who was a conscientious member of the Church of England, and with her husband a clergyman, and endeavored to train their two remaining children of five, a son and daughter, in what they thought the good and right way. To everyone's surprise the son was the first to return to the old faith for which their ancestor had so willingly shed his blood, and in a little while he became a priest. Mrs. Buchanan, however, did not follow his example till long after her marriage and the birth of her only child and son. She has not published her writings in book form, most of her work being sketches for magazines, of which some are graphic and instructive. Her "Sketches of Merrie England" in the Catholic Reading Circle Review are very interesting. She is a resident of the West and takes great interest in educational questions.

LXXXII.—JEWELED VOTIVE OFFERINGS.

(From Catholic Reading Circle Review.)

Almighty God has set the earth with gems; bright sparkling gems, that yield to the wheel of the lapidary to be fashioned into any form or size for use. They gleam like so many stars in darkest mines beneath the earth, and above it they sparkle and beautify many a desolate spot beyond the ken of the geologist. The intelligent observer who is attracted by a play of colors on a crystal at his feet, will immediately possess himself of the treasure and, providing it be a true gem, will carry it home with delight. This little tenant of the earth or an unhewn rock, is then transported in purest gold to the ball room, the opera house, or dining hall, to adorn the head, the arm, the hand, or the dress of some one of our fellow beings; and its errand is sometimes to sparkle and outshine every other jewel in that brilliant assemblage, by its magnificence. But blessed be God, this is not the only use to which we can dedicate His beautiful gifts. There still remains the one Church which, from the beginning, has decorated with jewels and stones—the most precious, and where in the nineteenth century we find the choicest gems in their lawful repository.

"Their grades of luster flash upon the world with rarest emphasis."

Every jewel in the House of God tells its own story, be the giver rich or poor, peasant or king; and, the Catholic Church receives now, as ever, countless offer-

ings of countless love and gratitude from her devoted children.

Mosaics of precious stones form pictures and beautify the walls of churches; diamonds of the first water are set in Chalices and other sacred Vessels; there are symbols of glittering jewels on the Vestments, and these symbols adorn the door of the Tabernacle and the Altar; everything used in the service of the Sanctuary is made beautiful with God's own choice gifts.

The emerald, sapphire, garnet and topaz have been considered emblematical of faith, hope, charity and good works.

The virtues attributed to the amethyst made it a favorite stone, and we see it in the episcopal ring. Often, too, has this jewel been given to God in thanksgiving for some one of these virtues.

At the Miraculous Shrine, the healed cripple not only leaves his crutches, but he seeks out the best souvenir his means will afford and places it among the votive offerings on the sacred wall to tell of the goodness of God and as a token of that gratitude which fills his heart to overflowing. This memento invariably contains a gem, the best that he can offer.

The countless exvotos upon the walls of Catholic churches and shrines everywhere, are not only so many witnesses for the devotion of the faithful, but they are incontestable proofs of the great power of Him, Who, when he built His Church, promised her His continual presence. Anyone who dares to deny the loving care of the Good Shepherd for the sheep of His one fold has only to go where he may see these thousands of thank-offerings that sparkle alike in basilica's and the humblest shrine.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

Margaret Frances Buchanan is a daughter of James Buchanan and Susan Gorman. Her father, who was a manufacturer in Ulster, Ireland, died in her infancy, and the family came to America. Her education was had in the city of Detroit in schools taught by Sisters of Charity and Religious of the Sacred Heart, and also in public institutions and by secular private teachers. It embraced a four-years' course in Latin and Greek, with modern languages, music, drawing and physical sciences. At eighteen she became an editorial writer on a daily newspaper, and has occupied that position, except during intervals of rest, on several of the greatest journals of the country. In 1874 she married Alexander Sullivan, a native of Maine, a lawyer by profession. Their home is at Chicago. "Ireland of Today," by Mrs. Sullivan, reached a sale of 30,000 copies. She is joint author with Mrs. Mary E. Blake, of Boston, of "Mexico, Picturesque, Political and Progressive." Mrs. Sullivan has contributed to the principal magazines of the United States. She was selected in 1889 to be representative of the entire press of the United States at the Universal Exposition, Paris, and at its opening ceremony was the only writer to whom a seat was assigned in line with the president of the republic, and the only representative of the press thus invited to assist at the ceremony.

LXXXIII.—"TWO HOURS IN A LIFE."

[The board of women managers of the Cotton States and International Exposition, to be opened at Atlanta, Ga., in September, edited the Valentine Day edition of the Atlanta Journal. They requested contributions from various persons, and asked Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan to be the representative of Chicago. The following article was sent in response to the request:]

I. ON AN ALPINE SUMMIT.

The crown of the Righi is so narrow six thousand feet above the sea that if you should wander a few steps within the cloud that generally veils the summit you would be sure to lose your footing.

The cloud comes suddenly and from nowhere. It wets the face and the hands in a ghostly way and sometimes is so dense that you cannot see your companion within reach of your outstretched hand. Now the cloud passes; it is sunset. Far in one direction you see 150 miles of snow-hooded mountains, like a congregation of white friars at vespers. The descending sun gilds the outline of the cones, gold on white, fading into green and purple, rising here and there for uncountable miles into violet or deepening into crimson. Scarlet bands zone the middle plane of the mountains at intervals, and between great peaks prismatic masses float and fall with the shimmer of wind through sunset-flooded crevasses. Always, as you look upward, are the eternal cowls in infinite white repose.

To the east tempests have broken loose. Titanic passions embroil clouds and mountains in combats

mythologic; in such contests giants wrestled with gods and bore them bound to earth. Fierce lightnings glare; volleys of thunder reverberate through the obscured heavens. Gigantic sheets of rain, here dull and leaden, there alight with sudden avalanches of sunset shot through cloudy glades, are suspended in mid air. Lightning has put its torch to the empyrean; fires glow in cloud cumuli as from the forges of the gods and mighty hammers sound on secluded anvils. Yet one feels no terror on that Alpine crown. Human emotion has ceased. A transfiguration of spirit has taken place. A celestial spell has succeeded the fallen chains of earth. Its fears, its pangs, are fables.

Once more shines the tranquil zenith, blue with the depth of azure that follows the sun when cloudless and not yet touched with the dusk that is to deepen into darkness. What majesty! What splendor! What beauty! What calm!

You may look far toward earth for the fugitive paths of storms that but a moment ago deafened with their thunder, blinded with their whirlwinds, and dazzled with their lightning. Beyond the power of human sight to penetrate, the elemental strife has been marshaled by its still contending forces; lo, still farther toward earth is yet a newer prospect.

Placid lakes glittering in the lingering yellow diffused through space you cannot discern for ramparts of Alps between. Like motes on water are flocks of pleasure craft, some oared, some gliding with wing-like sails to the lively zephyr of the mountains; human figures barely perceptible in the shadows and along the undulating shores. On every side are little groups of accents that you know are villages. There a spire rises; here

a cascade leaps; the fields are being fondled by labor, for it is harvest time in the Alps. There is no dread upon the summit as darkness at last creeps reverently up from the valleys. "The world is too much with us," complains the poet. On the Alpine summit at night there is no world. Only God.

II. THE TIDE AND THE CHILD.

The sea was flowing softly along the sands. Behind was the summer-gathering of rest seekers and idlers, chatting, playing games, some of them on the way to the surf, others laughing over a stirring story of adventure. The nurse had gone to the house several hundred yards away, and forgotten the babe. It lay on its back on the sands, shoeless, stockingless; having divested itself of those needless coverings when the air was warm and the sands caressing. Pink toes were turned to pearl by the gentle swash of the tide that came nearer and nearer and caused the child to dip its little hand into the coming curl whose crisp edges tickled its bare soles and made it blithe with surprise and pleasure. Nearer, nearer, with every fresh impulse from the great heart of the sea; and the babe was unknowing of its peril. Nearer and nearer; now the water splashes its ankles and brings a chuckle to its lips, for they tasted brine.

Nearer and nearer; and the little arms were bathed. Nearer and nearer and the white frock lost its stiffness, and the babe laughed merrily at the great sea. This is the sea, I thought, that has sunk islands, perhaps continents, in a moment. This is the sea the Persian, seated on his throne, beheld in frenzy destroy the fleet

with which he hoped to vanquish Greece. This is the sea that scuttled the armada of Spain, that, if its intent had been wrought, would have written out of history the empire of England. This is the sea that has swallowed great ships in single gulps, with hundreds of quivering souls sealed in their doomed caverns. This is the sea whose tumult reaches the stars; whose tusks eat into the flanks of granite cliffs; whose mouth snatches all foods; whose envy and avarice are without bounds—the conscienceless, wild abyss of death.

Hurtless, it plays with the dimpled fingers of the babe, for the tide, where those fingers wrote nothing on the sands, had reached its innermost line and thence had begun to recede. "Thus far and no farther," was the eternal command of the same power that holds the Alps upon their everlasting bases.

LXXXIV.—A PRAYER OF DOUBT.

(From the Catholic World.)

The mystery of life, O Lord! do thou disclose:
Why riches, honor, happiness to those
Who love thee not, are given without stint,
While they who pray for faith alone remain like flint:
Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

Some feet are consecrate, O Lord! from birth to thee;
Mine have wandered, reckless and uncertainly:
Show me the path—how sharp its thorny wall—
Oh! take my hand or I shall faint and fall:
Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

The souls that love thee, Lord, thy sweetness know:
My soul is cold as mountain capped with snow:
Touch thou its crest with ray of warmth divine:
Lo! with thy glory doth the mountain shine.
Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

Some hearts thou fillest, Lord, with radiant hope:
My eastern windows rarely, dimly ope:
Glance thou this way; the curtains are withdrawn—
My house is burnished with thine eyelids' dawn!
Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

Mrs. Blake, though born in Waterford, Ireland, came to America at so early an age and has contributed so substantially to Catholic-American literature that we must name her among the most important of our women writers.

Mrs. Blake has been and still is a great traveler, "walking," as she says, "six or seven hundred miles with my boys in Europe, and very fond of all sorts of out-door exercise, in consequence of which I am beginning my second half century with far more strength and activity than usually falls to the lot of women. We go walking again about the Tyrol and Switzerland next summer if God wills. The little I have written has been of great comfort and help to myself in the few times of grievous trouble which have been the shadows of our otherwise most happy life. And it is one of my dearest remembrances that others who have suffered tell me that they, too, have been helped and made hopeful by my work."

Neither in her sketches of travels nor her literary articles does Mrs. Blake give her best prose, but in her papers on social questions.

She has published three volumes of prose and four of poetry and any number of essays on various subjects, which may some day be resolved into several volumes.

"Verses Along the Way," "On the Wing," "Californian Sketches," "Rambling Talk," and "Poems" dedicated to her husband, Dr. J. G. Blake, a leading physician of Boston. Mr. Lecky, in his "Down at Caxton's," gives a graphic description of Mrs. Blake in her home.

LXXXV.—THE FAITH THAT MOVES MOUNTAINS.

(From Ave Maria.)

Those who believe that the age of faith, and the circumstances which made it remarkable, have alike passed from among the generations of men, would be less certain of their position if they sometimes pushed inquiry outside the limits of what we are pleased to term high civilization, and studied the conditions which exist where primitive simplicity of belief, and confidence in supernatural helpfulness, still hold their sway. The little story which follows is taken from a collection recently published by one of the foremost Spanish novelists—Father Luis Colomba, of the Society of Jesus. Its absolute truth in every particular is vouched for by Archbishop Arciga of Mexico; and the fact that he publicly expresses his pleasure that it has been printed makes it evident that he satisfied himself first of the honesty of the narrator before he allowed the touching history to be published.

One of the most sublime teachings of Holy Writ is its presentation of the workings of Divine Providence in a visible and marvelous manner, in the small as well as the great events which make up the lives of men. We see God triumph in battles, overthrow cities, destroy thrones, ruin empires. Kings become rods in His hands wherewith to scourge other kings; people, calamities with which to destroy other people; the elements, ministers of justice which devastate a world. On the other hand, we see Him sustain the frail

basket of reeds in which a child floats upon the water; place an olive-branch in the beak of the ark-returning dove; direct the wings of the raven that bears food to His prophet; speed the stone from the sling of a shepherd boy, who is afterward to become the ruler of His people. And in this mixture of the great and the small, of catastrophe and insignificance, man discovers the ways in which Infinite Wisdom works with omnipotent foresight. He sees face to face the divine beneficence of One who directs all things for the ultimate good of His children; and in the shadow of that limitless love, under shelter of that supreme power, he rests tranquilly, like the child cradled in the love of a mother and the strength of a father.

Nor is this form of instruction without practical application in the present. The time is gone by when patriarchs and prophets conversed familiarly with their Creator, and received His commands by means of celestial messengers and prodigious signs. But truth is older than time: it neither decays nor dies. God remains forever the same; He is pleased sometimes to rend the veil which hides Him, in order to demonstrate to man that the omnipotent Hand which worked success and failure in Bible-days guides yet the happenings of existence; that the same paternal solicitude that fed the Israelites in the desert feeds now the wanderer who trusts in Him; and that to-day, yesterday, and to-morrow, one should replace in every tongue the pagan word Fate by the more beautiful and blessed Christian thought, Providence.

What we are about to relate was told to us by the Jesuit Father, who received the account from the lips of the Most Rev. José Ignacio Arciga, Archbishop of

Michoacan, to whose knowledge it was personally brought.

In that portion of Mexico known as the Tierras Calientes, or Hot Lands, is the town of Huacana, about seventy miles distant from Morelia, the capital of Michoacan. It contains some five thousand inhabitants, and is the market of all the villages and farms for twenty leagues around. The prevalence of a multitude of diseases (which the heat, great even in winter, renders unusually severe)—constant malaria and yellow fever, with other complaints indigenous to the locality—keep strangers away from the beautiful country, and make it one of the least populous districts in Mexico. Nevertheless, it is richer than any other portion—like an infected Paradise in which it is forbidden to dwell. The flora and fauna are superb in variety and beauty. Magnificent rivers roll through the land; groves of palm, plantains and fruit-trees cover its surface, alternating with rich forests of precious woods. Birds of wonderful plumage, for which science and fashion dispute—the one for its cabinets, the other for its caprices; game of all kinds, from the hare to the leopard, from deer, which abound, to the jaguar, with its spotted skin and ferocious cunning, swarm in the thick underbrush of the mountain defiles. And in the midst of this ostentatious luxury of nature, deep in the bosom of the opulent but inhospitable earth, as if wicked spirits had buried it there to mock at human covetousness, is hidden treasure of copper, of iron, of silver, that not even the grasping fingers of avarice have been able to disinter.

Laziness, which fertility of soil and the enervation of a tropical climate help to increase, is the general

vice of the natives, who are for the most part descended from early Spanish settlers from Andalusia and Estremadura. They have not the cunning of most indolent races, whose habitual gentleness disguises somewhat the quick passion that smoulders beneath. They are simple, hospitable, generous, and brave. When roused to anger, the panthers of their native woods are not more terrible than they, with the long, slender Moorish daggers, which they use with consummate skill in their quarrels. To "play the knife," as they call it, with greater dexterity than any others of their countrymen is the highest glory to which they aspire; and during the bloody combats in which their champions indulge, if the injuries are limited to the loss of only an arm or a leg, the bystanders are accustomed to say, with the greatest indifference: "Ah, it was like swan's-down!"

Toward the close of the year 1868 the Archbishop of Michoacan arrived at Huacana, to prepare for Confirmation at the parish church of San Juan de Huaca. It was his first visit to this portion of his diocese, and the country people received him with an enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. Bands of men and women came from the distant mountains; long processions, on foot or on horseback, journeyed down the precipitous paths, singing joyously on the way, and running like pleased children to salute the Archbishop. According to the custom of the country, each brought an offering—gifts in almost every case of too great value for the poverty of their condition.

"I have a young milch cow for your Grace."

"And I a yoke of oxen."

"And I a fine colt."

Overwhelmed by such spontaneous and splendid

generosity, the good Archbishop attempted to find some way in which, without wounding their pride and self-respect, he could spare his people the sacrifices they were making in his behalf. Receiving them with most paternal affection, he succeeded in making them understand that he would be more pleased with some simple present of fruit or flowers, while giving full credit to the large-heartedness of their desire to do him honor. With admirable tact, he thus bestowed on them again their own charity; and, as result of the compromise, the largest building in the town overflowed with melons, oranges, lemons and cocoanuts, from which the rustic visitors were generously fed.

One day on entering the confessional, according to his custom on these pastoral visits, in order himself to prepare the older people desiring Confirmation, he saw a poor paralytic waiting his turn patiently among the throng without. Beckoning to him, that he might be spared the weariness of long delay, the prelate, before hearing his confession, began to question him, as was necessary because of the ignorance of Christian doctrine in those remote regions, where priests were few and far between.

"Where do you come from, my child?"

"From the mountain, about fifteen leagues away, little Father," answered the old man, with the loving use of diminutives which belongs to primitive races.

"And how did you get here?"

"On the back of a mule, little Father."

"Are you married?"

"I am a widower, little Father, with two little girls, who are married now."

"What is your occupation?"

"A hunter, little Father."

"You—a hunter!" said the prelate, astonished and smiling.

"Yes, little Father," answered the paralytic, very seriously.

"But what do you hunt?"

"I hunt deer, my little Father."

"Deer! Oh, my good man, that can not possibly be!" said the kind Archbishop, half amused, half annoyed, convinced that he had to do either with a weak-minded fellow or a wag. But his doubt as to sincerity was soon removed; and a lively curiosity took hold of him when the old man, with a gentle, deprecating shrug, but an expression of simple conviction, as if he were offering the key of the enigma, went on:

"It certainly could not be if my Father God did not help me."

Surprised and moved at the naive answer, the Archbishop began to inquire his meaning more particularly.

"You see, your Worship, this is the way. As I told you before, my wife died long ago, and left me with two young children to bring up. Ever since this is the way I have passed the days the Lord has given me to live: I get up in the morning and say a prayer to my Father God. Then I eat the food my little girls have left for me; and, dragging myself along as well as I'm able, I go into the field near my hut with my carbine. When I get a few steps away from the house, my Father God sends a deer, just as I asked Him in my prayer. I shoot him; my children come and drag him into the house; and with the flesh and the skin, which we sell, we have supported ourselves all these years."

The Archbishop, amazed at the story, and the simple ingenuousness with which it was told, in the quaint and picturesque dialect of the region, waited a moment before he asked the old man to repeat the prayer which he made each morning to Him whom, with the trusting confidence of a child, he called "Father."

"Oh, I can not do that! I can not do that, little Father!" answered the paralytic.

"And why not?"

"Because it would make me too much ashamed."

"But, my child, don't you say it each morning to God?"

"Ah, yes, little Father! But my Father God—why, you see it is quite another thing with Him."

"But I beg you to tell me. Why will you not give me this pleasure?"

"Little Father, I would like to do anything you wish, but not this; this would make me too much ashamed."

"But when I beseech you! Come, now, my dear child, do me the favor I ask. Don't mind at all, but tell me."

"But, my little Father, I didn't learn this prayer from any book, and no one ever taught me a word of it."

"No matter—no matter! Let me hear it."

"Well, then, little Father, since you insist, and if you won't laugh at me. When I kneel down by my bed, I say: 'Eh, Father God! It was You who gave me these two little girls that I have; and it was You who gave me this sickness which won't let me get about. I have to feed my little girls, so that they won't be driven to do anything to offend You. Come now, my

Father, bring me a deer to-day where I can shoot it, and so bring help to my poor children.'"

The Archbishop listened silently and reverently, as if the Prince of the Church were receiving a lesson from the humble creature before him; and the old man continued with the same simplicity:

"That's the whole prayer, little Father. Then when I say it I go into the field, sure to meet what I prayed for to my Father God; and I always meet it. It 's twenty years now, but it has never failed me; for my Father God is very good—oh, very good!"

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Does this miracle startle you? Do you perhaps doubt it, because sometimes you too have asked a grace and it has not been granted, or a help which has not been given, or some coveted desire which never was fulfilled? Perhaps the poor paralytic would have been able to tell you why. The Archbishop might whisper to you—but very softly, so as not to humiliate your pride—that this poor half-savage, in the wilds of Mexico, invoked his God with a heart perfectly submissive; and lifted up to Him, like St. Paul, "pure hands,"—so pure that, after twenty years of battle with infirmity and poverty, his most grievous fault was that he had once struck a dog which he found devouring the carcass of his deer. He had no sins to confess. Let this remove your scepticism. For it is no surprise that God should do what He has promised; the surprise would be if He should not fulfil His word.

MOTHER AUSTIN CARROLL.

Mother Austin Carroll, authoress of the "Life of Mother McCauley," "Leaves of the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," 4 vols.; "Life of St. Alphonsus," "Life of Venerable Clement Hofbauer," "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," "Happy Hours of Childhood," and a number of other valuable works, was born in Clonmel, Ireland, in 1836, educated mostly there. Entered the Convent of St. Mary's of the Isle, Cork, 1853, and professed 1854. Aided in establishing the Order in Buffalo, Rochester, Omaha, under Mother Xavier Warde. Established Convents in New Orleans '69 Biloxi, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Belize, British Honduras and is now (1895), in Selma, Alabama. Mother Austin has, in addition to her office of Superior during these years been very busy with her facile pen contributing to many periodical magazines, among which are the American Catholic Quarterly Review, Philadelphia Catholic Record, Catholic World, Irish Monthly, besides a large European correspondence. Has passed through several severe epidemics.

Though Mother Austin spent much of her life in Europe, yet her literary life has been truly given to America and Americans, especially by her active services in our schools, which she has established and attended. She has founded in this country over twenty Convents. We trust that some day an extended biography will be published, for a life so apostolic and evangelic, so to say, must be filled with material interesting and instructive. M. S. O. St. M.

LXXXVI.—THE URSULINES OF LOUISIANA IN FRENCH COLONIAL DAYS.

[From American Catholic Quarterly Review.]

To elucidate this theme thoroughly, it would be well to give a synopsis of the history of Louisiana, the dynasties, that took, but would not keep, for their crowns so fair a jewel, the men of renown who sojourned within her borders, the feats of arms done in her defense by loyal citizens and reclaimed privateers, the Indian wars raging almost without truce, the foreign and civil wars, the stock-jobbing of Law, who was to create wealth, so to say, by the wand of a magician. These remarkable men, and deeds of valor, and banking bubbles, had their influence on education, and it would be a pleasing task to trace it in its various phases through administrative, municipal, religious and domestic life.

La Salle reached the Mississippi on April 6th, 1682. On the 9th he baptized the country which he explored by the sweet sounding name of Louisiana, and his chaplain, in presence of three French, eighteen Abnak, ten Indian women and three children, blessed Louisiana, and dedicated it to God amid a roaring of cannon, the singing of hymns, and the recital of appropriate prayers. Five years later, La Salle was assassinated. Nothing was done to colonize the immense territory of which he had been viceroy. His grand discovery was almost forgotten and the Father of Waters disappeared from the navigators' charts. When another famous mariner, Iberville, entered the great river by the gulf March

2d, 1699, not a hut was to be seen. Sea marsh and virgin forests greeted his eyes; but as time wore on, mementos of the earlier sailors disappeared. A letter, or speaking bark, from Tonti, and a breviary in which was written the name of a companion of La Salle, were given to Iberville by an Indian, and Tonti himself came, like a ghost from the past, to tell the mighty deeds of his brave but unfortunate master to the mariners now following up his discoveries.

Chevalier Tonti, La Salle's trusted friend, was known as "the Man of the Copper Hand." The loss of a hand in the wars in Sicily he had repaired by one made of copper.

The premature death of Sanvolle in Biloxi, and of Iberville in the West Indies, left the sole care of Louisiana to their brother, Bienville, who became the founder of New Orleans and Mobile.

When Bienville, with unerring sagacity, selected on a bend of the great river the best site for a commercial emporium, he set fifty men (1718) to clear the soil of its rank vegetation, and build huts of moss and wattles, roofed with bark and palmetto. In 1722, just as the capital had been transferred to Nouvelle Orleans from the lonely beach of Biloxi, there were one hundred cabins scattered over the highest patches of the morass, and Charlevoix, who visited the embryo city, was touched by the spiritual destitution of the white settlers and the Indians, whose camp-fires lit up the river banks and sparkled in the dense forest beyond the flimsy palisade. There was no need of schools. Few children, if any, had come to bless the dismal kraal in which the keen-eyed Charlevoix saw the nucleus of a populous and opulent city. In 1723 the Bishop of

Quebec sent Franciscans to the white settlers, and in 1724 Jesuits came to evangelize the Indians. By 1726 many women had joined their husbands, and children were frolicking in the jungle and staring with terror in their wide eyes at the alligators that wriggled in the moat, and the frogs that croaked forever in the slime. At that early date the sagacious Bienville was devising ways and means to furnish the colony with good schools. He was too acute not to perceive that families would not establish permanent homes in the colony unless educational facilities were provided for their children. Bienville, anxious to root families to the soil, and knowing that civilization depends largely on the careful training of girls, took extraordinary pains to secure capable teachers, and as the best were to be found in convents, he consulted Father Beaubois, Superior of the Jesuits, a man of great zeal and energy. Their views were identical, and Beaubois offered to apply to the Ursulines of Rouen. After much negotiation, a treaty was concluded September 13, 1726, by which these ladies engaged to supply teachers and nurses for New Orleans.

A lady bearing the somewhat singular name of Tranchepain (slice of bread) was appointed Superior. . . . Louis XV., of whom so little good can be said, was a generous patron of this work, as the brève or official letter setting forth its object and conditions testifies.

Almost all the Ursulines in France were volunteers in the good cause, and those obliged to remain at home had a holy envy of those selected for this perilous mission.

All the nuns for the Louisiana mission assembled

in the monastery of Hennebon, in Brittany, to acknowledge as Superior Marie Tranchepain of St. Augustine, January 1st, 1727. Their action was confirmed by two letters from the Bishop of Quebec, Monseigneur Delacroix, one to Mother Tranchepain, the other to Father Beaubois. Louisiana was in his diocese, Quebec being under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Rouen. The missionary nuns were twelve. They gave their submission according to their respective ranks, eager to sacrifice themselves for the glory of God and the salvation of their fellow-creatures, and filled with a holy enthusiasm which helped them in their sublime vocation.

On the 27th of January, 1727, the nuns looked their last on Paris, whence they journeyed to L'Orient, delayed by execrable roads and bad weather, but bright and cheerful under all contrarieties. . . . They sailed in the Gironde with Jesuit Fathers Tartarin and Dontreleau, and Frère Crucy. . . . No words of ours can describe nor would it be easy to imagine, in these days of rapid travel and Pullman boudoirs and ocean palaces, the sufferings of those "who went down to sea in ships" a hundred and seventy years ago.

The voyage had its chronicler, every incident is vividly described in the letters and diaries of Mother Tranchepain. . . . These ladies, first teachers of Louisiana, wrote with ease and elegance, and a grace and liveliness which the lecturers who expatiate so perseveringly on the benighted times of old could not, we fear, equal. . . .

Probably no scene on earth is so bleak and dreary as the entrance from the Gulf to the Mississippi. An interminable waste of waters, a vast morass impas-

sable for man or beast, shoals, sand bars, low strips of coast covered with poplars, prairies of reeds, a wilderness of canebrakes—the mouths of the river were then strewn with driftwood and half choked with wrecks. As they ascended, forests that seemed coëval with the creation, here and there a solitary hut for pilots, stretches of green savanna, gaunt trunks of trees stuck fast in the sand, snags, to-day the crux of the riverman, gigantic cypresses shrouded in funereal moss, half submerged in the yellow waves. Gloom and magnificence everywhere mingled; fishes disporting themselves ruffled the old gold surface of the melancholy river; blue cranes like flying skeletons hovered about the masts; swarthy half-nude natives in pirogues and shaloupes glided among the wondrous waves shimmering in the mystic charm of the summer sunlight. But dreadful was the navigation of the lower Mississippi in those days. As the Sisters neared their future home, the flat monotony of the landscape was agreeably diversified by masses of dark foliage, sparkling at night with fireflies, which made a gorgeous illumination. Planters' houses squatting among half-cleared areas—huge, unwieldly structures, wide halls dividing their whole length—the river beating against the edge of the miry ground and threatening to submerge it; right joyfully were the travelers welcomed by the habitans, "honest people from France or Canada, who will send us their children." . . The nuns reached New Orleans on August 7th, 1727. An early writer has described the village as a vast sink or sewer. It was surrounded by a deep ditch, and fenced with sharp stakes, wedged closely together. Tall reeds, coarse grasses grew in the streets and a stone's

throw from the rickety church reptiles hissed and wild beasts and malefactors lurked protected by impenetrable jungle. . . . The air was on fire with mosquitoes. Yet she found the climate balmy and soothing.

Mother Tranchepain dilates on her joy and consolation on touching the soil of New Orleans: "We set out for Father Beaubois' house, and met him coming towards us, leaning on a staff because of his weakness. He looked pale and weary, but on seeing us brightened up." He was recovering from a dangerous illness. A crayon sketch, kindly lent the writer by the amiable successor of Mother Tranchepain, gives a lively representation of the "Landing of the Ursulines." The nuns are in procession, wearing the ample garb of their order. Sister Hachard's fine strong lineaments are partially concealed by the flowing white veil of a novice. F. Beaubois presents them to the Capuchin pastors of the town, and points out the Indians and negroes their future charges. A negress holding a solemn ebony baby regards the group with awe and wonderment. A beautiful squaw, decked with beads and shells, surrounded by plump papooses, half reclines with natural grace on some logs, and a very large Congo negro has dropped his work and betaken himself to the top of a wood-pile to gaze leisurely on the scene. Claude Massy, an Ursuline postulant, carries a cat which she tenderly caresses; another, "Sister Anne," is searching a basket for something. Both wear the high peaked Normandy cap. Franciscans, heavily bearded, and Jesuits in large cloaks appear in the distance. Immense trees, which have long since disappeared, overshadow the whole group. The picture is a most interesting and

valuable relic, probably the only one in existence which shows, tout-ensemble, the first schoolmasters and school mistresses of any country, and its earliest preachers of the Gospel of Peace.

The nuns breakfasted with Father Beaubois, Governor Perier, Madame Perier, and all the chief people welcomed them as risen from the dead, for they had been given up as lost. Bienville's country house, the best in the colony, given them provisionally, was a two-story edifice with a flat roof, used as a belvidere or gallery, situated on Bienville street. . . . Six doors gave ingress and egress to the apartments on the ground floor. Large and numerous windows, with sashes covered with fine linen, let in as much light as glass. The garden opened on Bienville street. From the roof the nuns might gaze on a scene of weird and solemn splendor. Swamps and clumps of palmetto and tangled vines; the surrounding wilderness with groups of spreading live oaks (chênières) cut up by glassy bayous, was the home of reptiles, wild beasts, vultures, herons and many wondrous specimens of the fauna of Louisiana. Here were flocks of the pelican, fabled to feed its young from its bosom, and chosen as a symbol of the teeming soil of Louisiana, as it had been chosen from earlier times as a beautiful type of Jesus, pius pelicanus, who feeds His children with His own Sacred Body and Blood. Our novice makes the immense trees, which surround the garden, responsible for the terrible atoms she called frappes d'abord, "which sting without mercy and threaten to assassinate us." They came at sunset, and after preying on the nuns all night, returned to the woods at sunrise.

The holy sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the

first time in the temporary convent, August 9th, 1727, by Father Beaubois, who acted as chaplain to the little community. In accordance with their earnest desire, he placed the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle, which their deft fingers had lovingly prepared, October 5th.

They were the only consecrated virgins in the vast region now known as the United States, and it would not be easy to imagine their emotion when bowed down before the Awful Presence, they offered reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the indifference or sinfulness of the multitude, and besought the Fountain of all mercies to bestow the gift of Faith on the savages they had come so far to reclaim.

This, then, was the first girls' school established in Louisiana. It was established primarily as a free-school. The receiving of the rich as boarders was an after thought. So the free-school instead of being the outgrowth of a new idea due to our northern friends is contemporaneous with the colonization of Louisiana.

It was on a fair summer evening, the air cool and balmy, after days of incessant rain, that the nuns took possession of their new convent, July 13, 1734, the first built on the delta of the Mississippi, and the oldest in the United States by some seventy years. Great progress had been made in the education of the young at this early epoch.

Their removal to their new monastery was the occasion of one of the most elegant pageants ever devised in the city of pageants, one which shows conclusively that the Louisianians had taken, as it were, naturally, such culture as the Ursulines were able to give. To-day, after all that has been said about the decora-

tion in art and the esthetic everywhere, we doubt if anything more chaste, yet stirring and showy, could be devised, great though our resources be. From July 2d the nuns had been looking in vain for favorable weather. On Saturday, 13th, the sudden clearing of the sky they took as a good omen, and at 5 p. m. all their bells rang out to announce their intended departure. Bienville, whose third term (1733-1743) had recently begun, soon appeared in the convent chapel, where the nuns knelt for the last time. Fathers Beaubois and Petit, and Brother Parisel, Jesuits; Fathers Philip and Pierre, Capuchins, and the most distinguished people of the place, surrounded by the brilliantly lighted altar, and the troops, half French, half Swiss, drew up on either side of the old convent.

Father Philip gave benediction, assisted by Fathers Beaubois and Petit. All left the chapel processionally, the citizens opening the march. Then came the children of the orphanage, and the day school, followed by forty of the principal ladies of the city bearing torches; next twenty young girls robed and veiled in purest white, and twelve others, representing St. Ursula and her 11,000 companions. The boarders, orphans and day-pupils carried wax tapers. The young lady who personated St. Ursula wore a costly robe and a regal mantle of tissue of silver. Her crown glittered with pearls and diamonds, and a veil of the richest lace fell about her in graceful folds. She bore in her hand a heart pierced with arrows made with wondrous skill. Fair children arrayed as angels surrounded her, and all waved palm branches, emblematic of the glorious victory won by the heroic virgin martyrs whom they had the honor to represent. Lastly came the Relig-

ious with lighted candles, and the clergy carrying a rich canopy, under which the Most Blessed Sacrament was borne in triumph. Bienville and his staff, the intendant, Mons. Salmon, and the whole population formed their escort. The soldiers moved in single file on each side, about four feet from the procession. Hymns were sung by all to the accompaniment of fifes and drums, making pleasing harmony. This moving panorama of light, color, and beauty, halted between the church and the Place d'Armes, and defiled gracefully into the aisles, the troops kneeling and presenting arms to do honor to the Blessed Sacrament.

The whole scene of July 13th, 1734, intensely dramatic as it was, passes before our mind's eye in its quaint and gorgeous beauty. This must have equaled in beauty and variety any other religious display ever devised, and speaks volumes for the culture of Louisiana in French Colonial days.

Once when bound for the bright southern seas, we glided past the lower horn of the river's crescent, in the blaze and brilliancy of noon-tide. The sweet, soft breeze, laden with the odor of lilies, and the aroma of the white-starred orange tree, and the pink oleander, scarcely ruffled the glassy waters that reflected the changeful sky. The landscape reposing in the luminous atmosphere was exquisitely peaceful. Rising out of the river, embowered in fresh green shrubbery, is a huge white pile whose windows innumerable look out on blooming meadows, giant oaks, fields of maize and sugar-cane, mirrored in the yellow river. What bewitching combination of light and shade, of blue sky, old gold waters, pale green leafage and blossoms of every hue. A sylvan paradise, the beauty of which we

have no words to depict, surrounds the Ursuline Convent. We have gazed upon the scene when the moonbeam quivered on the foliage, and made fantastic figures as they played among the ancient trees, silvering the whole by their magic touches into dreamy, indescribable loveliness.

How many associations has the Mississippi for the inmates of that convent since it bore their ancestresses in religion to this fertile spot. Where are the gentle sisters, the ardent priests, the mailed warriors who came hither with chivalrous promptitude, to win souls to the good God?

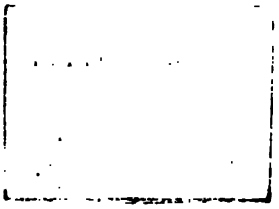
From their belvideres the Religious to-day can look into the depths of the river on which their predecessors shed such a glamour of poetry and romance. Where are they now? Do the ancient nuns never see phantom-boats, guided by the spirits of the great ones of old, moving over its fair bosom in the dusky twilight or the white moonlight?

Alas! all—even the "faithless phantoms," and the pale ghosts, and the fair wraiths, have departed. But the deeds of daring, of brave men and the gentle virtues of saintly women, and the sweet light of holiness, have cast a halo around the old place and glorified it forever.

The place remains, while those who gave it undying interest, have passed away. Yet the walls still echo sweet children's voices, and the song of the cloistered virgins is heard by angels, if not by men, and the old white monastery looks out forever from its leafy bowers on the eddying, whispering river.



Mary Josephine Graham



MRS. JULIA BARRY HEALY.

Mrs. Julia Barry Healy is a native of Shelby County, Kentucky. She is the second daughter of the late Dr. J. J. Barry, author of a "Life of Christopher Columbus," and "Medical Christian Embryology." He also contributed to many of the literary and medical magazines. Mrs. Healy was educated at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. She inherits her father's literary tastes and, as he was, she is fond of recondite subjects.

She began writing for the press in her early teens and some of her best productions appeared under her maiden name, Julia George Barry.

She wields a facile pen and her writings have been widely copied, both in the United States and Canada. They have never been published collectively.

She edited the "Orphan's Garland" in Louisville, Ky., in 1875, 1876 and 1877, and the poor and the needy have ever found in her a firm and steadfast friend.

Seventeen years ago she was united in marriage with Dr. John Healy of Marion County, Kentucky, where she at present resides.

LXXXVII.—ST. ZITA'S PRAYER.

The morn was bright, and, on the air in solemn pleading tone,
The chime rang out; St. Fredian's bell was ringing for the one
Whose scaffold stood, with frowning grace, to welcome as he came
The hardened captive from his cell, to expiate his shame.

For years his crimes for vengeance called, for years he roamed the land
A scourge, a vandal feared by all, chief of a robber band;
His reckless daring knew no law, his fierce soul sought no claim
To honor, pity, love nor truth, Val Fenno was his name.

Then as the crowd looked on his face, with harrowed lines of crime,
Few pity felt, and, none regret, that now had come the time
That justice should resume the sway, when 'mid their angry vim
It seemed as if an angel spoke, "St. Zita prays for him."

Even Val Fenno's eyes grew moist, and o'er the startled crowd
A silence fell, like to the one, when, tearful, we enshroud
A loved one for the silent tomb, a deep respect to pay—
'T is broken now, the captive kneels, and thus begins to pray:—

"Lord Jesus, on Thy very cross, Thou didst not then disdain
The dying, but repentant thief, who in his sad refrain
To Thy low murmurs unto God, 'My enemies forgive,'
With broken hearted sorrow cried, 'with Thee, Lord, let me live.'

"Then, come to me, in comfort come, my soul's conflict allay,
Sweet Savior help me ere I die, O, teach me how to pray!
My crimes are great, my sentence just, thank God repentance came
To soothe my dying hours here and to rid me from hell's flame.

"Call quick a priest with water here, O, Lord! my moments spare,
The tongue that named Thee but to curse was silent when despair
With manacles as strong as fate me held in fetters sore;
The bitterness of death is past; thank God this trial's o'er!"

He knew not that a man of God, whose aid with high disdain
He oft had spurned, was standing near, close with him to remain,
And, in his hand a crystal bowl, with water clear and bright
To cleanse and purify Val's soul, an heir to Heaven's light.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The rite was o'er, the scaffold reached, an angry crowd no more
Stood 'round him, but with joyous hearts that meekly now he bore
His trials as a Christian should, and everybody there
In low tones murmured: "Miracle, wrought by St. Zita's prayer!"

LXXXVIII.—ALL SOULS' DAY.

'T is All Souls' Day, the grave-yard throngs
With young and old with wreath
Of autumn bloom,
To deck the tomb
Of them who sleep beneath;
But who has breathed a prayer, or, a communion made
For the poor soul who went before his farthing last was paid?

What will these flowers do for his soul—
'T is that alone has power.
To sigh and moan,
To writhe and groan,
'Till the redeeming hour.
Now it is past the power life gave to call God's mercy, spare,
And, in its helpless torture pleads you offer alms or prayer.

Then not with flowers, though fair the hand
That weaves them into wreath,
Will come relief
To soothe the grief
Of them who sleep beneath.
Better the alm, the prayer, the fast, or, penance truly made,
This succor in their helpless woe can wither not nor fade.

ANNA T. SADLIER.

Anna T. Sadlier, the daughter of Mary A. and James Sadlier, of the well-known firm of D. & J. Sadlier, publishers in New York City and Montreal, Canada, was born in the latter city, where she received her early education. She resided for a long time in New York, attending the Academy of the Holy Cross, and the French School under the management of Welles, Lagarde and Tardivel.

She has contributed articles to the well-known Catholic periodicals of America and England, and has been for a long time the Canadian correspondent for the Catholic Review, New York, and has written much for several secular magazines. Two volumes of biography, "Women of Catholicity," and "Names That Live in Catholic Hearts;" ten of stories, "Ethel Hamilton," "The King's Page;" thirteen of translations, including "The Monk's Pardon," "Idols," "Ubaldo and Irene," "Matilda of Canossa," "Wonders of Lourdes," "Lucile," "Ivan, the Leper's Son," and "The Two Brothers," "The Old Chest," "The Mysterious Beggar," "The Dumb Boy of Fribourg." The translations were chiefly from the French and Italian. The late Dr. Bronnson commended the translator of "The Wonders of Lourdes," as having the gift of rendering into good English, and the late John Boyle O'Reilly pronounced her story for Harper's Weekly, "Seven Years Mair," as a piece of artistic work. Having been invited to prepare a paper for the "Women's Congress of the World's Fair," she wrote on condition that she would not be required to read it. Her theme "Women of the Middle Ages" was read and reprinted by the English papers with laudatory notices. Miss Sadlier is a busy woman, taking interest in the literary efforts of all, and is now engaged in the movement for the establishment and development of an English Free Library in Montreal to supply good reading to the masses.

LXXXIX.—MARIE DE L' INCARNATION.

[Foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec.]

(From Women of Catholicity.)

Perhaps in the whole history of the world there is no individual biography more extraordinary than that of the marvelously gifted woman, whose life and deeds shine out to us from early Canadian chronicles. It has a picturesque background; there is primeval Canada in all its glorious, virgin beauty, to which imagination lends an indescribable enchantment; there are torrents and mighty streams, rushing on to join their voices in the eternal roar of the ocean; there are the skies, many tinted and gorgeous, that must have delighted pioneer hearts, as still, in the winters and autumns, they charm hearts and minds effete with civilization; there are all the mysterious loveliness and wildness and weirdness of awaking life in the shadows of the untrodden wilderness; there is the fierce, strong vitality of the children of the soil, Huron and Iroquois and Algonquin; there is the varied incident, the strangeness of a new life, the war, the peril, the change, the tumult, the vicissitude; there are the missionaries, the martyrs, the patriots of heaven, so to speak, inflamed with zeal for the country of their adoption, and the patriots of earth: they are a motley group, soldiers, mariners, colonists, trappers, Indians, nuns, bishops, Jesuits, Sulpicians Recollets. But amongst them all, forming a strange translucent aureola, in the darkness of the colonial heaven, is a little group of illustrious women—Marguerite Bourgeoys, Madame de la Peltrie, and Marie

de l'Incarnation, whose life and deeds we are now briefly to consider. These women are not only nuns, not only saints, but even in a secular point of view, benefactors of the early settlements, and if we may so express it, colonists, explorers, pioneers.

The work of education began with six Indian girls, whom the Jesuit Fathers confided to the care of the Religious. Besides this, they brought them all the French and Indian children whom they could procure, and the Ursuline Convent of Quebec was, so to say, established. Of the dimensions of this lower town, where this great house of education had its beginning, we find a description in the Ursuline records. "Our dwelling was so small," says the ancient chronicle, "that a room sixteen feet square served at once for choir, parlor, cells and refectory; and another apartment was the class-room for the French and Indian children." They called this place their Louvre, and found happiness therein, because it contained the treasures they had come to seek, their dear neophytes.

They had their chapel, sacristy and kitchen in a sort of gallery, which they added to the original structure. The chronicle describes one of the charms of their new life, as follows:

"The dirtiness of the Indian girls, who were not yet trained to cleanliness, like the French, caused us every day to find hair, coal or other filth in our soup pot, and sometimes an old shoe in the stew, which, however, did not disgust us much."

All this time, besides the Indian children, who frequented the schools, and Indian women who came there for instruction, the men of the tribe resorted to the convent parlor and obtained from the nuns the

same lessons on the truths of faith as their female relations. Banquets were given at the Louvre, too, at which everything was fat and greasy, to satisfy the taste of the children of the forest. Mere de l' Incarnation thus describes one of these repasts:

"To entertain some sixty or eighty of them sumptuously, we used about a bushel of dried plums, four six-pound loaves of bread, four measures of ground peas or Indian meal, a dozen tallow candles, melted up, and two or three pounds of lard, that there might be plenty of fat, for that is what they like; this banquet, which serves them at once for meat and drink, is one of their most sumptuous repasts."

Meanwhile, the good Religious had to do all the menial work of their little establishment themselves, having been unable, as yet, to find a lay-sister. Is it any wonder that Mere de l' Incarnation, writing to her sisters in France, says:

"To enter into the true spirit of a missioner to Canada, the soul must die to all things created; on this point the Almighty Master is inexorable! Interior death is no doubt the sure road to life in God, but who can describe what it costs nature thus to die?"

The lime-light of posterity, and of nineteenth century criticism, has fallen upon Marie de l' Incarnation and her works. She seems to us in our brief study of her as an exalted type of all that is strong and admirable and sublime in Christian womanhood. The sybil of her time, prophesying to future generations the work to be accomplished by the descendants of those early settlers. People of culture know of Marie de l' Incarnation as a gifted and remarkable woman, or as a model of epistolary style, or as one of the pio-

neers of a new empire, or as a philanthropist. But the faithful reverence her as an apostolic woman, who brought to the mighty tribes of the North the mystic message of Christ, and proclaimed it amid the forests, the hills, the streams, and the ice-plains of the Northland, with giant strength. Marie de l' Incarnation is, in fact, far above human praise, human appreciation, or merely human comprehension. The eye of faith discerns her upon the eternal hills of Zion, bearing a wreath of "immortal amaranth," inlaid with the precious gems of ransomed souls, and salutes her "Venerable."

XC.—ETHAN ALLEN'S DAUGHTER, THE FIRST AMERICAN NUN.

(From Women of Catholicity.)

The subject of our sketch necessarily opens up to our minds a chapter in history of the American Revolution. It carries us back to the epoch when the Green Mountain Boys looked to the daring and enthusiastic Allen as their natural leader, and made the hills of their native Vermont ring with their battle cry of freedom.

He was at this time about thirty years of age. . . That Ethan Allen was in matters of religion an avowed skeptic is sad to relate. He was the only one of the Revolutionary leaders against whom such a charge can be brought. Most of us are familiar with the story which has come down to us of Ethan Allen at the deathbed of his daughter, Lorain. It is said that the daughter, with the full solemnity of the moment upon

her, asked her father if she should die in her mother's faith or in his. To which he replied, after a few moments' struggle, that she must die in that which had been her mother's. Her mother, the first Mrs. Allen, though educated in a heretical form of worship, had been a simple, devout believer in such fragments of truth as had fallen to her share. In an old newspaper of the time are some verses upon the affecting scene, the daughter's question, and the father's answer:

"My father, shall I look above,
Amid this gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb,
Or curse the Being who has blessed
This checkered heart of mine?
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, in thine?"

"Not—not in mine!" with choking voice
The skeptic made reply;
"But in thy mother's faith,
My daughter, must thou die!"

The answer, no doubt, of many a skeptic, were it always as truthfully given. Ethan Allen by his second wife had three children. Of these, Fanny, the only daughter, forms the subject of our narrative. She was about four years old at the time of her father's death, and it was some two years later, that upon the marriage of her mother to Dr. Penniman, of Colchester, she went to town to reside. This Colchester was a very beautiful spot. She was left for the most part to her own resources, free to indulge in her favorite pursuit of novel-reading, or, in fact, of indiscriminate reading

of every kind. Her parents never interfered, and Fanny continued her course, imbibing, gradually, a horror and distaste for the only form of worship she had known, and at length a professedly skeptical spirit sat but ill upon one otherwise favored with every feminine grace.

When Fanny was about twelve years of age, a singular incident occurred, which as it had a most important bearing upon her future life, must here be recorded. She was wont, in the early spring and summer, to go out, following a path which wound down the hill from her home to the river bank. Upon one occasion, up from the river's depth close beside her came, or appeared to come, a terrible monster. What he was the child could not guess. She had never seen anything so horrible before. He seemed to gaze upon her, and Fanny in a kind of trance returned his stare, unwaveringly; she was paralyzed with fear, and deprived of the power of motion. All at once an old man stood beside her. She had not seen him approach, she could not tell whence he came. He wore a heavy brown cloak and carried a staff in his hand. He touched her gently upon the shoulder, saying: "Little daughter, what are you doing here? Run away!" She did so; the spell that had been laid upon her seemed dispelled. When she had gone a short distance, she looked back for her kind protector; he was nowhere to be seen. She reached home in a very thoughtful mood, pale with her recent agitation. . . . Time went on, and Fanny, the first fright over, paid many a visit to that enchanted spot, the beautiful glen where the mysterious stranger had appeared, but she never saw him again. The years went by, and Fanny Allen, reading her irreligious

books, and filled in particular with every calumny which human error had invented against the Catholic Church, reached early womanhood. When she was about twenty years of age, a bad book fell into her hands. It was one of those pretended revelations of convent life, the melancholy perversity, blindness and credulity of which make us smile nevertheless at the whimsical transparency of the inventions. Few Catholics would permit themselves to read such a book. To the daughter of Ethan Allen, the pages of this book were full of palpable absurdity. But they filled her, providentially, of course, with a great longing. Conning the subject over, she became possessed with the desire to see some priests and nuns, and secretly made up her mind to gratify her whim on the very first opportunity.

Of course there were no Catholic Churches in the State. . . . She knew a place where there were priests and nuns in abundance and she resolved to proceed thither. Under pretense of being anxious to learn French, which, indeed, she had always desired, Fanny Allen asked permission of her step-father and mother to go to a convent in Montreal to study. It was the old Congregation Convent, down in the city's heart, shut in by cloister walls, an ancient relic, that, still existing, seems now to transport us out of this modern sphere of ours, far back into the past.

Fanny Allen's first weeks at the convent were not successful. She made no secret of her unbelief and so openly mocked at the sacred rites of religion, and at all that she saw about her, that the nuns, fearing to give scandal to the other children, concluded among themselves to send her home quietly. Fanny had con-

ceived a warm attachment for one of her teachers, who took a special interest in the young Protestant. It was this teacher who begged of the Superior to put off her dismissal for a few weeks. She declared her belief that God and the Blessed Virgin could obtain her conversion, if it were by a miracle. Fanny did not improve, and the last day of the reprieve granted by the Superior was approaching. It was the Feast of the Nativity of Mary, September 8th. Fanny spent the afternoon of the festival with her favorite teacher conversing as usual, and perversely delighting in shocking her with almost blasphemous expressions of unbelief. The Religious, who was busy arranging a vase of flowers to be placed before the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction that afternoon, seized, as it were, with a sudden inspiration, bade her pupil take the vase into the chapel and put it herself upon the altar. "Be sure," she said, "that you adore our Lord when you go in there." Fanny laughed, took the flowers, and went, fully resolved not to bend in adoration. She scoffed at the "mummeries." Why it was the very idolatry of which she used to hear Catholics accused, down in her New England home. When she reached the gate of the Sanctuary, she opened it and was about to enter, when, all at once, she felt herself deprived of the power of motion. She could not advance a step. Three times she made the effort and as often found it futile. A sudden awe fell upon her, and throwing herself on her knees, with the first genuine act of faith she had ever made, she adored the hidden God, whom she now knew in her inmost heart was present in the Tabernacle. She laid down the flowers humbly, tremulously, and retired to the end of the chapel, where she wept and prayed, all

her old insubordination, her scoffing, her jeering gone. She had heard a voice, and she dared not disobey. "After such a miracle," she said to herself, "I must give myself to my Savior."

This conversion was truly a miracle of grace. Doubt, unbelief, indifference, were swept away by the grace of God, and Fanny Allen resolved from that moment to embrace the religious life.

However, she had much to undergo in the meantime. . . . Her mother, anxious above all things to secure her daughter's happiness, consented at last and accompanied her to Montreal. In going to Canada she had no definite idea of what community she meant to enter. In order to decide this point, she visited with her mother the various religious institutions with which Montreal abounds. Just as the mother was growing weary of what seemed to her an idle quest, the seekers entered one afternoon the chapel of the Hotel Dieu. Above the high altar was a painting of the Holy Family, which immediately attracted the eyes of the young American. In a burst of emotion she cried out "You see, dear mother, that St. Joseph wants me here; it was he who saved my life by delivering me from the monster that was going to devour me."

It will not be necessary for us to follow at great length our heroine into her new life. In the calmness of that seclusion the once restless mind of the patriot's daughter found absolute content.

XCI.—A MIRACLE OF ARROWS.

When Christopher Columbus, a second time had sailed,
Across "the darksome *ocean" and land once more had hailed,
The Isle of Hispaniola, with "the golden stream," hard by,
Where he had left **Diego, though he knew it not, to die,
He found his brethren slaughtered, naught but ruins of his Fort;
Then he built, beside two rivers, a town, a noble port.

From this Porto Isabella, he sailed away once more,
At the Fort St. Thomas, leaving, †Don Pedro, with three-score,
And he bade them hold it bravely until he had returned,
But the treacherous Don Pedro these counsels basely spurned.

So once more Columbus coming to Porto Isabelle,
Learned his comrades had deserted; none there the tale to tell.
And the Caciques now were rising, their forces soon would be
In hostile lines extending far, far as Our Lady's Lea.

Their host, a hundred thousand, marshaled fiercely for the fray—
The Royal Plain was black with men that memorable day.
Columbus summoned round him his warriors brave and true,
Nothing doubting of their courage, but their numbers—ah, how few!
Of fell disease the ravages showed all too plainly then—
Two hundred foot he counted and twenty mounted men.

Each Spaniard now must take his life and hold it in his hand,
Each Knight, with certain death before, must nobly take his stand.
The odds, O Saint Iago, without thy help, 't is vain,
And nevermore thy sons shall see the cherished land of Spain.

Five hundred foes for one true lance! Columbus left the field:
††"Don Barthelemy, take command, thy sword and lance now wield,

*Mare tenetrosum. **Diego d'Arana. †Pedro Margarit.
††Don Bathelemy, brother of Columbus.

But I, on yonder height shall kneel, for mortal aid is vain;
Save by God's grace our host must fall on yonder Royal Plain!"

Don Barthelemy takes command, on press the dusky foes,
Their number is as legion, their force no mortal knows.
A thousand, thousand arrows cleave the dun and startled air,
Columbus calmly kneels, the while, like him of old, in prayer.

And as the voice of him who led their course through darkest seas
Arose to heaven, there came a blast which swayed the mightiest trees;
It seized the heathen arrows, swift as a meteor's flame;
It cast them spent and useless, divergent of their aim.

The cry "A Miracle!" went up from all those Spanish hearts.
The foe, in speechless wonder, gazed upon their useless darts;
A moment and their broken ranks were scattered o'er the plain—
The Christian's God had interposed, their numbers were in vain.

Columbus coming downward, bade them raise an altar there,
That holy mass be chanted for the answer to his prayer;
While he on the green Savanna did likewise place a cross,
To tell that simple trust in God, need never fear for loss.

A church arose upon the spot, as years went speeding by,
Preserving in their passage that holy memory;
Rich paintings tell upon its walls how well Columbus prayed,
While Mary and her Blessed Son did come unto his aid.

And that height, the Santo Cerro, the holy hill is still
Where Columbus watched the battle and by God's holy will
The "Miracle of Arrows" saved the hosts of Christian Spain,
And drove the Caciques' fear-struck ranks from off the Royal Plain.

KATHARINE JENKINS.

Katharine Jenkins was the daughter of Edward Jenkins of Baltimore, Maryland, whose family dates its American origin with the settlement of Lord Baltimore, and its Catholicity has remained intact. Miss Jenkins was educated at the Visitation Convent situated on Park avenue, Baltimore, the Alma Mater of many distinguished American women.

Though being an invalid for many years, deprived of the consolation of attending the services in church, she is a busy worker with her pen when her sufferings allow her any respite, but has only collected a few short stories into one small volume entitled, "Was It a Lost Day? and Other Stories." Her delicate graphic descriptions enhance our literature, and though free from doctrinal expression, breathe the very life of Catholic truth.

XCII.—ANGELS UNAWARES?

[From the Catholic World.]

It was all long, long ago, before even the corner-stone of the "Mother of Churches," as the now venerable Cathedral of Baltimore is called, was laid; when even the idea of building a cathedral at all was talked of only by the most ambitious spirits of the small Catholic community.

Old St. Peter's, the historic church known only to posterity by hearsay, save for the one rude painting extant which shows us its humble proportions, then more than accommodated the number of the faithful. Within its walls were gathered our ancestors, those staunch men and women who preserved for us the faith in all its beauty; and when the evening of life came their sacred remains were laid to rest in the adjoining churchyard.

St. Peter's was a low, shabby brick structure surrounded by its "home of the quiet dead," but in reality it was the first cathedral of the United States.

Can we not picture the sacred place to which, in loving pilgrimage, all American hearts would travel as the home of the first episcopacy, the spot hallowed by the footsteps of our first Archbishop, the place dear to all? Naturally we might imagine that in this new country of ours there might be one shrine to which in these days of hurry we could all turn for quiet and rest, and before the ancient altar dream of the olden time when our American Church was in its infancy.

In any land but ours this cradle of Catholicity would

have been treasured lovingly; its steps worn by the feet of pilgrims and travelers from afar would have visited the holy spot with reverence. As a nation we have preserved the relics of our greatest men; as Catholics, why could we not have treasured our first Cathedral and the home of our first Archbishop?

But alas! the ebb and flow of the never-resting tide of improvement swept away the old House of God. Streets, warehouses, colleges, and hotels cover the once consecrated spot, and all that is left of old St. Peter's are a few legends stored up in the hearts of the very old; vain regrets for those who think at all, and the painting, not a work of art, done on rough wood in the year 1801 by one Thomas Ruckle.

My story goes back to the time when St. Peter's was the only Catholic Church in or near Baltimore. The narrow lanes and roads were not then the handsome streets laid out by brains and hands, but paths hardened by the feet of men, and when the only light at night was from the lantern carried by the way-farer or his attendant. Mankind was not then reaping the benefit of Franklin's kite-flying as in our days of bright streets, rapid transit and heatless cooking.

Early in the morning of one bitter winter's day, when the heavens were still aglow with the steady-shining stars, and when there was not even the faintest glimmer of approaching day in the eastern sky, a couple could have been seen wending their way towards old St. Peter's. They were a young couple, in the full flush of health and spirits, on their way to the first mass. The fur pelisse and softly quilted satin hood of the woman bespoke to the eyes of the discerning, wealth and position, while the lantern carried by the

man puzzled the same observer. The man was equally well dressed as the woman, but whoever heard of a man of position, a gentleman, so far demeaning himself as to be his own lantern-bearer?

In those olden days, the dictates of Dame Fashion were obeyed as punctiliously as now. Indeed, I think we are more independent and eager to throw off her yoke than were our forefathers. They had the standard of position to raise and maintain; we sometimes rejoice at its overthrow.

This man and wife were no worldly-minded couple, and rather than arouse a servant so early, the husband carried the lantern himself as they walked to mass every morning under the quiet stars, she reciting the Rosary and he making the responses.

About half way between their home and St. Peter's stood the humble cottage of Timothy Dodd, a young ship-carpenter. Morning after morning, as he was about to start off to his day's work in the distant shipyards, he would see this perplexing couple pass his door, and his quick ear could catch the "Ave Maria gratia plene," of the lady's soft voice, or words answered in the same strange tongue by the gentleman.

"Indeed, Betsey, I have a mind to follow this couple," said Timothy to his wife, this particular morning.

"Yes, and be late for your work and lose your job for your pains," answered Betsey testily.

The wives of poor men are not always to blame for giving sharp answers. Theirs are lives of never-ending toil and anxiety, and anything that flavors of loss of work, or gives suspicion of hardships to come, strikes terror to their hearts.

"You'd better mind your own business and go to your work," she added.

Betsey's words awoke the dormant spirit of opposition in Timothy's usually docile soul, and he followed briskly after the couple, surmising as he went as to who and what they were.

"They are not working people," he argued to himself, "for no poor man's wife ever wore such a fur pelisse. But they can't be gentle folks either, for no gentleman would carry his own lantern;" and he gave his own a swing as if to accentuate his right to bear an insignia of office.

By the time our couple, or rather trio, had reached St. Peter's, Timothy had forgotten all about his wife's admonition. His curiosity was fully aroused. His one thought was to solve the riddle of this queer couple.

Following them into the dimly lighted church, he beheld perhaps a score or more of worshipers grouped around the altar, and going through some strange rite was a venerable old man, clothed, Timothy thought, in the finest and most gorgeous of costumes.

One Mass succeeded the first, and still Timothy stood dazed, rooted to the spot, transfixed by the gentle working of the grace of God. Forgetful of the couple whom he had resolved to watch, dead to all sense of the flight of time, his wife's warning unheeded, till finally he seized the lantern and rushed out-of-doors, to find the stars gone and the pink sky-light of a winter's morning flooding the heavens.

No time was lost in reaching the ship-yards, but his fellow workmen were already at their posts. Timothy had to endure a sharp reproof from his employer and also the gibes and taunts of his companions. But he

was inwardly upheld by the remembrance of the strange scene of the morning, and longing to know more of the beautiful, mysterious religion filled his heart.

He and Betsey were English emigrants, but a few years in America, and though Timothy was a good shipbuilder and Betsey a thrifty housewife, both were deplorably ignorant in matters of religion.

Saying nothing to his wife for fear of her opposition, Timothy, morning after morning, followed the young couple, nor were they aware of their humble guard of honor. For months this daily attendance at the first Mass went on, Timothy waiting always for the lady and gentleman, and following in their steps. He seemed to think he could enter only in their train; and who can say that they were not the good angels sent to be the visible means of drawing Timothy to God?

There is a funny circumstance in connection with Timothy's curiosity, which only came to light after he had reaped its benefit, and resolved to enter the church. Betsey's curiosity was aroused too, and seeing her husband so persistent in following the lady and gentleman, what does she do but follow Timothy, contriving always to keep unseen! So morning after morning this strange procession wended its way down the quiet lane to old St. Peter's.* * * * * * * * * * *

Before many months had elapsed, in old St. Peter's could have been seen a touching sight.

Timothy, Betsey with their two children, were baptized and confirmed by the venerable Archbishop, and the lady in the fur pelisse, and the gentleman carrying the lantern stood as sponsors.

"Who were the couple?" you ask. Ah, that is not

mine to say. Perhaps you can guess when I tell you that one of their daughters was one of the ladies who joined Mother Seton when she first established the Sisters of Charity in this country; and that among their descendants is one of the present Archbishops of the United States.

XCIII.—THE AFTERGLOW.

AN ETCHING.

(From Was It a Lost Day?)

"The stately ship with all her bravery on," sped down towards the wide, dim, mysterious ocean. Each throb of her great engine's heart impelled her nearer to a pall-like cloud. Like the black mantle of night it hung outspread in the eastern sky, waiting to envelop the goodly vessel within its sombre folds. The deck appeared deserted. The supper gong had sounded, and the passengers, merry and thoughtless, had answered gayly to its summons. But hidden behind the line-box stood a little group, an old man and two young girls, gazing wistfully at the fast-receding shores, wrapt in the beauty of the picture before them. Off in the west lay the busy city they had but just left, its domes, spires and buildings bathed in the glory of a wondrous sunset, and itself, from the glow, metamorphosed into a city of gold.

Rapidly the glorious sun went down behind the hills, leaving the sky and land dyed in the crimson glory, which he cast around him as he sank to rest.

Not a breath stirred the air. The flag and awnings of the steamer hung listless. The smoke from the ponderous smoke-stack fell like a mist, rife and dull.

The sea was black—not a wave broke its calm. The glow deepened and spread. The western heavens, which were full of the fleecy clouds of a mackerel sky, blazed with splendor. The dark waters caught the reflection, and became as a sea of blood.

The brass of the compass-box, the fastenings and railings were as burnished, deep red copper—even the smoke now resembled a plume shaded from blood-red to faintest pink.

"It may be fancy," said the elder girl with a far-off exalted look on her sweet face, "but it seems to me that the Gate of Heaven has been opened, and we have been accorded a glimpse of the glory within."

Instinctively the three drew closer together, the radiance adorning them with a nimbus of light.

"Men's faces looking into the sunset are golden, so are our lives when they look always into the countenance of coming death," quoted the old man dreamily.

And the stately ship sped on, away from the heavenly kiss of the afterglow, into the dark heart of the storm-cloud. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The ship had

> "Sailed for sunny isles,
> But never came to shore."

MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

Mary Josephine Onahan, born in Chicago, is the daughter of Wm. J. Onahan of that city. Educated at the Sacred Heart Academy, from which she graduated at an early age, she possesses a rare mind, and, for one so young, is a critic of no mean ability. She has done much work for newspapers and magazines. No collection of her productions has yet been made, but it is hoped that ere long a volume will be given to the public.

XCIV.—LILACS.

(From Music.)

Purple and pink and iris,
 In a glittering shimmer of rain,
The lilacs glow and tremble,
 Like clouds in a sunset frame.
Each bud on its stem low bending,
 Each stem so heavy with flowers
That we wonder if God's world can rival
 The lilacs that blossom in ours.

XCV.—THE CHOPIN FUNERAL MARCH.

Not a modern funeral with its hired hacks, gossiping crowd and empty panegyrics of the dead, but the funeral march of a hero, of a warrior (who died in battle perhaps), and whose body is being borne to the tomb through the vista of some grand old forest, mid the sorrow of a people whom he loved. The sky is darkened, great trees cast their shadows upon his bier, a hush of silence is in the air, a silence that seems scarce broken by the rise and fall of the funeral chant and the solemn tolling of the bell.

The music at the beginning is soft and hushed, the bass steady like the measured tread of the pall-bearers (from the erratic fashion in which some performers play it, the corpse would inevitably be "spilled"); the notes rise and fall in a sobbing rhythm, and the whole is pervaded by the solemn tolling of the funeral bell. Presently, in that poignant D flat, the dirge begins, the anguish of a people that loved him, first one and then

another, answering and answering again. Perhaps the old and tottering mourners are the first—they who feel most keenly that the dead has indeed only gone before. Then the others take up the refrain, the music sobs and swells, and the whole multitude mourns, the youths and the maidens with muffled cymbals (we hear them in high octave in the treble) and carrying wreaths of laurel to lay upon the grave. In the delicate tracery of that third motif there is something of the lightness, the superficiality of youth. Young eyes may be full of tears, yet they see the buttercups and the daisies that grow at their feet even when it is the dead that has gone before.

This gleam of relief is quickly lost in the darkness, as the dirge swells again; the disjointed, sorrowing appeals to the Deity have become one great, solemn hymn, ringing through the primeval forest, rising to the very clouds. Hurried and agitated, for a moment almost noisy, something of the turmoil and the terror of life is there. But it is over and gone forever; in the awed hush of the drum (low notes in the bass) there is death, death only, and the irrevocableness of completion.

Had the Chopin Funeral March ended here, it would be the saddest, the most heart-broken music that was ever written. But Chopin knew that there was more than death—like all great men, he had faith, faith in the hereafter; faith, that like a pitying glance from the Almighty Himself, sheds a ray of light upon the darkest path, brings comfort and hope to the most troubled heart. Listen.

Clear and luminous in the hush of that dirge, rises other music—music that is not of earth, a melody that

seems to float upon the air, falling and falling till we feel the swaying of victorious palms and are fanned by the rushing wings of the cherubim. Nearer and nearer they come, till, a radiant circle, they rest above that bier. "Death," says the melody, "death is not all. Death is nothing, for there is immortality."

Oh, wondrousness of peace! verily, we live in the shadows of immensities we wot not of.

"When I gazed into those stars, have they not looked down on me as if with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man! Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more, and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar."

This was Carlyle's "Everlasting Nay," full of woe and of despair.

Little lot of man! Not so! Made by God and destined for God—there is none greater. The body of the warrior lies dead upon the bier, but in that far-away melody we feel that his soul has taken its flight to the realms where there are neither the uncertainties of life nor the certainty of death, but only peace forever.

The funeral bell is heard once more, the dirge begins again—the same, yet not the same, for the air still throbs with the music that is gone. A hero is dead—but he was a hero—he lived well (how much that means!) and to them that live well there is no such phantom of death, but only life eternal.

He who hears only sorrow and woe in the funeral march of Frederic Chopin has been but a superficial listener. The music means not death, but immortality.

XCVI.—DICK.

Dick? Dick is my bird and my best friend, a true, an honest, a loving little friend. From out the vantage ground of his twelve-inch cage, he takes in the great world of dining-room, garden and a good piece of sky. He is wise, too—so very wise! He gazes at me so wistfully sometimes I am half afraid of him. He thinks I am a monstrous kind of bird, no doubt, for that we are of kin is certain, else how could we be such friends?

But Dick had another friend for awhile, and the story of that friendship is a very charming one.

One evening in summer a poor little sparrow that had been lamed by one of those miniature Neros, the American small boy, came flying across the street to his nest, which was in the cornice of the house. Before he could reach it his strength gave out, and he came tumbling down in the yard. At first he seemed quite dead, and there was a cruel red wound in his head; but, suddenly, he opened his eyes so piteously, no one could have the heart to leave him to die. If left on the grass, the cats would get at him, and he could never reach his nest, so we made a nest for him out of a strawberry box and some grass, brought him into the house and set it behind the cage of Master Dick.

Master Dick was asleep, curled up like a ball of feathers in his cage, and quite oblivious of his strange little visitor, and the sparrow was too much hurt to

make any noise, so we left them, half fearing that by morning our little sick friend would have gone to the Paradise of birds.

But in the morning there they were, the sparrow still very weak and with closed eyes; Dick, open-eyed and all in a flutter of excitement about this homely little brown bird that had dropped down in the night from no one knew where, beside him. He viewed him from all sides. He craned his neck out between the bars to get a better look at him. He chirped. He made sundry queer noises he had never been heard to make before. No use. The sparrow dozed on, giving only a solitary peck at the strawberry we put beside him, and then falling off again to sleep.

Dick resolved that something should be done. A bird that would not wake up when the beautiful white sunshine was streaming in the window, that refused to eat strawberries—something was the matter with him. So Master Dick went to work and got open the door of his cage (a feat which he had often accomplished before), and out he was in a jiffy. He hopped over to the sparrow, looked at him sagaciously, his head on one side. He chirped; but, no answer came from that sleepy little bird. He pulled at the grass—no use. He walked all around the strawberry box—it was in vain. He was utterly unnoticed.

We thought he must give up in despair, when—all of a sudden my brave canary opened his little beak and such a flood of melody as there came forth! Dancing up and down before the sparrow, his mouth stretched as close to him as he could get it, in such a state of wild enthusiasm and madness, one would think his small bird heart would burst. The sparrow opened

his eyes slowly, and watched the little fellow as if he liked it, and, when Dick stopped for a moment to take breath, he opened his own gray beak and gave vent to a feeble chirp, indicative no doubt of appreciation and gratitude.

It was really a very pretty sight, this bright little canary pouring out his song to cure the sick sparrow. And cure him he did, too, as we all believe, for immediately the sparrow seemed to wake up, hopped out of the strawberry box, and for a few days Dick and he were great friends.

But alas! as his wings grew stronger, stronger grew his longing for his fellows, and though Dick still sang to him, he beat his head against the window so that we had to let him go.

Away he flew, out into the great world of sparrows and small boys, but also of sunshine and freedom, nor stopped to bob a parting "Thank you" to his yellow feathered companion.

So the world got back its sparrow and Dick lost his friend.

MRS. ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

Rose Hawthorne, the youngest child and second daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and sister of Julian Hawthorne, was born at Lenox, Mass., in May, 1851. At six months of age the little girl was taken to Concord, Mass., to their home, "The Wayside." Her first conscious impression dates from the discovery of a daisy in the grass of the garden at Rockferry. Though passionately fond of music and painting and sculpture, the serious work of her life has been done in the field of literature. To write had been an ever present desire in the heart of the child. At twelve years of age she attempted to write a novel. "I felt," she says, "that I must write out the scenes I had imagined." At twenty-one this object did not seem so easy of fulfillment. At twenty Mrs. Lathrop married, her husband being George Parsons Lathrop, editor of the "Atlantic," the writer of many works, a poet and a critic. The marriage took place in England, where the family had resided for many years, but Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop returned to America shortly after their marriage. In 1891 Mrs. Lathrop was received into the Catholic Church and is a devout adherent. She has written for many periodicals, Catholic and secular. "The Catholic World" and "Ladies' Home Journal" and "The Rosary Magazine" receive many contributions from her pen. Her volume of poems, "Along the Shore," just published, contains many gems. The latest work (1895) is collaborated with her husband; "A Story of Courage" is the title.

XCVII.—MY FATHER'S LITERARY METHODS.

I wish I knew just what they were—it would be easier to write an article pleasing to the gentle reader, —I might even hope to write a romance. But as the bird on the tree bough catches here and there a glimpse of what men are about, although he hardly hopes to plow the field himself or benefit by human labor until the harvest comes, so I have observed some facts and gathered some notions as to how my father thought out his literary work.

One of his methods was to love and pity mankind more than he scorned them, so that he never created a character which did not possess a soul. Still another method of gaining his success was to write with a noble respect for his own best efforts, on which account he never felt satisfied with his writing unless he had exerted every muscle of his faculty; unless every word he had written seemed to his severest self-criticism absolutely true. He loved his art more than his time, more than his ease, and could thrust into the flames an armful of manuscript because he suspected the pages of weakness and exaggeration.

Since he did not write anything wholly for the pleasure of creative writing, but had moral motives and perfect artistic harmony to consider, he could not have indulged in spontaneous, passionate effusions which are the substance of so much other fiction. He was obliged to train his mind to reflection and judgment, and therefore he never tasted luxury of any kind. The enjoyment of historical settings in all their charm and richness, rehabilitated for their own sake or for wordly gain; the enjoyment of caricatures of the mem-

bers of the human family, because they are so often so desperately funny; the enjoyment of realistic pictures of life as it is found, because life, as it is found, is a more absorbing study than that of geology or chemistry; the enjoyment of redundant scenes of love and intrigue, which flatter the reader like experiences of his own—these things he was not willing to admit to his art—a magic that served his literary palate with still finer food. He wrote with temperateness, and in pitying love of human nature, in the instinctive hope of helping it to know and redeem itself.

His manner was philosophy, his style forgiveness. And for this temperate and laconic work—giving nothing to the world for its mere enjoyment, but going beyond all that to ennoble each reader by his perfect renunciation of artistic clap-trap and artistic license—for this aim he needed a mental method that could entirely command itself, and when necessary, weigh and gauge with the laborious fidelity of a coal surveyor, before the account was rendered with pen and ink upon paper.

But who will ever be able to weigh and gauge the genius which caries methods and philosophies and aims into an atmosphere of wonderful power, where the sunlight and the color, and the lightning and ominous thunder transfigure the familiar things of life in glorious haste and inspiration? While following his rules and habits, my father was constantly attended by the raptures of such a genius, transmitting swarming reality into a few symbolic types. * * * He was artistical; temperate, in that he guided the forces he used with the reins of truth, and he could do this unbrokenly because he governed his character with Christian fellowship.

MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

Mary T. Waggaman, the daughter of Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman, is yet quite young in the field of letters, having only graduated in '90 from that renowned institution of learning, the Georgetown Academy of the Visitation, where she distinguished herself by taking the First and Senior Classes in one year and being the valedictorian of her class. So far she has only begun, but by the specimens of her work she may be looked to as a coming American Catholic literator of no little promise.

XCVIII.—ODE TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

(From the Catholic World.)

I.

Transcendent Italy,
Lodestar of History!
Her name shall stand
Thrice blessed as thy natal land;
The land of Love and Art,
The land where th' impassioned heart
Throbs out its ecstasy
In fervid melodies.
The land caressed by ardent seas,
The land of Poetry
Whose sons a Dante sings, a Titian paints.
The land of martyrs and of saints;
The land whose vaunt is Rome,
The vanished Caesars' home,
The crumbled center of an empire's greed,—
The radiant forces of a changeless creed.
Transcendent Italy!
Her name shall stand
Thrice blesséd as thy natal land.

II.

Inspired Philosopher!
Unrivaled spirit of the Middle Ages,
Thou peerless genius 'midst the world's great sages!
Divine Interpreter,
Empowered by the Deity
To translate the Eternal Truth
Into Time's dialect.

The seraphs brooded o'er thy destiny,
And Wisdom watched the footfalls of thy youth;
Her hand thy dust-begotten fevers checked,
She soothed thee with her virgin balm,
She crowned thee with celestial calm;
Obedient to her voice,
Thou didst make choice
Of the Omniscient's will.
Thro' sacrificial days,
Thy meek soul trod
The orbits traced by God.
'Thwart Reason's gloom thy mind shot forth moon-rays,
The reflex glory of the Infinite,—
The dusk was cloven by an argent light,
Death felt the thrill!

III.

Thou Angel of the Schools!
Thou triumph of the Church, thou scourge of fools!
Before thine eyes all knowledge was unrolled;
To thee did mysteries unfold
As lilies to the dawn.
Whilst whirled the hearts of mad humanity
In wheeling storms of doubt,
Whilst Pride did shout
Her void claims, and ravening Anarchy
Flung far and wide her spawn
Upon the clanging tides of thought,—
Thou Thomas, trumpet of the Lord,
Didst sound the breathings of the Trinity
Across the deeps and peace was poured
Upon the land:
Above the discord surged a harmony.
With humble rapture was thy spirit fraught,
With pray'rful exultation—

With a glow like that the harp feels
When a musician's hand
Strikes its gold strings and the air reels
At the Ambrosial revelation.

IV.

O Saint of saints!
Thy work is done,
Thy goal is won;
Unloosed from clay's restraints,
Thy soul among the cherubim is throned.
Thy sacred brow
Is lustrous with thy threefold vow!
Forevermore
Thou shalt adore
God, the Omnipotent.
Whilst thro' eternity,
Hosannas are intoned
Which shake the firmament,—
Whilst hell's dread monarchy
Resounds with an unceasing moan,
In this dim world, from zone to zone,
Thy "Summa" shines a vast electric fire
Flashed from Faith and Philosophy,
The heav'n and earth-charged poles of Truth.
Thy "Summa" burns—the funeral pyre
Of Ignorance, the huge, uncouth
Grandsire of Sophistry.
O Holy Ghost! may the flame blaze
Throughout all Christendom,
Adown the yet unpeopled days,
Till He shall come
To judge the generations
Of silenced nations!

XCIX.—THE SCEPTIC.

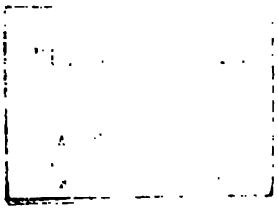
(From the Catholic World.)

Around thee ever-formless shadows roll,
Thou art encompassed by some demon spell:
Black pinioned doubts, the vampire brood of Hell
Suck ceaselessly the life blood of thy soul;
And thou art dumb while thro' the cycles toll
The hymns of nations. Thou dost dare rebel
'Gainst the Eternal One, whose word doth quell
The whirlwind and whose name upon the scroll
Of night is blazoned in vibrating fire.
Thou dost reject, in prideful impotence,
Faith's music, echo of God's symphonies
Thro' death-domed Time. In vain, shalt thou aspire
To tune the universe by arguments,—
To draw Truth's rhythm from jangled fallacies.

JENNY WILDE.

Jenny Wilde is descended from one of the most intellectual and distinguished families of Georgia. On the mother's side her great-grandfather was General Wilkinson, for many years commander-in-chief of the United States Army, in one instance immediately succeeding General George Washington. She comes of a family of writers, the most distinguished being her grandfather Richard Henry Wilde, author of one of the most beautiful poems in the English language, "My Life Is Like the Summer Rose." Miss Wilde, though the author of several poems and prose works, declares that she more frequently writes her "poems with brush and paint," for she is an artist by profession, and more widely known by her connection with the carnival organizations in New Orleans, where she resides, being the designer for several of them and the only woman who has ever served in that capacity. Though born in Augusta, Ga., she has lived all her life in New Orleans except for two years in New York, where she studied art. Most of her writing has been done for the newspapers.


Ella Lorraine Correy
Mary Catherine Crosby
Virginia Christian Tyler
Elinore C. Hartlett
Kate Vannah
Molly Elliot Seawell.



C.—"AND THE STARS SANG IN THEIR SPHERES."

(For the Daily State—Woman's Edition.)

Sang the star in the West unto the star in the East:
"Last even, as I stepped slowly down
Through the far steeps of Heaven,
I counted the good deeds I saw done on earth,
And I counted but seven."
Sang the star in the East unto the star in the West:
"In truth, that were little enough for a great world to do,
But hearken, forsooth;
This morning when I, pale with watching, passed by
Where the Angel of Records sets seal with the sun,
He'd recorded but one;
And that was of woman, who, hearing the cry
Of their sad sister woman, had stopped on their high
Open paths of good honors, and stooping aside,
Had given their best for these souls crucified,
Who but for this mercy forever had died."

CI.—INTAGLIO.

The King's daughter has gone away—
She has left her broidered gown;
Her veil of lace hangs in its place,
And the rust eats on her crown.

The zithern that she played upon,
And her fan that from China came,
Lie in the room,—the golden lamps
Burn with a wasted flame.

Her little birds, and her snow-white hound,
 Droop for the voice they love—
The King's daughter's voice was soft
 As that of a thrice-ringed dove.

None have come into the chamber
 Since she went out of the door:
The outside sunlight shining through
 Makes patterns on the floor.

ELLA LORAINE DORSEY

Is the daughter of the venerable Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, and promises to win a distinction equal to her mother's in the not distant future. She is particularly happy in her stories for children, having written quite a number for the "Ave Maria." Among them are "Midshipman Bob," "Jet, the War Mule;" also some historical papers and sketches. The national capital is at present her residence.

CII.—A SALEM WITCH.

(From the Ave Maria.)

Not one of those who, victims of statute and superstition, of hysteria and hypnotism, were haled from "Salem Gaole" to the dreary summit of Gallows Hill, and there hanged by the neck in the name of their Majesties William and Mary; and, in the presence of the worshipful High Sheriffe George Corwin, amid a crowd of spectators whose hearts were hardened by fear and the stern precept of the Old Law—"Let not the witch live"—into the likeness of the rocks cropping out of the scanty green hard by. Not one of these, but of the sort that flourish in this year of grace, 1889—far different in appearance from the poor old "dames" and "goodies" done to death two hundred years ago; but quite as dangerous, believe me.

For bowed shoulders, see a straight young back; for a toothless mouth, see a flash of pearl between red lips —like the spray on a coral reef; for wrinkles, see a forehead as white as Salem's own Gibraltars, with a rose in each cheek; for witch-pins wherewith to "hurt, afflict, pine, consume, waste and torment" her victims, see two blue eyes—each holding a quiver full of arrows—and you will have a fair idea of her as she looked the morning I first saw her.

I had been surveying in the Dismal Swamp, and, while intensely enjoying the sombre mystery, the gorgeous flora, the deep Juniper waters, and the exciting conflicts with snakes, centipedes, and other little tropical inconveniences that flourish in the twilight of the great morass, I had also foolishly exposed myself to its

miasmas, and a superb attack of bilious fever was the result.

The fact that I was as yellow as an orange hurt my vanity, but that I could not work an hour without a strange swimming in my head and a roaring in my ears hurt my usefulness; and Jack Nelson, our chief, told me to take leave and go North to the sea. This jumped well with my own wishes, and off I started from Newport News. The day was hot, the cars crowded, and the discomfort was so enhanced by the stuffy velvet seats and cushions—which serve the public on the 4th of July as well as the 1st of January—that by the time I got to New York I was swearing by this little this and by that little that that I would rather sail round the world than try a train again.

That meant the Puritan or the Pilgrim up the Sound. It also meant, as it turned out, a lively tumble off Point Judith; and (as I wasn't actively seasick) Boston was a very dizzy metropolis indeed when I landed. The State House changed place as often as I looked at it, the Common circled about like a "wheel of fortune," and the cap of Bunker Hill's shaft boxed the compass with a vivacity foreign to such structures.

I had intended to go to Bar Harbor, but as I sat in the station waiting for my head to stop whirling so I could find the real ticket window among the "counterfeit presentments" that dotted the walls, I heard:

"Marblehead? Why, don't you know that's where

'Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Was torr'd an' futherr'd,
An' corr'd in a corrt,
By the women o' Morble'ead'?"

And a deep, lazy voice answered:

"Nice place it must be. Do the ladies still retain those pleasant little ways, and would you like to see me treated in that fashion?"

"Nonsense! You haven't

'. . . sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay.' "

"No; I'm only all at sea as to your meaning, ma'am."

And before me passed a pair—evidently father and daughter,—she clinging to his arm, her happy, school-girl face laughing up into his, and a responsive twinkle making his eyes dance and his severe, clean-shaven mouth twitch.

Then a train rolled in, and another rolled out, and bells clanged and people hurried, and through it all ran the lusty rhyme:

"Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Was torr'd an' futherr'd,
An' corr'd in a corrt,
By the women o' Morble'ead."

Sometimes it was only, "Flud Oirson;" or "the women o' Morble'ead" would detach themselves and industriously "mark time" with the clamor; sometimes the tar and feathers dashed across it; or the cart rumbled in angry loneliness; but in whatever grouping the words appeared there was such an irritating repetition of the name that when at last the ticket office came to anchor, and I reached it, I asked for a ticket to Marblehead, and had it before I could correct my blunder. Then I determined to go there, but got off instead at

Salem, realizing my mistake only as the train plunged with a whoop into the tunnel, leaving me stranded on the platform.

By this time I felt pretty queer, but my question as to transportation brought forth such clear and encouraging directions from the station-master that I gritted my teeth together and started "up Essex Street to Farrington's, where you cross over to Lynde." Thereabouts, it seemed, was a specially good stable, where I could get a trap of some sort to carry me over to Marblehead Neck.

But, alack! Salem was as dizzy as Boston; the pavement heaved under my feet, the elm trees bowed and courtesied to one another as if they were dancing "Sir Roger de Coverley;" and at last I stopped at the crossing, took off my hat and stood fanning myself, with a last desperate effort to control my shaking legs.

"Will you let me pass, please?"—a breezy voice with a silvery ring in it, and the face and figure outlined above.

"Your pardon, madam! I am so ill I did not see—"

And then the world gave a lurch that threatened to pitch me off into the blackness of space.

"I see," was the answer. "Try to get to the drug-store, though. And you must let me help you, for there's no one else."

And a firm, warm hand was slipped under my elbow, a strong young arm steadied mine, and an elastic, easy tread guided me to "Farrington's," where a brisk young clerk gave me some powerful stimulant, sent for a carriage, and in a few minutes I was tooling along to my journey's end.

A three days' "turn" followed; but whenever my

banging temples, aching spine, and deathly nausea permitted, I thought of the fresh vision of girlhood I had seen; I felt again the friendly hand; and in the fever that burnt me I heard the breezy voice with the silver ring: "You must let me help you, for there's no one else." And it was so pleasant I would doze smiling.

After a while the sea-air began to get in its work, and within the week I was on the sands—watching the crowd, I told myself, but really scanning every face for the one that had become so prominent in my thoughts. She did not appear, however; and Sunday morning I rode over to Salem, and took my stand near the fashionable corner of the town.

Fair girls, dark girls, plump girls, slender girls, pretty girls, piquant girls, roguish girls with dimples, demure ones with dove's eyes, tall girls and short, passed me on their way to church, but my good Samaritan was not among them; and I was turning away, bitterly disappointed, when I came face to face with her. She wore a pale blue gown of some thin, floating fabric, touched here and there with white, and her blue eyes looked out from under a Gainsborough crowned with long ostrich plumes.

I swept off my hat, bowing profoundly, then impetuously cried:

"I am so glad to find you! I have hunted—" Here a look of surprise checked me. "I have been so anxious to thank you for your kindness to me the other day."

"You are very welcome to any help I gave you, sir," she answered, with a gentle dignity that froze me to the marrow. Then she passed on, with the light, elas-

tic tread that perfect health and well-trained muscles alone can give.

But she had recognized me! I hardly know what I had expected, but now I stood stupidly watching her disappear, conscious of a profound discouragement and sudden weakness, until, with a quick revulsion, my temper rose and a sense of injury came hot upon me. I would not be ignored that way. She should not slip out of my life. I would follow her until I found out where she lived, and then manage somehow to meet her—a dozen ways must open up to a man of will. That was what I had come for. And I hurried after her as fast as I dared, following her down broad streets and narrow streets, until suddenly she turned into a plain, wooden structure, which proved to be—shades of Endicott and Cotton Mather!—a Catholic church.

I spent two hours there, interested, to be sure, for I had never heard a Mass before; and the devout kneeling crowd, the mural paintings, the swelling Latin chants, the incense, the lights, the absorbed, strangely-vestured priest,—each had its attraction; but, as "all roads lead to Rome," so every thought and glance of mine seemed to return to the graceful figure that sat or knelt, lost in prayer.

When she went out I noted the street down which she turned, and as soon as she was well round the corner I started on the trail. After the true fashion of witches, however, she had disappeared, and I was left fuming in an empty square—defeated, dispersed, routed with great slaughter.

What to do next I did not know, but I made a desperate break for the priest's house. Maybe if I made a clean breast of it to him, he'd help me; and if I could

only get him on my side, my battle was half won; for even then I guessed at what I now know to be the truth —viz., that there's a deal of sympathy with human affairs locked away under every black cassock, and a shrewd knowledge of men coiled down under every bonnet carré.

I found Father —— at home, and began to "place" myself, with the easy assurance and confidence in the hearer's interest that seems to characterize the Southerner of America. Courteous attention and a patient hearing were given my little biographical sketch until I mentioned the young girl; then a certain look came into the priest's eyes that said, "En garde!" as plainly as words; and a reserve into his manner that was like the clapping on of a mask before beginning the thrust and parry of fencing.

I began to grow hot and a trifle embarrassed under that searching gaze; for it made me realize for the first time that my reasons might seem unreason, and that success was by no means certain. But "the imperious Gordons" had too long been a proverb for me to break the record—none of us had ever been able to back down gracefully, even in the face of the inevitable; so I finished my say rather brusquely with:

"And I want you to help me to meet her, Father."

"No, I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"You are a stranger to me—"

"But I've just told you all about myself," I interrupted.

"But I must be sure you have told me the truth."

"Do you mean you doubt my word, sir?" I asked, now thoroughly angry.

"Personally, no," he answered, with a smile that partially disarmed me. "But when it is a question of introducing you to one of my Sodality children—going bail for you—that's another thing. What would you think of a sentinel who would let a stranger enter the camp he guarded without a challenge? You say you come from ——. Perhaps we may have some mutual friends. Did you ever know Father de Ruyter? He used to be stationed near there."

"I ought to know him. I got the worst whipping I ever had in my life on his account."

"How was that?"

"I was up one of his favorite trees stealing his apricots, and the sexton—who was gardener, too—came along and caught me. He had me in his grip, and a new cypress shingle raised to give me what he called 'a little tiddery-eye'—i. e., a sound thrashing,—when suddenly a quiet voice made him lower his arm and my hope raise its head. 'Well, well! What's this, Tom?' 'It's a young thafe that nades a dressin' down, your riverince.'—'What's he been after?'—'Your apricots, your honor.'—'How many did he get?'—'Wan only this time, sir; an' I'm thinkin' his taste'll be spiled for them entirely when I'm through wid him.'—'Oh, I reckon not, Tom. Every boy loves apricots. I dare say you did yourself.'—'I did that,' said Tom, with a broad grin suffusing his face; 'an' many's the time I slipped into the gardens at Ballynashane to—on arrants, your riverince.' He ended so abruptly, and with such a dismayed wink at me, that Father de Ruyter laughed outright. 'Let him off this once, Tom,' he said; 'and the next time he wants apricots he'll come to the door, ring the bell, and ask for me. Won't you, my little one?'

Then he patted me on the head, insisted on putting a half dozen of the beautiful fruit in my pocket (where they burnt like coals with the shame of my having robbed so dear an old man), and watched me down the road home."

"But the whipping?"

"Oh, yes! My father gave me that. He used a rattan, and I tell you he used it thoroughly."

Then we both laughed, and I returned to the charge, but the priest was inflexible; and, although on his invitation I dined with him, he sent me to the right-about-face afterward, with a vague "I'll see you soon" for my only comfort.

Of course he was right, but the delay frayed out my patience, never very extensive (for patience was a luxury little known and rarely used in our family); and the haunting memory of my Salem witch became as fatal to my peace of mind as the "apparitions" of those others were said to be to their victims "in the dark and terrible days of possession."

I was in a very bad way. Dreaming on the porphyry rocks of Marblehead; idling through the pine woods of Beverly Farms; wandering on the silver crescent of Nahant, I saw her eyes in the blue water, I heard her voice in the trees, and held long imaginary conversations with her; and a week after, when good Father —— walked up on the veranda and handed me a letter, I felt a crisis had come in my affairs.

It was from Father de Ruyter; and if sometimes my fight against temptations had cost me a sharp struggle, over and above my distaste for their vulgarity and vileness, I got my reward in these lines:

"I've known him twenty years. You can safely in-

troduce him to your Sodality child. I'll answer for him.'

The next afternoon my cravats got the very mischief into them; my collars shut up like accordions; my handkerchiefs crumpled; my gloves disappeared. No débutante dressing for her first ball was more nervous than I when the cart came around; and I blessed the horse for the hard mouth and high-flinging legs that diverted my mind, and strung up my muscles to something like their normal tension by the time I turned into Federal Street to pick up Father ——.

He was ready, hatted and gloved; and in a few minutes we were in a quaint old parlor, where dried rose leaves and spices made an appropriate atmosphere for the strangely carved Eastern furniture and bric-a-brac, that told eloquent tales of the far-reaching Indian trade that made Salem Queen of the West in the days when Liberty still kicked in swaddling-bands, and the Eagle was just learning to fly.

Then I was bowing to her mother; then she came in, and sat near me in a chair made in the form of a fabulous monster. She wore white, and was so exquisitely maidenly, and yet so sovereign on her odd throne of teak wood, that I could think only of Una riding through the desert on her lion.

Heaven only knows what she had been telling me, or what I had been answering; but I think, from her dazed look and then the naughty, little smile that crept round her mouth, making all its dimples come and go, I must have been as incoherent as Mr. Toots under like circumstances.

It pulled me together, though; and, under the double inspiration of her questions and her interest, I

told her not badly of the wild, lonely mountains, the crystal streams, the mysterious rivers of my native "Land of the Sky." In the midst of the legend of Lost Creek, Father —— rose, and I felt him my friend for life when he said:

"I must carry you off now, but Miss Eva mustn't lose the rest of the story, for all that. She must let you come again and finish it. You know Mr. Gordon is one of Father de Ruyter's favorites," he added kindly, turning to Mrs. ——.

"Then he will be indeed welcome, Father," she answered, with a smile not unlike her daughter's.

And, although I tested the truth of this almost daily during the next weeks, she was as good as her word, until I asked for her daughter. Then we had our first and only difference of opinion. She said it was all too sudden, Southerners were too impetuous and inflammable, and arrayed reasons against me as many as the heads of a Scotch sermon. I, on the contrary, declared I had been a model of patience, and had waited with a degree of long-suffering worthy of a Puritan. And then I told her that, according to statute, I had a right to demand justice and relief from the "possession" under which I labored; that I was in as bad case as any of those old-day plaintiffs shown up in the court-house records, and the very least she could do would be to give me permission to win and carry my sweetheart South.

We compromised on a year's engagement, and from that day happiness has made her nest in our hearts; for when my Una took me by the hand, she not only carried me into the paradise I dreamed of as a lover, but led me back to the faith of my fathers by the gate

of the City of God. The little wooden church was the scene of our wedding, the officiating priest, Father ——. And, although she has swayed the sceptre of sovereignty for eight years, I pledge you my word she never rides on a broomstick, except during a spring cleaning; and she never exercises any spells except such as banish sorrow from our home.

KATE VANNAH,

(From the Celtic Mirror.)

Miss Kate Vannah was born in Gardiner, was educated in the public schools of her native city, and graduated with high honors from the famous old St. Joseph's Academy at Emmittsburg, Md.

During her early career as a student of music for several years she presided at the organ in the little Catholic church in Gardiner, to the great acceptance of both pastor and people. Her playing was even then grander and more artistic than that of any organist around and her well-deserved fame spread abroad. The organ was her favorite instrument; the piano, too, claimed her love and devotion, and to the study of it she has consecrated all her aspirations and her life itself. She studied the piano with Ernst Perabo of Boston and composition with Eversmann of Baltimore and G. W. Marston of Portland.

Then she began composing songs, and it was not a great while before her supreme genius for composition became manifest, and soon the attention of the public was attracted to the new star in the realm of music. Her first notable hit was the song "Good-bye, Sweet Day," which even now has a steady and gratifying sale in this country and in England. It is so sweet and charming it takes at sight.

Of her own work Miss Vannah has published about fifty songs and perhaps a dozen instrumental pieces. So successful have they been that it is only necessary to say that the publishers assert that more of Miss Vannah's songs are being sold than those of any composer on this side of the Atlantic, save De Koven.

Miss Vannah has also published two volumes of poems—one called "Verses," the other "From Heart to Heart," both of which are having a gratifying sale.

CIII.—SUNSET IN A CATHEDRAL.

To-night, at sunset hour, I stole away
And wandered to the vast cathedral's door,—
Entering which I thought: The soiled hand of the poor,
E'en as the hand of proud patrician, may
Swing the great doors; here all may come to pray.
The beggar's naked feet may tread the floor
By jewelled robes of king or queen swept o'er.
Believers, doubters, outcasts, murderers—lay
Their soul's most deadly secrets open here
Behind those crimson folds, and know not fear.
Under the lamp a beggar knelt in prayer.
The sinking sun looked through a window rare,
And painted rags in colors of royalty:
E'en so God's great love glorifieth me!

CIV.—A PRAYER.

Teach me to sing when my heart is aching,
 When my flesh is wounded, then let me laugh;
Send me to comfort hearts that are breaking,
 Make me smile bravely when gall I quaff.

Send me with faith to souls that doubt Thee,
 Earnestness deep to the careless heart;
Unto proud souls that have lived without Thee
 Let me humility's grace impart.

Let me awaken those that slumber,
 Teach them to watch with fidelity;
Place in my pathway thorns without number
 So I may lead but one soul unto Thee!

Let me be heedless of human praises,
 Let me be calm when dangers arise;
Let me gaze coldly when Passion blazes.
 Let me walk chastely, with lowered eyes.

Let me depart from my best and my dearest
 If by my staying I cloud a white thought:
Oft soul to the soul it loves best is nearest
 When lives, divided, with pain are fraught.

CV.—AFTER.

"Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt."
—In Memoriam (Tennyson.)

"I'm sorry, and I hurried back
 To tell you so," a sweet voice said;
But I was wounded then, and Pride
 Forbade me e'en to turn my head.

To-night I grieve and pray beside
 Her grave, yet cannot shed a tear;
Death parted us ere I could say
 The words which now she cannot hear.

I know, I know she pardoned me—
 She was so gentle with me ever;
Yet, all the same, wet, wistful eyes
 Do follow me—and will forever!

CVI.—SATISFIED.

She is a rose whose inmost heart I touch
With my glad lips, and linger o'er its sweetness;
She is the star that guides my wandering steps
Back to pure paths, and lends to life completeness.

She is the flower on crest of mount so high
That only I may ever dare to gather;
She is the song that sings through all my days
And makes of winter drear, soft summer weather.

She is a prayer that God has made for me,
For me alone to breathe in joy or sorrow;
She is my Soul's dear mate for all of Time
Till we two wake in heaven some calm to-morrow!

ELINORE COOPER BARTLETT.

(From the Celtic Mirror.)

Miss Elinore Cooper Bartlett, who is now in collaboration with Miss Vannah in everything musical, was born in Minneapolis, about twenty-three years ago. She has been a great traveler and has had a very broad experience for one of her years. She has been about this country extensively and on the other side of the ocean she has had exceptional advantages of travel and education. She lived for four years in Dresden, where she studied singing with the celebrated Orgenie, and dramatic deportment with Herr Porth of the Royal Theatre, for in those days Miss Bartlett's intention was to go upon the operatic stage. She is as clever a linguist and reciter of poems as she is a musician. Her manner of reciting is wonderfully unique, her exquisitely trained voice being as effective in recitation as in vocalization.

When Miss Bartlett went to live with Miss Vannah nearly three years ago, she was known as a professional soprano. Since then she has won an enviable reputation as a composer. Together, they have written an opera, "Heligoland," which occupied their time two years, writing both the book and the music, dividing both just about evenly. At first Miss Bartlett intended only to write the libretto, but soon, to her own surprise as much as to Miss Vannah's, she developed a remarkable genius for composition which resulted in the division of the musical work just evenly between them. Miss Vannah also took a hand at the libretto in her turn. This opera is long since completed and has been orchestrated by John J. Braham, one of the very cleverest men in the profession. A second opera, "Rosalind," was begun last winter, but the demand for songs has so occupied their time that it has been placed upon the shelves until a more opportune time shall come.

The art of writing the words of a song and at the same time composing the music to fit it is a rare gift, and very few are endowed by Nature with this sublime accomplishment; but Miss Vannah and her versatile companion, Miss Bartlett, are specially favored in this particular; are both poets and musicians combined, and when one does not catch the proper inspiration the other is sure to do so. They are never at a loss for words or for jingle or for rhyme, and their music is simply grand and captivating. It is no wonder, then, that success has come to them, a success far beyond

their most sanguine hopes, for they are specially designed to this end. The sweet and loving songs they have written have brought joy and pleasure and happiness to thousands of hearts, and it is meet and just that they should feel contented and satisfied in the contemplation of the work they have done.

Miss Bartlett's "Ma Little Niggah Girl" was only published six months ago, but it is making a great sensation already.

The work of song writing is extremely interesting to these song writers, and they love it. Inspiration is never far from them, and they compose together and select the words in unison just as if they were one person. As a result their work is of the highest and most taking character, and they have orders for all they can write. At the present time they have the manuscript of some ten songs that ere long will see the light of day.

The sweet and dainty poem on page 469, "Satisfied," was written expressly for "The Celtic Mirror" by Miss Vannah, and is certain to please and charm all our readers. The beautiful lullaby, "Sweet Honey Heart of Me," was also written expressly for us by Miss Bartlett, and will surely captivate all. Both of these pieces are gems of the highest order, and explain the reason for the grand success of the authors in the musical world. This success has been achieved by the fact that their work is not the same old humdrum style which the music-loving world long since discarded, but is new and fresh and sparkling. Every song written by them is a poem; every poem is a classic; and their music is simply irresistible.

CVII.—SWEET HONEY-HEART OF ME.

Lullaby, lullaby, sweet honey-heart of me,
 Thou art my baby, my own little flower;
Soft curly head on the tenderest part of me,
 Sleep thou, my darling, and list to my croon:
 Lullaby, baby, my own little baby,
 Father must come to us soon.

Lullaby, lullaby, oh, in thy dreaming, dear,
 Seek for his tender eyes, none are like his;
Seek for thy father and tell him that all the cheer
 Went from our life when he left us alone:
 Lullaby, baby, his own little baby,
 Sleep, and list not to my moan.

Lullaby, lullaby, vain is thy sleeping,
 Now go to the dear God and ask Him to take
Our two souls together soon back to His keeping
 Thy father will ne'er come again:
 Lullaby, baby, our own little baby,
 This life is but heart-break and pain!

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

Mary Catherine Crowley was born in Boston, but is now (1895) a resident of Detroit, Mich. She early manifested literary ability and has contributed to many magazines and periodicals, notably "Fr. Russell's Magazine," "The Irish Monthly," "The Ave Maria." Besides the recognition she has achieved in general literature she has won eminent success in the difficult province wherein so few attain it, namely, the important field of juvenile literature, and is well known as one of the best writers for young people. "Merry Hearts and True," "Happy Go Lucky," "Apples Ripe and Rosy," "Sights and Scenes of the Columbian Exposition," now published under the title of "The City of Wonders," "A Family Holiday Abroad," and "The Colvilles in Ireland." Miss Crowley is also a contributor to the best secular magazines for young people, such as the "St. Nicholas," "Youth's Companion," and the standard magazines for older readers.

She writes graceful poems as well as good compact and vigorous prose, and is an accomplished musician and linguist. Like so many of our best literary women she is convent bred. Her first school days were with the Sisters of Notre Dame, and she is now an alumna of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville.

CVIII.—THE SPARROW.

The little vagabond, ho, little vagabond!
Merry street gamin, rogue of the town,
Well I thy tale have conned;
Whither dost now abscond
Clad in thy shabby coat of sombre brown?

Wee cheery wanderer, thou by no minstrelsy
Pleadest thy cause with sweet roundelay.
Dire is thy pedigree,
Graceless thy history,
Waif of the summer, elfin astray.

Culprit or fugitive—blithe feathered wayfarer!
Thou needst no romaunt nor troubadour troll!
Thou art Hope's messenger,
Vagrant philosopher,
Sweet is thy lesson of trust to the soul.

Ah, tiny mendicant, poor tiny mendicant,
Glad is the sunshine, if snowy the lea.
I'll not thy follies chant.
I, too, am suppliant.
God aids the sparrow, and beareth with me.

CIX.—WITH MOLTEN GOLD.

"The fairest colors of cathedral or painted glass are obtained with molten gold."

Above the grand cathedral nave
The gem rose-window ruby rare
Gleams over arch and architrave
As shines the star of evening, e'er
With heart of flame; the sunlight there
The secret of the art has told;
The painter wrought yon petals fair
With molten gold!

Who, prisoned thus in ruddy light
 The glory of the morn would chain,
The hues of sunset would unite
 To weave a halo for the fane;
 Must sacrifice his earthly gain
And yield his all, like saints of old,
 The gifts of Heaven to attain,
 With molten gold.

If bravely in the crucial urn
 The precious ore he boldly cast,
The crystal rose-leaves he in turn
 May steep in jewel tints amassed,
 Till chalice-like the minster vast
As crimson wine their glow doth hold,
 And shadowed cloisters beam at last
 With molten gold.

As in the rich illumined scroll
 Of missal quaint a prayer is sought,
The lambent rose-bloom bids the soul
 To tinge all work with worthy thought.
 No noble deed was ever wrought
But fairer spirit did enfold;
 The grandest life is ever fraught
 With molten gold.

CX.—RECEPTIONS.

"Well, that beats all I ever heard tell of! A young lady, you say,—one of them kind that looks just as fresh and fine as the bunches of posies that Tom Dubbs sells on the corner? Don't ye think she's a little onsettled in her mind, Dave?"

"Why? Because she has rigged up the big front

room in the basement of her father's house, made a jolly parlor of it, and invited all of us ragged chaps to spend the evenin' with her? Not a speck, though she is kinder queer—eccentric, I heard the lady who lives next door say this morning, with a toss of her frizzled and feathered head. Eccentric! I 'xpect it's the fashion to be that, Lucky," concluded Dave, with a scornful chuckle, as he nonchalantly leaned, a shabby little figure, against the brown stone paling of an elegant and brilliantly lighted Fifth Avenue dwelling, and contemplated, with the cynical air of a philosopher, the throng of guests passing through the spacious doorway.

The hostess had issued cards for a grand fancy ball for that evening, and the festivities were about to begin. A group of gamins had gathered around the entrance to catch a glimpse of the revelers. Presently a policeman would come along and order them all to "move on;" then they would scamper down a side street, to reappear later in quarters quite the reverse of aristocratic. Dave and his chum, in the shadow of the area, felt comparatively free from disturbance.

At this moment a carriage drove rapidly up with a special clatter and display. The coachman reined in his horses so suddenly that they were drawn back on their haunches; he swung himself from the box, threw open the door with a flourish, and out stepped a mincing exquisite, the very latest thing in dudes, arrayed in a most elaborate costume of velvet and cloth of gold.

"Je-hos-o-phat!" exclaimed Lucky aloud, aghast at such magnificence.

The glittering fop looked around in annoyance. Discerning the two grinning urchins, he cried testily,

as he drew his ermine mantle closely about him, lest he should be contaminated by contact with the lower orders of society

"N-o!—n-no! not Jehoshaphat! Louis Quatorze, Louis Quatorze, I say!"

"Hie! Loo-y-Taws, Loo-y-Taws!" shouted the boys, derisively, not in the least knowing who that personage might be.

And, thus announced, the young dandy passed on. But, in consequence of the ebullition, the "cop" appeared, and the motley crowd dispersed in the twinkling of an eye.

"You bet, Lucky, the young lady's fad is not bad for us!" said Dave, returning to the subject under discussion when they came to their next halting place, while his companion, with the air of a club-man, puffed away at the stump of a cigar—a bit of treasure-trove.

"Sorry I can't go, but my dress suit isn't quite up to the mark, ye see," explained Lucky, glancing critically at his tattered jacket and trousers.

"Oh, ye'd better! The room is splendid and warm, has lots of light, and plenty of chairs and small tables. The furniture is not done up in satin, exactly, like down yonder; good hard pine, that's all. Ye'd rather have it neat than gaudy, wouldn't ye?" asked Dave.

"That's my taste," answered Lucky.

"And games and papers, and—jingo, ye'll hardly believe it—but a bony-fidy piano! Miss Annie laughs at it, and says it's pretty well used up; her father calls it an old tin pan. But the fellahs get as much fun out of it as if it was a whole brass band."

"H'm! 'praps I will look in some time," replied his

friend, who had an ear for music, and was a proficient performer upon the Jew's-harp and accordion.

"There's hot coffee and sandwiches," added Dave, briefly.

There was no need to expatiate upon that point; it spoke for itself. Lucky's mouth began to water. "Let's start now?" he suggested.

"Oh-ho! ye can't. This isn't the night. It's only three times a week. But to-morrow, if ye're on hand at the Rookery Crossing at half-past seven, we'll go up to Miss Evans' together," answered Dave. "I say, Lucky," he called, with some embarrassment, as the latter turned away, "Ye'll have to fix up some, though. They're kinder tony, ye know. Clean hands and face, —that's the rule."

"Pshaw! too much bother!" replied Lucky, in a discouraged tone. "Afraid I couldn't do it."

" 'Tain't so hard after ye're used to it, and we've got to put up with something," said Dave sympathetically, anxious that his comrade should not throw aside the benefits offered to him even for this grave objection.

"Well, I'll see. I'll be at the Crossing anyhow," consented Lucky; and, whistling cheerily, he ran down the dark alley, in the depths of which was, what his associates thought him fortunate in being able to call, his home.

The next evening the two boys made their way to the hospitable house on —— Street, where, strange as they felt it to be, they knew they were sure of a generous welcome. They were wonderfully "spruced up," as Dave expressed it, casting an approving glance at Lucky. The latter caught the look, and his face glowed with satisfaction.

"What a pair of begrimed little fellows!" thought the young lady who received them (so different is the opinion we have of ourselves from that which others form of us). Yet Miss Evans' manner did not betray her impression. She only nodded and smiled at Dave, who made his way through the group of vagrants that surrounded her.

"I've brought a friend, ma'am," said he, growing suddenly warm and uncomfortable, and shifting from one foot to the other.

"I'm glad you did, Dave," she answered, cordially.

Lucky thought she had the gladdest, gayest voice he had ever heard.

"Come and sit here," she said, turning round a chair and giving the newcomer a place beside her. "And what is your name?" she asked, looking at him steadily with a pair of bright, kind, brown eyes.

"Happy-go-Lucky."

"Well, that is an odd name," she declared, laughing. "Haven't you any other?"

"Yes," he admitted, as if trying to recollect something entirely unfamiliar. "Guess it's Ben," he ventured at last—"Ben—Saunders."

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Dead," he mumbled, stoically.

"Where do you live?"

"In Lanigan's attic."

Annie sighed. It seemed useless to attempt to obtain any further information.

"Why do they call you Happy-go-Lucky?" she continued, amused in spite of herself.

"Because—because—" he faltered, then grew crim-

son, and gazed shamefacedly at the gaping toes of his worn-out shoes.

"Never mind. I suppose it is because you are always fortunate, is it not?" said Miss Evans carelessly, dismissing the subject.

Lucky assented.

"Appearances are certainly deceitful," she reflected. And, after speaking to him a while longer, she began to talk to some one else.

The evening passed only too quickly. To Lucky it was the pleasantest he had ever spent. There were about twenty boys present. Many of them played games at the little tables, others thrummed on the piano or sang the popular songs of the day. The coffee and sandwiches were an important feature of the entertainment, to which the guests did full justice. From the noise and confusion the place seemed a very bedlam; yet amid the din the young lady moved about serenely, chatting now with one little fellow, now with another; by her amazing confidence in them, and the passive force of her gentleness, holding these turbulent spirits in perfect control.

Annie Evans had been baptized a Catholic, but her father—a widower and an easy-going, good-natured man—did not belong to any church. He had always intended to do right by his motherless little one, but his wife died too suddenly to remind him that the child was to be educated in her own faith. The beautiful girl whom Mr. Evans married had been quite alone in the world; therefore it was to the care of her father's relatives that Annie was committed, and she grew up without any definite religious influences, beyond a few impressions of childhood imparted by a

faithful Irish nurse. Was it the grace of Baptism—that wonderful grace to which is due so much of what the world calls philanthropy and natural goodness—that led her now to build better than she knew?

Annie liked society. She was petted, admired and spoiled by the fashionable circle in which she moved, and she entered into the gayeties of the hour with a girl's natural enjoyment of pleasure. Yet she was not contented. She wanted, she declared laughingly, "an object in life." At this friends shrugged their shoulders; but Mr. Evans, who idolized his daughter, and was accustomed to humor every whim, said: "If you must have a hobby, Annie, go ahead; I reckon I can afford it."—"Then, papa," admitted the girl, "I want—oh! I want to fit up the unused room down stairs, and have some of the street gamins here in the evenings. They have no friends. I want to help them—to do them good."—Mr. Evans gave a prolonged whistle. "Is not that too Quixotic?" queried he. "Still, go on, my dear," he added, seeing her look of disappointment. "I am here to protect you from imposition as much as possible." And so Annie's "receptions to ragamuffins," as her father playfully called them, began.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

Miss Seawell comes of an old Virginia family and from both parents inherits her talent. She is a grand-niece of President Tyler. Her early life was spent at "The Shelter." Her education was chiefly of a provincial character, in the accomplishments of the women who presided over the quaint Virginia homes. Literature was one of these, and she received a drilling in the English classics such as few women can boast. Her father, who was a lawyer of distinction, had an antique respect for the literature of the eighteenth century, and the old country-house possessed one of the best libraries of these books in Virginia. Charles Lamb's proposed plan for girls was followed in her education—she was "turned loose in a library full of good books." Novels alone were tabooed, and at seventeen she had only read one novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield." She had three amusements, reading, riding, and the piano. She seems never to have thought of writing. In this simple, quaint, unpractical life the young girl grew up. Just as she was emerging into womanhood her father's death occurred. She made a visit to Europe and upon her return her family established itself in Washington, where she still resides (1895). On her return from Europe the idea of writing came to her. The excellent training she had got from good reading now manifested itself. Her first story was accepted by Lippincott's Magazine. She assumed no less than five pen-names, so great was her fear of appearing in print in her own name. The first story under her own name was "Maid Marian." "Young Heroes of Our Navy," "Throckmorton," and "Children of Destiny" are among her best productions.

Miss Seawell has not written as yet anything distinctively Catholic, though she has been of the faith since her eighteenth year, but her works are fraught with the principles of Catholicity, and have been reviewed, approved and recommended by Catholic literary authorities.

CXI.—PLANTATION SCENE.

(From Children of Destiny.)

The hot June sunshine poured down upon the great fields of yellow wheat at Deerchase, and the velvet wind swept softly over them, making long billows and shadowy dimples in the golden sea of grain. The air was all blue and gold, and vibrating with the music of harvest time—the reedlike harmonies of the wind-swept wheat, the droning of many bees, the merry drumming of the cicada in the long grass, and, above all, the song of the black reapers, as they swung their glittering scythes in the morning sun. One side of the vast field was skirted by purplish woods, through which went constantly a solemn murmur—the only sad note in the symphony. On the other side rose great clumps and groves of live oaks and silver beeches and feathery elms, shading a spacious brick house with innumerable peaks and gables. Beyond this house and its pleasure-grounds a broad and glittering river went merrily on its way to the south Atlantic. Nature in this coast country of Virginia is prodigal of beauty, and bestows all manner of charms with a lavish hand. Here are found blue rivers and bluer skies, and pale splendors of moonlit nights and exquisite dawns and fair noons. Here Nature runs the whole gamut of beauty—through the laughing loveliness of spring mornings, the capricious sweetness of summer days, when the landscape hides itself, like a sulky beauty, in white mists and silvery rains, to the cold glory of the winter nights; there is no discord nor anything un-

lovely. But in the harvest time it is most gracious and love-compelling. There is something ineffably gay in harvest, and the negroes, those children of the sun, sang as merrily and as naturally as the grasshoppers that chirped in the green heart of the woods. The long row of black reapers swung their scythes in rhythm, their voices rising and falling in cadence with the cutting of the wheat. The head man led the singing as he led the reapers. After them came a crowd of negro women, gathering of the wheat and tying it into bundles—it was as primitive as the harvesting in the days of Ruth and Boaz. It was not work, it was rather play. The song of the reapers had an accompaniment of shrill laughter from the women, who occasionally joined in the singing:

"When I was young, I useter to wait
Behine ole marster, han' he plate,
And pass de bottle when he dry,
An' brush away dat blue-tail fly."

The men's voices rolled this out sonorously and melodiously. Then came the chorus, in which the high sweet voices of the women soared like the larks and the thrushes:

"Jim, crack corn, I doan' keer,
Jim, crack corn, I doan' keer,
Jim, crack corn, I doan' keer,
Ole—marster's—gone—away!"

The last line was a wail; but the first lines were full of a devil-may-care music, which made some of the women drop their bundles of wheat, and, picking up their striped cotton skirts, they danced a breakdown

nimbly. A dozen little negro boys carried buckets of water about the field to refresh the thirsty harvesters, and one negro girl, with her arms folded and a great pail on her head of whisky and water with mint floating around in it, was vociferously greeted whenever she appeared, and a drink from the gourd in the pail invariably caused a fresh outburst of song. Hot and bright as the fields were, it was not too hot and bright for these merry laborers. But there was a stretch of coolness and of shade on the edge of the woods where the dew still sparkled upon the blackberry-bushes and the grass and undergrowth. And in a shady place, under a hawthorn bush, sat a black-eyed little boy with a dog across his knees. They had for company, a Latin book, which the boy made a lazy pretense of studying, wearing all the time a sulky scowl. But when he found that he could put the book to a better use than studying, by propping the dog's head upon it so as to bring the tawny, intelligent eyes upon a level with his own, the scowl cleared away. His face, then, though full of archness and sweetness, was not altogether happy. He gazed into the dog's eyes wistfully, for, although many people gazed upon him kindly, no creature in the wide world ever gazed upon him so affectionately as this one poor brute of a dog.

CXII.—LITTLE JARVIS.

(From Children of Destiny.)

For three long hours of the moonlit night the battle raged. The Frenchmen had the loss of the Insurgente to avenge, and the Americans were inspired by remem-

bering that, with the same ship and the same captain, they had been victorious in one of the greatest single-ship fights ever fought; and against one of the most gallant enemies in the world. Part of the time both ships were running free, side by side, exchanging broadsides, but at last the Constellation shot ahead, and, luffing up short under the bows of the Vengéance, was ready with every gun to rake her. The Frenchman, terribly disabled and his decks encumbered with his wounded, made a desperate effort to sheer off, but the Constellation only moved up closer for a yard-arm-and-yard-arm fight. One by one the guns of the Vengéance were being silenced, her decks were running with blood, and she rolled a helpless hulk in the trough of the sea. But the brave Frenchmen gave no sign of surrender, and apparently were determined to go down with their ship. Three times had her ensign been shot away, and twice had a young French sailor sprung aloft, braving the fire of the American sharp-shooters, to lash another tricolor to the mast, for there were no halyards left to run a flag up on. As he went up the first time, with the flag wrapped round his neck, the sulphurous smoke was drifted off in a sudden gust of wind, and Jarvis, with all the men in the top, saw him plainly in the bright moonlight. Jack Bell raised his musket to fire at him, but Jarvis laid his hand upon the sailor's shoulder.

"Don't, Bell! he's such a brave fellow," he said.

"It would be a pity to kill that 'ere chap now," said Jack, nevertheless keeping his musket at his shoulder. "'E'll be a sailor sure enough one o' these days, when he's growed up, if I let him be."

The young sailor, who saw Jack Bell deliberately

taking aim at him, took off his cap and waved it defiantly before he lashed the flag to the mast, amid wild cheering from his comrades on the Vengéance. But when he saw Jarvis' gesture, and that Jack Bell did not fire, he lifted his cap, and bowed and smiled. Jarvis was delighted, and lifted his cap, too.

"Lord, Lord!" said Jack Bell, shaking his head, solemnly, "may be we ain't a fightin' for our lives and our countries, and these 'ere planks that is all we've got between we and Davy Jones's. May be we're at a dancing-school, where we larns manners and sich."

The second time the ensign was shot away the young sailor climbed up again to replace it. This time he waved the flag at Jarvis, and Jarvis took off his cap and waved it round and round a dozen times in response. The third time the flag disappeared there was no one to replace it. The young sailor lay dead in his blood on the deck of the Vengéance, and so many of her men were killed and wounded that there were scarcely enough left to work those of her guns that were not disabled. But the Frenchmen stood gallantly to their ship, the officers encouraging the men by word and by example. Little Jarvis saw a grizzled officer, bareheaded, his face grimed with blood and powder, and one epaulet gone, rush up to a gun, around which half the crew lay dead. With the help of several other officers the gun was manned, and well manned, for an instant later a double shot came crashing through the Constellation's rigging and struck the mainmast. A shout went up from below as the mast tottered, and the men rushed aloft to secure it. But it was too late. As the tall mast swayed

frightfully, Jack Bell turned to little Jarvis and said, coolly:

"Mr. Jarvis, she's a-goin'!"

It was now three o'clock in the morning. The moon was going down, and there was a kind of ghostly half-light, through which little Jarvis's face could be seen. The Vengéance at that moment increased her fire, the men inspired by the example of their officers; and the Constellation answered her loudly.

"We can hold on awhile yet, can't we, Bell?" asked Jarvis, with a coolness equal to the veteran sailors.

"No, sir," said Jack Bell, shaking his head.

They were now being tossed fearfully about, and the awful crackling of the mast, to which they clung desperately, had begun. "And 'tain't no shame for a man to leave his post when he can't stay there no longer, Mr. Jarvis."

"Not for a man—but I'm—I'm—an officer—and an officer must die at his post—"

Jarvis jerked the words out above the frightful crashing and swinging of the mast, the furious uproar of the fight. With a steady eye and a smile on his handsome face, he looked down below; but the black and drifting smoke was so thick he could not see the captain. The men, at that ominious breaking and swaying, without waiting for orders, were climbing down, catching at anything in their way.

"For God's sake!" cried Jack Bell, preparing to leap. His face was white and desperate, and his harsh voice was imploring. But little Jarvis, with all of his intrepid soul shining out of his unflinching eyes, did not move an inch. There was a strange light upon his

face, and a manly and heroic calmness had taken the place of his boyish excitement.

"No," he said, "I cannot leave my station; if the mast goes, I must go with it."

Then a terrible cry went up from below. The wind had cleared the heavy smoke away for a moment, and those on deck saw the great mainmast, after the grinding sound of breaking, reel like a drunken man and topple over with a crash that made every timber in the Constellation tremble. It was as if the noble ship groaned and shuddered with the agony of that blow. The men in the top had managed to save themselves by leaping and hanging on to the shrouds and rigging. But little Jarvis came down with the mast.

The captain ran to him, and lifted the boy's head upon his knee—but he was quite dead, wearing still on his young face the brave smile with which he had faced death when glory beckoned him upward. By this time Jack Bell came running up, wiping the blood from his face and head. He stood close to the captain's elbow, and half sobbed, half shouted:

"He could 'a saved hisself, sir. I told him she was a-goin'—but he said as he were a officer, he couldn't leave his post. He done his duty like a man, sir—and he were the bravest little chap I ever see!"

And when the day broke and the splendid sunrise of the tropics came blushing over the sea, the Vengéance had her great hull battered and broken, her fifty-four guns silenced, and nearly two hundred of her men lay dead or wounded on her decks. The Constellation, her mainmast gone, her sails torn to ribbons, but sound and whole in her hull, and with every gun as good as when she went into action, had lost forty men

and only one officer—little Jarvis. They buried him at sea that night, just at the solemn hour that he had been swinging about aloft the night before, singing so cheerily:

"Won't we have a jolly time
When we get home again?"

The officers and men, standing on the quarter-deck, with uncovered heads, gazed with a sort of reverence at the small body wrapped in the flag—for he was little Jarvis even in death. He was only a little midshipman, but he had done his duty so as to merit immortal fame. The words, terrible yet consoling were uttered over him, "And the sea shall give up its dead."

As the words of the burial service were finished, two of the oldest sailors were unloosing the flag, when the captain, his gray head bared, motioned with his hand.

"No," he said, "make it fast. He has well defended that flag, and he shall be buried in it."

The sailors, with deft fingers, made fast the flag, the tears from their hard and weather-beaten faces dropping upon little Jarvis. In another moment the small body slid gently over the rail, and sunk swiftly and peacefully into the untroubled depths of the ocean. Little Jarvis was forever at rest in the sea he loved so well. In the midst of the death-like pause, when every breath was stilled the captain spoke in a husky voice:

"Gentlemen," said he, turning to his officers, "Little Jarvis has indeed gone aloft—"

He stopped suddenly, and his voice seemed to leave him. He had meant to say something further—that every officer and man on that ship, when his time came,

might well envy little Jarvis the manner of his going. But he could say no more. What need was there for words? And in the midst of the deep silence, Jack Bell, who stood by the rail, with his head and his arm bound up, raised his bandaged arm to his eyes and uttered a loud sob. The captain put his cap to his face and hurried silently below. The drums beat merrily, the bugles blared out. All was over; but to every heart came back the words, "He was the bravest little chap!"

When the story of that splendid fight was told at home, the Congress of the United States, after passing a resolution of thanks to the officers and men of the Constellation, and awarding Captain Truxtun a gold medal, passed a separate and special resolution in honor of little Jarvis, and it said:

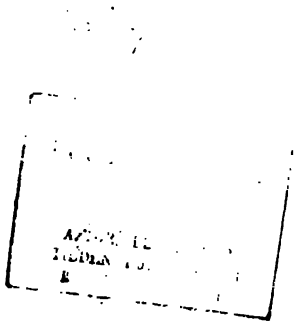
"Be it further resolved: That the conduct of James Jarvis, a midshipman on said frigate, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post, is deserving of the highest praise; and the loss of so promising an officer is a subject of national regret."

"BARNET" TOLERIDGE.

Miss E. O. Toleridge is the only daughter of the late William H. Toleridge, who was known as the Baltimore "sweet singer" in the sixties. She has written as yet only short stories and poems for newspapers and periodicals, but is ambitious of one day ranking among the ablest of her time in literature. Her stories are: "A Plea," "Why?" "Thinking It Over," "George's Valentine," "The Timid Heart of Lizie."



Barnett Tolerdge



CXIII.—TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT A VIOLET.

It was one of those days when one is not quite sure that spring will ever come; the sky, cloud-hidden, the trees, with but faint suggestions of the coming buds, and the ground still strewn here and there with leaves which the "sweet last year" knew and loved.

Two were deftly gathering the violets which had braved the roughened air with their strong hearts and timid bodies.

"Here is a perfect specimen, viola cucullata," said one of the two, she who might be said to belong to the analytical class of the genus homo, "how beautifully tinted this corolla—"

Before the other had time to admire, the finely stained petals of the flower had been torn off ruthlessly and thrown regardlessly to the ground, while the enthusiastic botanist proceeded to probe its very heart.

"See the fine stamens," she exclaimed, extending the denuded flower toward her friend, "and the calyx like a small green nightcap—would it not be intensely interesting to be able to follow with a microscope the movements of this flower minute by minute, until it withers on its stem, its life-work done—"

"The little winged creatures follow it, I am sure," the companion essayed, "and, of course, the fairies know all about it," she added demurely; "that great clumsy creature, man, cannot expect to see everything that goes on—for my own part, I prefer to gather this little bunch of nestling things up close to me, and as I view each one, to think only of its God-given exist-

ence for me, for any human being who stoops to pluck it and make it her own—for it fills the eyes with purest pleasure, the very heart with its soft incense of praise to the Creator, mutely teaching how brave meekness of heart can be, and how meek, bravery, as it dares to come up into this wintry time, for our sakes, to hint to us of earth's joyful awakening lest we despair of its coming—so brave as this, the little violet, and yet it droops its pretty head in sweet, meek shame that it, so small, so humble, has really dared so much."

Thus, the second speaker, who, it must be confessed, was very far from a practical human being; although not found altogether wanting in attention to the common duties of life, she skimmed through them somehow, and not all were neglected, although very little of her thought was expended upon them. Hers was the "big-eyed" soul of the genius. Wonderful vistas of thought kept ever opening out before her, and her interior vision grew so clear and wide that oftentimes the little necessary things of life seemed very insignificant.

These souls are needed to balance those of the other kind, the Martha's of the world, to preserve its equilibrium, no doubt!

If all were geniuses, the material world might possibly go to rack and ruin, and if all were Martha-like, our souls would surely shrink into very small essences indeed!

Let us give thanks, then, for the wonderful mosaic of the soul-plan.

CXIV.—TO A CHILD.

O earth-child, looking up with heavenly eyes,
 How is't thou'st left thy far and right abode
 For this low sphere where sin and death have strode,
And where, through all the air, a sorrow flies?
Thou seest, and yet thou dost not comprehend;
 A heaven-wrought veil about thy soul was flung
 When the low chime of thy first birthday rung,
Yet ruthless Time the fabric pure will rend:—
And thou wilt read the hollow hearts of men,
 And thou wilt wince to feel the lash of Care;
 Looking for beauty, thou wilt find a snare,
And sin and death thou 'lt come to know of there.
Better for thee, if it were God's own will,
 That even now, dear as thou art, O sweet!
 An angel lifted thee unto his feet,
Close in thy veil of innocence wrapped still.

CXV.—CHRIST'S MASTERPIECE.

(From the Catholic World.)

Thou Wonder of the Ages, ever new,
Yet evermore the same! Thou thron'd Queen
That since the sweet Christ rose hath trusted been
With His grand Truth to help men dare and do!
And hath not proved a recreant to thy trust,
But proudly, humbly, hath the jewel worn
Upon thy bosom, and hath humbly borne
The rebel's strife to hurl it in the dust!
These have gone out in hordes from thy sweet care;
Their souls in doubt, in terror and despair.
They who are folded in thy sweet embrace,

O tender Mother! know no wild unrest,
But like the babes, pressed to the mother-breast,
Look up, confiding, to the mother face!
No need for baffled questioning—no need
For aught but to drink in the Life that's given,
And to list humbly while she breathes of Heaven,
And sweet unfolds her tender guarded creed.
No need for fear, for doubt, for gropings blind!
Our God a God of Light! His children know
He hath not left them to grope blindly so.
Light's in the world for all who wish to find!
Alas for those who found and flung away!
In the world's morning races forgot God;
Set up their idols, in defilement trod,
And have not remembered to this day!
So with His Church: At it men's doubts are hurled
Derision and contumely; still it goes
Serenely on, Christ-led, whose promise was,
"Unto the consummation of the world."
Naught shall prevail, world's might or "gate of hell,"
O fixéd Rock, so solid built to brave
All time's resisting force and lapping wave
And mutability. Hail, Deathless Sentinel!

MATILDA CUMMINGS.

Miss Cummings was born in New York City, educated with the Sisters of Charity, and has been teaching in the public schools for over a decade of years. Besides being an accomplished and versatile writer, she is a fine musician and linguist, and brilliant conversationalist. Her style in prose has taken the form of sketches of devotional and moral subjects. Miss Cummings writes for many of our periodicals, from which exchanges here and in Europe have copied as gems of literature. The selections given below are fair specimens of the trend of her gift. As yet, none of her writings have been collected into a volume, but we hope they will be at a day not far distant.

CXVI.—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

(A Feast Day Greeting.)

From the streets of lone Assisi
 Rang a voice of piercing might,
Through the orange groves and myrtles,
 In the sunshine and the night.
Through the world that lay in darkness
 Rang the sweet and thrilling cry,
When our Francis called the nations
 To the wisdom from on high.

On Alverna thou wast kneeling
 In a rapture deep and high,
When the seraph six-winged cross-borne
 Burned before thee in the sky.
Then there flowed those lines of splendor
 On thy hands and feet and side,
That transformed thee to the image
 Of thy Savior crucified.

From Alverna and Assisi,
 As if borne on Seraph wing,
Thou didst seek the rock-built City
 In the Garden of the King.
Now the gleaming throne of jasper
 Whence there fell the Morning Star,
Is thy throne, thou sweet St. Francis,
 Where the crowned and sceptered are.

Now with earnest hearts and voices
Come we, clients of thy love;
Pleading for a dear one—sweetly
Claimed by thee—Seraphic Dove.
Seeking for our honored Mother,
Benisons from thee on high,
Precious gifts for her, dear Father,
Send in bounty from the sky.

Not a cross, Seraphic Francis,
Do we beg for our dear Mother,
But a gracious blessing, only
This—thou wilt not send another.
Nay—be thine the holy stigmas,
Hers the wound of love divine,
Whose sweet pain will never cause
Heart or spirit to repine.

Then, loved Mother, we, thy children,
Raise our eyes from this dear home,
Where thou guardest now so gently
Those who from thee ne'er would roam
To the other home above us,
Where he stands, the guardian bright
Of all those who fought and conquered
'Neath the cross—a royal fight.

May he one day claim thee, dearest,
Leading on with gracious smile
To the Bridegroom waiting for thee,
Whose dear arms—outstretched the while—
Will then close around thee gently,
Press thee to His loving Heart,
Saying—Welcome, child of Francis!
Thou didst choose the better part.

CXVII.—FRIENDSHIP.

(From the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.)

"A genuine affection is a preparation for eternity, and eternity comes, not to interrupt, but to perpetuate, all which makes life dear."—Madame Swetchine.

All things in life have a keynote, no matter how prolonged the measures, nor how intricate the symphony, nor how disconnected the parts that make up the whole,—the keynote of the theme is there, and on it depends the proper interpretation of the subject. The charming Russian lady, who read so well the great lesson of life as taught by that winning teacher affection, gives us the keynote of this melody of the heart, this song without words, which finds its echo from sea to sea, even as the shells that are found on every shore —eternity. Friendship or affection that is not based on this underlying stratum is lacking in strength and in endurance. Selfishness, much as it is decried, is inherent in every nature. What is happiness? Is it not the gratification of self? High and holy and noble as are the aims of the many who seek to better their kind, and make the world around them a little more like the Eden it was originally intended to be, yet in each purpose of theirs there is an adverting to self, unconscious though it be, which is inseparable from the desire to make others happy. Happiness is radiating, reflecting—it must needs be so. Now a friendship which is a merely material thing, which, however much it be formed on a similarity of tastes or temperaments or interests, has in itself no deeper source than the shifting sands of time, will sooner or later find the

rocky bed of the stream, which was, after all, but a shallow. Bright and illusive in the sunshine of a summer day—fitting spot for the line of the angler that thought only of himself and his sport, but not the deep water that would hold the vessel freighted with life's hopes and fears.

Many and varied are the attractions of friendship, and as many the motives underlying it. In the intellectual world, mind meets mind in a union at once ennobling and inspiring. In the busy marts of commercial life, in the all-devouring interests of the work-a-day world, attachments are formed which have a common center. In the gay whirl of society we find, here and there kindred spirits, not altogether of the butterfly order, which revolve for a time in a mutual circle of aims and aspirations.

Even crime has its order of friendship, and deep are the marks of the chain which its members rivet on their linking arms. Each and all in turn will bear scrutiny and each give evidence of its claim to the watchword of friendship—Fidelity, but Time is the sentinel that knows not fatigue, and the watchword of the morning falls with a failing strength at eventide, unless the stars be the trysting place, and the future beyond the grave the place of final union.

Common interest does much to bind heart to heart, but not soul to soul, unless the things of spirit be paramount to those of sense. Since the days of David and Jonathan soul has been knit to soul only where the soul was the master. 'Twere not well to carp at the friendship of the great who have given the world ample proof of their sincerity. But, for perfect purity of attachment, for a refining of the dross which clings

even to the precious metal of Love, when 'tis worthy of its holy name, there must needs be the element of spirituality, else sincerity, that crowning glory of all true friendship, will be wanting.

"A true affection combines many characters in one. It is multiplicity in unity," and that unity is intensified only in the soul. Would the friendship of St. Jerome and St. Paula have been the source of admiration of the world that it is to-day had the world of books been the whole sphere of their attraction? No, eternity was their bond of union—the circle that bound them in a community of intellectual and spiritual delights, which has had no peer since their day. We hear much from time to time of platonic friendships. They are but will-o'-the-wisps. God, not Plato, is the magnet which draws the noblest souls into closest union, heart with heart, utterly free from passion or mere sentiment, but one in purpose, one in the all-absorbing desire to attain the heights, hand helping hand, voice joining voice, until the upper air is reached, where the creature's voice is heard no more, where the center of union which dominated the field of vision on earth is perfected in the unity of God. "Union implies two—unity but one." True friendship begins in God and ends in Him. The river has reached the sea.

CXVIII.—OUR DEAD.

(From the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.)

"Have pity!" Hark! was it the wind
A-sighing 'round the dripping eaves?
Or fancy sporting with the mind
As autumn gusts with falling leaves?

Was it a voice from spirit-land
So plaintive falling on the ear?
Or was it but the dial's hand
The night watch keeping all so near?

So keen the sense, so plain the sound,
It could not be a fancied tone;
Ah! no—the dead are all around.
The sorrowing are not left alone.

They people all our lonely hours,
They haunt the spots so loved of old;
Their mem'ry lives—immortal flow'rs
Are those which blossom in the cold.

Our sainted dead! they're all our own.
Each household holds them as of yore,
But dearer now their spirits flown,
And they still yearning for us more.

They yearn, they plead in accents sore
For help and pity in their strait;
They hunger for the open'd door,
They thirst for sight of heaven's gate.

Ah! hearts that loved, nay, love them still,
Be not unmindful of your own;
Mourn not as those of hopeless will,
Be up and doing; pray, not moan.

Storm mercy kind for their release,
List to their gently piteous cry!
Oh! beg for them that light and peace
The which to gain 'twere sweet to die.

CXIX.—ODE TO ST. TERESA.

(From the Carmelite Review.)

Hail valiant woman! Spain's proud boast,
Thou mother of a saintly line!
Hail leader of a mighty host,
Thou doctress of the art divine.

On Carmel's heights we see thee stand
Undaunted by the strife below,
In regal splendor, courage grand,
To battle with the deadly foe.

O loyal heart! whose burning zeal
Reformed the spirit, fed the flame,
Whose clarion voice made others feel
Of standards low, the sin and shame.

Thy feet upon the mountain height,
Thy watchword, suffering or death!
No truce in nature's life-long fight,
No peace while self or sense had breath.

New woman thou of knightly days,
Thou type unknown to court or throne.
Of gracious mien, of winning ways.
Thy mastery did many own.

For thou wert bent on gaining souls
To Christ and Carmel—garden fair—
And so the song of triumph rolls,
To greet thee saint of virtue rare.

Be thou the guardian of our day,
 Of woman in her changing sphere,
Oh! teach her that true woman's sway
 Is by the hearth and fireside dear.

The cloistered hearth on Carmel hill,
 The mother's place in home's dear vale,
The maiden and the matron still,
 May each in thee a model hail.

And so wilt thou reform again
 This age that needs thee as of yore,
Teresa! thou of lordly Spain,
 The mother, mistress, royal store.

MRS. BERLINGUET, née AMY M. POPE

is named among the Canadian women writers in "Catholic Reading Circle Review," and is of a highly intellectual and distinguished family, which has given to Canada judges and statesmen of acknowledged eminence. Her brother, Mr. Joseph Pope, was private secretary to Sir John McDonald. Her first literary work was done for "McGee's Weekly," then for the "Catholic World," to which she was a regular contributor for some time, writing up for it the account of a prolonged visit to the Lazaretto at Tracadie, where she visited the lepers daily. Her sketch of the Magdalen Islands was also sent to that magazine and published in pamphlet. Mrs. Berlinguet has done much in translating from the French for various papers and for the "American Catholic Researches" of Philadelphia. She also prepared for the late Bishop McIntyre of Charlottetown, P. E. I., a history of each parish in his diocese, with a short biography of his predecessors in the episcopal office, and of each priest in his diocese. She was a regular contributor to the "Ave Maria" and other periodicals till 1889.

CXX.—AN AMERICAN SAINT.

(From Ave Maria.)

The old city of Three Rivers, lying at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and St. Maurice rivers, though ostensibly founded by one Laviolette in 1634, was in existence as a trading post long prior to that date. The town has from a very early period been associated in history with the devoted labors of the Recollet missionaries, and, indeed, at various times, these Religious have fulfilled there the functions of parish priests. A Recollet father is supposed to have offered the first mass in the present site of Three Rivers as early as 1615; and in 1618 a lay-brother, Frere Pacifique du Plessis, taught the truths of Christianity to the Indians who came there to trade. In 1625, shortly after his arrival from France, Father de Brebeuf, of the Society of Jesus, and Father de la Roche Daillon, a Recollet, went to Three Rivers, where, history informs us, they were "hospitably received by the resident missionary," doubtless a Recollet.

Up to 1629 the Recollets and Jesuits worked together for the evangelization of the Canadian Indians; then came the taking of Quebec by the English, and the religious orders were forthwith sent back to their own country, France; whence the Jesuits returned to Canada in 1632, but the Recollets only in 1670. The end of the seventeenth century, however, saw them firmly established in the country in the trifold capacity of cures, missionaries, and teachers. At Three Rivers they were in charge of the parish, and had besides a convent, wherein school was taught; and they also built a goodly-sized church for their own use.

When Canada was ceded to the English the Recollet church and monastery were taken possession of by the conquerors, and made to do duty—the latter as a jail and barracks, the former in a double capacity, it being a courthouse on week days, and a place of worship for the Protestant portion of the community on Sunday. In course of time law found another abiding place, and religion, in the Anglican form of worship, claimed the ancient structure for her own. The faithful Recollets went their way—some to teach school in the adjacent villages, others to the hospitable house of Pere de Berey in Quebec.

That there had been among the Three Rivers band one of their order so saintly as to attract pilgrimages to the place of his burial was a fact that seems to have faded from the recollection of men; yet in the archives of Rome, Paris, and Quebec, and in those of the old Ursuline convent at Three Rivers, were letters telling of one Frere Didace, who died in such odor of sanctity that even Mgr. de St. Vallier, Bishop of Quebec, made a pilgrimage to his tomb, and was there, at the close of a novena, cured of a stubborn malady. The letters gave many other instances of miracles performed through the intercession of this servant of God. It is probable that the Ursulines of Three Rivers, in whose hospital the holy Recollet died, never really forgot him and his merits; but to others his name was scarcely known, and the place of his burial was as much a mystery as is that of Moses. But God had not forgotten His servant, as will be seen from the following translation of an article written by the learned Canadian historian, the Abbe Raymond Casgrain, and published in the Semaine Religieuse of Quebec in 1891.

Fronting on Notre Dame Street, here a narrow and curved thoroughfare, the old buildings of the bygone Recollets stand, in the midst of their shady garden, where lilacs and apple-trees bloom as in the days of yore. The property extends along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, with but a narrow green field between its boundary and the busy wharves where the lumber from the vast limits of the St. Maurice country is shipped across the seas. The monastery is now divided into two dwelling-houses. In the one nearest to the church lives the Anglican rector, and in the pretty drawing-room is an alcove which does duty as a "cozy corner," but which bears evidence of having been built as a niche in the olden time.

In the year 1890 the Rev. F. C. Stuart was appointed Anglican rector of Three Rivers. Mr. Stuart brought to the old home of the Recollets, henceforth to be his own, a great taste for antiquarian research and a profound veneration for the beauty of holiness. In making acquaintance with the ancient building, he found relics of its former master in the shape of strips of paper covered with the quaint handwriting of the Religious. On the windows of an unused attic above the church were many of these. With great care and much delicate sponging he succeeded in detaching a scrap bearing the sentence: "Domine dimittis in pace," a pathetic souvenir of the dispersed Recollets. Taking, as he did, the greatest interest in everything concerning his church, Mr. Stuart naturally read up all the papers procurable concerning Brother Didace, some of which he himself obtained, at the cost of much trouble and expense, from the archives in Paris, and he felt as much interested as anybody in the question as to the holy friar's place of burial.

For sometime prior to Mr. Stuart's incumbency of the Three Rivers Anglican parish, there had been complaints as to the cold and damp condition of the church, which no amount of heating and fuel could overcome. And on looking into the matter, Mr. Stuart found that, at the period of some former repairing of the building, shavings had been allowed to accumulate under the floor. The Anglican community of Three Rivers, not being a wealthy one, the rector and a young gentleman began to remove the shavings, and carried away about sixty loads. This done, they set about raking out and making neat the clay under the flooring. While so doing Mr. Stuart found some pieces of mortar and of plank, which discovery aroused his antiquarian instincts. He at once looked about to see precisely where he was, and found himself just beneath the spot whereon stood in former days the high altar of the Recollet church. Procuring trowels, he and his young friend commenced to dig. They always took the night hours for their work, which they industriously prosecuted. At length one night, just as twelve o'clock rang out over Three Rivers, they came upon a grave five feet square, carefully covered with mortar and six-inch deals, and lined with sand, in which lay the bones of a man, who, to judge by the measurements, must have been of unusual size. The shape and appearance of the skull were so much like the portrait of Brother Didace as to cause an involuntary exclamation from the two witnesses.

Mr. Stuart reverently replaced the bones and covered up the grave. He accounts for the bones being in a grave of such curious dimensions by the fact that in former days the church, according to a plan

which he received from the archives in France, and which bears the date 1703, extended across the street, with the altar to the west. The inference is that when the altar was removed to the east end of the building the bones of the holy friar were carefully exhumed and placed anew beneath it.

Those most familiar with the ways of the old Recollet friars say that they were not given to paying much attention to their dead, and that the fact of these bones having evidently been removed, and re-interred with such care in a grave lined with sand and protected with mortar and deals, shows that they were of one held in great esteem.

The Recollets exist no longer under that distinctive name, but they were Franciscans, and the Sons of St. Francis have returned to Canada. Once more the brown habit is seen in the streets of Three Rivers, and sandaled feet have again pressed the floor of the old Recollet church—now, alas, theirs no more.

A proposition has been made to purchase the venerable sanctuary from the Anglican community, but it has not been seriously entertained by them. The history of nearly a hundred and fifty years of its existence is theirs; it is dear to them because of its traditions and its memories; monuments of their distinguished dead grace its walls; books have been written upon it, and family histories woven in with its past. Still, impossible as it now seems, if it be for the greater glory of God he will bring it to pass. Then the long-delayed process of canonization may go on without obstacle, and the name of Brother Didace Pelletier be placed upon our altars for invocation as that of a saint of God.

HELENA THERESA GOESSMANN.

A gifted young woman with whom the public is gradually becoming acquainted, and to whom is being given a favorable attention, is Helena Theresa Goessmann, who is giving herself to literary work. The subject of our sketch was born in Syracuse, N. Y., but came with her parents in her infancy to the college town of Amherst. Her father, Charles Anthony Goessmann, Ph. D., LL. D., has been for many years professor of chemistry in the State College of Massachusetts and director of the State Experiment Station. Miss Goessmann received her early education in private schools, while a special course of study in history, literature, and German was pursued with her father. Both parents are devout Catholics, and a pious mother's watchful care, supplemented by the best home and social influences, laid the foundation and formed the character of Miss Goessmann according to the highest ideal of Catholic womanhood. In 1887 she finished a four years' course and received graduate honors from the well known convent of the Sacred Heart, "Elmhurst," Providence, R. I. She then continued the pursuit of her studies by aid of local college lectures and libraries as well as those of Boston and New York. Her special line of work is historical research and ethics, with lecturing in these fields. She delivered a series of historical lectures to her alma mater in the winter of 1891-92. She was heard and very well received at the Plattsburg summer school of 1893. Since then she has appeared before several of the best known literary organizations of the East. She has also published a charming little volume of poems, "A Score of Songs," "The Christian Woman in Philanthropy," the first of an ethical series, while she contributes regularly to the press. Her articles have been read with pleasure and interest in the "Catholic World Reading Circle Review" and other publications. Her papers at the Chicago World's Fair Congress of Women and the Atlanta Exposition were enthusiastically received. She is a member of the New England Woman's Club and Historical Society of Philadelphia. In her own town her literary merit is fully recognized, as is proven by the active part given her in social circles. As president of the Tuesday Club, the oldest literary organization in Am-

herst, she exercises an influence both elevating and refining. She is also an officer and active member of the Amherst Woman's Club.

In June, 1895, Miss Goessmann received the degree of Master of Philosophy from Ohio University. Thus having given herself heartily to literary pursuits and possessing as she does a good constitution, vigorous mind, clear, bright intellect, and a charming personality, supplemented by true Catholic piety, she cannot fail to attain a high standard of literary excellence and receive the encouragement which merit demands. She has conversational powers of a high order, and her simple, unassuming manners win for her at once the admiration and confidence of all who may be in any way associated with her. Though much engaged with her literary work, she is, in every sense, the eldest daughter in her happy home, and certainly one privileged to enter there can see at once that from the social atmosphere of "Bellevue Place," made bright and healthful by the vivifying influences of religion and mental culture, nothing but the good and the beautiful could be forthcoming.

While our convent schools and Catholic homes can claim such exponents of their teaching as Helena Goessmann, no thinking mind will consider that education complete in which religion is not blended from the first opening of the young mind, till it becomes the inspiration of the finished scholar, who devotes his or her life to the education of others.

CXXI.—AN AUGUST IDYL.

(From the Catholic Reading Circle Review.)

Erect and gaunt toward Summer skies,
Enswathed in garb of ochre dyes,
Patched and tattered as beggar's cloak,
With stunted pine and storm-wrecked oak,
Marching straight toward the lineless west,
With neither break, nor peak, nor rest,
Two rocky walls between them hold
The Saranac,—and thus enfold
Weird legends of the tribes long dead,
Whose hunting-ground,—a river's bed,
Now makes its rocks and weedy face,
For fish and gnat, a sporting place.
While glancing up to meet the eye
Of him who, musing, lingers by,
To shape his thoughts in solitude,
Or revel in a passing mood,
No answer goes to greet such seer,
Who fain the unrevealed would hear,
From wave and rill as on they flow
In death's lament, o'er skull and bow.

"Dream on, O Poet!"—its spirit sighs,
"And feast with fervent sense your eyes,
On mountain flower and hemlock tree:
E'en give your heart's best gems to me,
But ask no gift as they return,
From one who toils where caverns yearn,
And lips closed—sealed by rigid fates,
The power of song, impatient waits.
Here souls of warriors from their tombs
Croon battle-lays, as midnight looms
Weave o'er sharp crags and mossy way
The webs that melt at kiss of day.

So silent flow I dumb and dark,
With soft caress to boulders stark,
That no man knows my kin or grief,
Nor offers help for glad relief,
Till near yon rapids, warring white,
I fret as shackled-handed Knight
Against my chains, and breaking wide
The bonds that chafe my natal pride,
Rush forth, and smile, and find a voice,
To speak my freedom and rejoice.
Then on through country meadows green,
Where ferns and buds against me lean,
I sing an allegro of love,
To sward, and tree, and lark above;
As one who, dungeoned through the night,
With fear, despair and lack of light,
Lifts up his voice at sound of morn,
To greet grim Jailers with the scorn
That laughs where innocence accused,
His birthright, freedom, is refused."

CXXII.—A THOUGHT.

To love for God is noble and like to angel fair—
To love all creatures through Him, 'tis sweet, and yet 'tis rare.

CXXIII.—ST. ANGELA OF BRESCIA.

(Foundress of the Ursuline Order.)

On the tranquil shore of Lake Garda in Bessand, during the early spring days of 1474, Angela of Brescia, daughter of John Merici and his good wife, a daughter of the family of Brancozis, was born.

Her parents, though of noble blood, were possessed

of little wealth, and, while the early training and education of the little Angela was most rudimentary, her naturally quick mind and precocious power of reasoning made her more developed in intellect than most children of twice her age.

One of her modern biographers, who has made the pleasant task of telling her life's story a labor of love, speaks of her infant clearness of mind and soul.

Her daily companion in play, study, work and prayers was her sister, and of their affection and appreciation of each other this same writer has much to say.

The good John Merici and his pious wife beheld with joy the saintly instincts of their two children and in every way exerted themselves to foster their childish love of prayer and pious reading.

Angela matured rapidly and even at the age of ten practiced virtue and austerity beyond belief. Her father and mother were taken from her within a few days of each other, but she with her sister found a home in the house of their uncle, Biancozi, at Salo.

In less than two years after the death of her parents Angela lost her beloved sister. Becoming a member of the third Order of St. Francis shortly after, she lived a most holy and edifying life. Her poverty and humility drew many souls to God. In reading her life one is however impressed with a striking and uncommon feature. However severely she governed her body and life the outside world were never inflicted with a glimpse of her penitential habits.

For five years she remained in Salo, beloved and revered by her associates and called by those who knew her best "Virgin of Christ."

All these years there had been growing in her heart and mind an idea whose realization was to be the solution of a then mighty social and educational problem. She had been a student, and a conscientious one, of surrounding conditions in high and low life. This was in 1495, when Angela was scarcely twenty-one.

From Desenzand to Brescia and a second foundation was a rapid step. Signor Pentigole of Padinga and Mark Anthony of Romano were her patrons in this venture. Both men, thoroughly Christian, looked at her life and example with deep reverence, and she in turn felt that her desires were to be realized through these two friends.

Retiring as was her life she still kept in touch with the charitable needs of society. This is illustrated in her uniting in friendly relations with the two stern enemies of Brescia—Philip de Salo and Francis de Martinengre.

At St. Mantue in 1522 she prayed at the tomb of her illustrious friend Hosanna Andreasy, and in the palace of Aloysius Gonzaga at Salfarino she met that saintly prince and edified him by her erudite intellect and sanctified soul.

Wishing to obtain divine light upon her future work she decided to ask this heavenly intelligence at the Tomb of Our Lord. Among the kinspeople of Gonzaga were several who were anxious to accompany her to Palestine. She now lost her sight. This affliction, as unexpected as it was harrowing, only proved more fully the noble courage of Angela. No murmur escaped her, no impatience over her fate found expression in her words or acts.

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At Candia, in the tiny church with its miraculous crucifix, she for the first time asked of God the restoration of her sight. Her prayer was answered and amid the songs of joy and the Te Deums of her holy companions, she proceeded to Rome to complete her mission among the pilgrims who came to salute the Saintly Pontiff Clement VII, in 1535. She enrolled herself. Her friend the papal chamberlain Paul of Spulia procured her an audience at once. The meeting between the venerable Pope and the holy Angela was most touching.

His heart, so gentle in its instincts, saw in this holy woman a God-appointed missionary such as the proud needed and the social world would receive and be influenced by.

War and its attendant tumult came to disturb the peace of the religious and social world. Angela lived quietly during this period at Cremna and when it was revealed to her in a supernatural way that she was to place her new order under the direct patronage of St. Ursula, the holy martyr, Angela fell ill and her good friends and companions in charity despaired of her life. Recovery came to her slowly, so that about the time of the treaty between Francis I and Charles V at Cambray, 1529, we find our Saint once more busy planning the foundation of her order.

At Brescia, leading the life of a solitary and in miraculous communication with her Divine Master, Angela perfected her plans. One of the first members of her community was Isabella de Prata, a pious resident of Brescia, who presented the new order with a house.

In all of this work Angela distrusted her own abil-

ity and worthiness to achieve the ideal which heaven had placed in her heart. Her spiritual director, the good canon regular of St. John Lateran, encouraged her at every turn. November, 1535, saw the Order of Ursulines an organized body with rules and formulas to direct them, and Angela as one inspired at the head; the perfect type of the mother who governs by her example, the most irrevocable of precepts.

The intellectual as well as the spiritual progress of this sisterhood was assured. Lucretea Padezzora became the noble patroness.

Angela's health now began to fail and the duty of leader, always an irksome one to her, seemed to press upon her spirit with greater weight than ever before. To her Bishop, Cardinal Confinaro, she spoke of her desire to retire from office and make way for the appointment of another Mother.

Early in January, 1540, she was taken ill, and realizing that death was near her, she gathered around her her sisterhood and its patrons, and gave them her dying counsel and benediction.

No one reading the beautiful, simple yet comprehensive counsels of this worthy Foundress would fail to see in her ideas of a larger religious life the pervading tone and influence of a greater love for mankind and the social as well as purely spiritual needs of the people.

Love, unselfish love of souls, was her creed, and she strove to inculcate this sentiment in the life and routine of her order.

These last hours by her death-bed, sanctified as they were by the presence of holy thoughts and words, appeal to even the lukewarm Christian; for the passing

away of a soul, brave, willing and anxious to behold the beatific vision, is truly a sight which angels descend from the courts of Heaven to witness. With the last lingering breath of her life Angela Merici spoke consolingly and hopefully to her sisterhood. Early in the evening of January 27th she passed away, lamented by a Christian world.

She had reached the age of sixty-seven years, and her life from the hour of her birth had been one of piety, humility and love of God and His creatures.

The poor blessed her, the rich listened with profit to her instruction, while the scholars of her period and time found in her conversation a superior scholarship which can only be possessed by those who find the essence of their intellectuality in the great schoolroom of a Godly understanding.

In the Chapel of Saint Alfa her body rests these three hundred years, and her testament, read before the order by her successor, the Countess of Lodronne, is the precept which even to-day guides the life of a sisterhood whose work is known and appreciated in many lands.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Margaret E. Jordan is a native of Portland, Maine; received her education from the nuns of the Congregation of Villa Marie, Canada, at the mission school in Portland. Her first attempt at writing was naturally at school compositions, in which special talent was at once discerned by the vigilant teacher. The first result in verse was a spontaneous production; an address of welcome to the Mother-General. For the first time earnest endeavor in prose composition had resulted in absolute failure, even to the eve of the day when the addresses had to be passed in. "Suddenly, at this late hour," as Miss Jordan says, "I 'got rhyming it,' and absolutely without effort produced the three eight-line stanzas that were pronounced good enough to be spoken on the festive occasion." Unfortunately this was nearly at the close of her school days, and there being positively no literary life in the city—though the home of some of America's famous and favorite poets — there was a lack of incentive for work, and a personal lack of appreciation of the talent that needed a certain amount of self-consciousness to help its development. Later on during an interview with the poet Longfellow the desired impetus was given by his candid criticism and kindly encouragement. A new life seemed infused into the young aspirant by the great man's warmly uttered commendation: "Well, you can write, can't you?" which greeted the reading of the first bit of verse, "Gathered Leaves," a poem which was to give the title to the author's first slender volume, a booklet of but sixteen pages. While Miss Jordan has written much, she has been slow to publish, for she is a severe critic of her own work, and will never let anything go forth until it is as good as she can make it. She does not venture to say that the subject in other hands might not come forth clothed in greater strength, more artistic grace of poesy. Still the Catholic press has presented a fair share of her work, which later was wrought into a volume that won warm notices from the press everywhere. The volume bore the happy title of "Echoes from the Pines." It was issued by McGowan & Young of Portland, Maine, the title originating with the thought of Maine being known as the "Pine Tree State." Miss Jordan's later work has been more particularly for children.

A very interesting biography by Kathleen O'Meara, "A Daughter of St. Dominic," was given to the American public, edited by Miss Jordan, who added an appendix. This was issued by T. B. Noonan & Co., of Boston. Miss Jordan looks upon her work in the light of a vocation, hence her aims are of the highest. "Others may write for intellects," she often has been heard to say; "I write to touch souls, and life holds few joys that equal that of a brief glimpse into some soul helped in an hour of need by some thought of mine sent forth upon its mission on the wings of prayer."

Portland, Boston, and New York have been the scenes of Miss Jordan's literary labors. One ability which she possesses, which makes her work of value to educators, is that of reading pictures and of drawing strong, helpful and yet tender thoughts therefrom. She has been identified with "Rosary Magazine" since its inception, being in charge of the "Children's Department," in which she is known as "Aquinas."

CXXIV.—JOAN OF ARC.

(From the Rosary.)

Speed the glad day when on thy virgin brow
 May shine Heaven's laurel wreath of sanctity;
When not "sweet Maid" we'll breathe in prayer as now—
 But from all hearts shall rise exultingly
To loving lips, a glorious "Saint Joan,"
To ring and echo throughout earth's great span.

O thou who freedst thy land in peril's hour,
 And to the throne didst rightful sovereign bring!
Behold, to-day doth reign a vandal power!
 Behold, the throne is wrested from the King!
The throne is wrested from the King of Love—
A godless standard waves Christ's Cross above!

O Maid of Might on battlefield of France!
 Saint yet to be—God grant! on altar shrine!
Thy martyr-palm more powerful is than lance
 Of earthly combat, in the strife divine,—
Lift thou for France thy pleading, prayerful hands!
Legions await thy virginal commands!

Legions angelic! and wilt thou besiege
 How many a citadel of human hearts
Till in their depths is Christ proclaimed the Liege—
 Till Faith and Hope and Love—thy battle darts—
Have vanquished godlessness, thy country's foe,
And laid beneath Christ's Cross its standard low!

CXXV.—THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

(From Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.)

Oh! when we face some trying hour before us,
And feel the press of care on every side;
Behold the sky of life storm-laden o'er us,
And hear the rolling, rumbling, ebbless tide

Of wearing daily toil that never ceases,
Dulling the soul with its monotony,
When hope dies out and gloom of soul increases,
Oh, then, dear Lord, if we but cry to Thee,

And toiling still at our appointed labor,
In spirit rest upon Thy Sacred Heart,
Lo! Calvary Thou wouldst change for us to Thabor,
And of our burdens bear the heavy part.

But no; in hours of petty tribulation,
The soul unceasingly complains and frets;
In peace learns how to wrestle with temptation,
But when it comes the lesson learned forgets.

Why this lament: "We've no time for devotion?"—
With pure intention work becomes a prayer;
Each trying thought worth more than sweet emotion;
Each weary step a shining heavenward stair.

CXXVI.—THE BLESSED FLAG.

Glowing and red, as the blood that was shed
On many a battlefield;
Spotless and bright, as the lives chaste-white
In noblest of struggles sealed;
Heaven's own azure, with red and white blent,
Star-gemmed e'en as the firmament;

Tri-colored standard, starred and barred
Never by stain of dishonor marred!
Silken thy folds and thy staff secure
Lifted aloft by the young and pure!
Fearlessly keep they their Altar tryst,
Bearing thee e'en to the feet of Christ!
Oh! in the light of His Cross alway,
Flag of our Country! wave e'en as to-day!
Do we defy those who fain would deny
That sons of Christ's Church can be
True to her laws, yet staunch to the cause
Of a country from bondage free?
Nay! Let no word of defiance ring,
But from the archives of glory bring
Records preserved from oblivion's mist
By Truth, the unerring annalist!
Read of the Church who unfurled
Her standard, and 'neath it discovered a world;
Read in the names of its rivers and seas
What was their faith who discovered these.
Read in the names on the tombstones white
Their faith who died for freedom and right!
Oh! fearlessly keep ye your altar tryst—
Your Country's Flag bears the blessing of Christ!

CXXVII.—THE SIGHT OF FAITH.

Thoughts Awakened by Raphael's Madonna of the Fish.

A Madonna, with face blending the charm of girlhood and the maturer grace of early womanhood; a face delicately portraying purity four-fold—conception immaculate, espousals inviolately virginal, maternity divine, a life without guile. Held in her arms, is Omniscient Infancy with omnipotent hand out-stretched

to the kneeling pleader, holding within it the balm of healing, invisible but effective at one motion of the divine will.

An angel face, upturned, expressive of pleading too deep for words to give it utterance, a pleading that needs not utterance, for Omniscience reads the unwritten language of every spirit created. Angel hands presenting to Mother and Child the chosen youth whom God has given him through one of life's journeys to guide.

The face of a youth, guileless, unworldly; a face upturned to the Mother and Child, not in pleading but in trust—trust in the power that pleads and the power that listens; a form with knee bent at the footstool of her who is the Seat of Wisdom, and in whose arms Wisdom Itself, enshrouded in infancy, is held.

And upon the arm of the youth, hanging suspended, a fish.

Such is the exquisite group in the foreground of Raphael's magnificent creation, the Madonna of the Fish.

Slightly in the background, with majestic head bent upon the open book in his hand, with keen eye scanning the scripture page, his eagle soul-sight drawing from the fore-shadowings of the Old Law the realities of the New, stands St. Jerome.

Turn to the book of Tobias and read the tender story touchingly told of the Angel Raphael's guidance of the young Tobias, and of the aged father's restoration to sight, effected by the touch of the fish, and behold therein the theme from which the Christian painter drew his inspiration when his brush was chosen to lead the eye of the afflicted to seek healing

from power divine, when human skill was of no avail to stay the ravages of disease.

It was in 1515 that Raphael painted this picture. A terrible malady afflicting the eyes was raging in Naples. A chapel in the Dominican church of St. Dominic Major was dedicated to our Blessed Lady and there her power was invoked to stay the plague. Wonderful faith that in those days was no wonder, so freely was it exercised by man and so lovingly rewarded by God! History records as fact many such answers to prayer that a skeptic world would fain enter in annals of pious fancy. It was for this chapel that Raphael produced this masterpiece.

Virgin of the Fish! The epidemic that clouded the physical sight of men and drew forth this masterpiece which we contemplate passed away centuries ago, but alas! blindness of mind and heart and soul envelopes us to-day! Would that angel guide might lead all men to thy shrine, would that while our eyes are uplifted to thine in unwavering trust the Angelic face might be uplifted in heaven-touching pleading. Ah me, what sight the world needs to-day! Legislators need it to distinguish between liberty and license, teachers, to sift the true from the false! preachers, to discern divine revelation from human judgment. The rich need sight to see that there is no personal ownership of earthly goods, that possession of wealth means stewardship of divine gifts; the poor, to see that there is a higher source of temporal help than the purse of the rich and organized relief committees, that there is a source of which these are but the outlets. The "classes" need to see that the "masses" are composed of so many individual souls each one endowed with

God-given responsibilities; the "masses," to learn that "equality and brotherhood of men" is to be effected, not by the breaking down of social distinctions and the leveling of positions in life but by the recognition of God's right to mete to men goods and positions here as He wills, and eternal place and gifts in Heaven as free-will in man has co-operated with God's will for the meriting and bestowal of such. And both have to learn Christ, in Whom equality and brotherhood exist, is the model of all; that, only possessor as He is of all earth's goods, He was likewise the bearer of all its sorrows, its burdens, its sufferings, its poverty.

Toilers in lowly fields need sight to see that purity of intention jewels the humblest deeds; designers of great works to see that it is the work which has had eternal existence in God's plan that grows to a maturity knowing no decadence in fruition or duration.

And individual souls, ah me! What sight they need to read the mighty truth that duty is the will of God expressed in a word; to see that the ways of God's choosing for a soul lead ever on from earth to Heaven, wending it may be now close to rocky ledges or abysses, again in flowery ways, anon through dark places where only the remembrance of what a lightning flash has revealed guides us on.

What are ways of our choosing but by-paths, leading to Heaven, maybe, but not to the Heavenly heights to which God's path would have led!

Ah me, the sight we need upon the Heaven-bound way! Sight to see in our every dealing with God and self and others of mankind that God's view of the issue is the right view, and that we see it only when we take His side of the question! And what is the sight we

need in this age of ours to see all this and infinitely more?

The shadows deepen, and in the darkness brighter glows the lamp of the oratory and its beams illumine the faces of Raphael, and Tobias, of Jerome and the Mother and Child, and in soul-depths there is breathed an answer to the question: "What is the sight we need?" It is an answer written from cover to cover of the Sacred Scriptures of the Old Law and the New, the Law of foreshadowings and the Law of mighty realizations, and the answer is Faith—abiding, unwavering, practical Faith amidst a world of materialism, atheism and doubt, faith in Him who is Wisdom itself and in her who is the Seat of Wisdom. Not only the faith that accepts the revelation of dogmatic and traditional Truth, but that faith which believes that God lives for every individual soul, and guides it upon the Heaven-bound way; the faith that beholds Him in every vicissitude of life as plainly as the aged Tobias beheld Him, in blindness and in sight; and as the youth Tobias beheld His leading in the Angel Raphael, his Heaven-sent guide.

LELIA HARDIN BUGG

has been a contributor for several years to the leading papers and magazines. This young writer is gifted with a frank, magnetic personality, brilliant conversational abilities, and enough Irish blood to insure the Celtic wit. Having had the good fortune to be placed in the care of the Right Reverend Bishop Hennessy at a very early age, she received a superior convent education, and after graduation continued her musical and literary studies under the best masters for several years.

Miss Bugg was born in the picturesque hamlet of Ironton, Missouri, of old Southern lineage, which gave several heroes to the Revolution, but is now a resident of Wichita, Kansas. Her one novel, "Orchids," is purposeful, clear and sprightly, and will interest the school-girl, the matron, and men in the sterner walks of life. Her works up to the present comprise: "The Correct Thing for Catholics," "A Lady," a book of etiquette, "Orchids," a novel, and "Correct English."

CXXVIII.—GOOD SOCIETY.

(From A Lady.)

It is the ambition of every American to enter what is called good society. Unfortunately for the peace of mind of humble folk the distinction between "good" society and "high" society is not always made. An association of people having good morals and good manners is good society. High society, on the contrary, requires wealth and position as the foundation, to which personal virtues may, or may not, be added. To be a member then of good society depends only upon one's self.

CXXIX.—RELIGIOUS VOCATION.

(From Orchids.)

A certain famous preacher gave the Lenten lectures at a celebrated church much frequented by Americans who spoke French, or thought they spoke it, and Marguerite was among the most eager of the auditors.

After a thrilling discourse on the Littleness of Human Greatness, she again presented herself at the convent gate; this time to ask admission into the order. Madame Florac looked grave when the girl announced her wish.

"Ah! this is rather sudden, is it not?" she asked, soberly.

Marguerite admitted that it was.

It was a warm spring day, more like June than

March, and Madame suggested that they go into the garden. As they passed through the long familiar corridors, the years seemed to drop away from Marguerite like a discarded mantle, and she could almost feel herself a child again. The hyacinths and crocuses were peeping up, a bird was chirping in the trees, the sunlight lay in playful shadows over the walks, and something of the gladness of spring was filling her heart.

They sat down on a rustic bench in the south walk where the sun was shining brightly. Both Madame Florac and Marguerite were sensitive to cold—physical and metaphysical.

"Now, Marguerite, my dear," began the nun, "I need not say that it would be the one desire of my heart to see you in the cloister if you really have a vocation. Perhaps God in His goodness has given you one, but we must not be hasty in deciding. You must weigh well the step you wish to take and its consequences. You must ponder over the hardships of the religious life as well as its consolations. It is a life of utter self-abnegation. You were always strong-willed, Marguerite, passionate, impulsive, fond of your own way. Here your will must be relinquished, extinguished would be the better word.

"As you are now situated you regulate your life to suit yourself, your own inclinations, your own convenience. You go and come as you please. There is no one to say you nay; if you want fresh air and exercise, you go driving in the parks, or walking on the boulevards; you feel lonely, there is a score of delightful homes in which you are more than welcome; you love beauty and that love is gratified in the art galleries, in travel, in your surroundings; your heart is restless,

you wish to be lifted out of yourself, so to speak, and you go to the theater, where every fiber is thrilled by the tragic power of some great actress. You told me only a month ago that the theater and the opera were your greatest material pleasures; the flash of the lights, the brilliant toilets, the hush of a vast crowd, are exhilarating to one of your temperament; you are tired or sleepy in the morning, you turn over for another nap, or call for your chocolate in bed; you vary your occupations as you please; you have change of climate, of scene, of faces, when and where you like. You have the world and the world's pleasures."

"Oh, but Mother mine, I am weary, utterly weary of it all."

"Ah, my child, utter weariness is not a motive for entering the convent. God does not want a heart that is utterly weary. Time heals many wounds, Marguerite. Nature repairs her ravages. You may get married, and make a noble, useful Christian woman in the world. And even if you remain as you are, there are many interests in the world besides love. That may be a great factor in life, perhaps the greatest, but it is not the only one. And I am told that there are many maiden ladies in America who are most highly respected, and who exert a great influence on society."

Marguerite rejected, almost with impatience, any suggestion that she could ever again think of marriage. And she insisted that she was tired of the world.

The nun continued, interrupted now and then by Marguerite:

"Besides the things that you must give up, have you thought of the things you must do?"

"You rise in the morning at the tap of the bell; you may be sleepy, tired, but unless positively ill you must get up; no maid assists you to dress, no refreshing bath awaits you, no dainty gown to put on, no dallying in making your simple toilet; you don your coarse habit in silence, you repair to the chapel for morning prayers, for meditation, for mass; not until these are over do you break your fast, and with only a roll and a cup of thin chocolate. After that you begin your day's work: teaching the multiplication table to one, the intricacies of crochet to another, not as you will, but as the will of your superior bids you; a frugal dinner and a short recreation at noon, then work again. When the school hours are over and the children go to their play, their exercise, you go to your prayers; the rosary, the office, vespers, all must be said.

"A slight collation is your portion, instead of one of Madame Gaston's state dinners, with an orchestra and lights and flowers, and the tempting dishes of a chef; then you have the long examination of conscience, another meditation, a spiritual reading—the 'Following of Christ' or the 'Lives of the Saints'—instead of the last new novel; night prayers, and then in silence you go to your narrow iron bed for a few hours of rest and sleep.

"This is not for one day or for two, for a week, or a month, or a year, but for always—as long as you live; when a change comes it will be the last change, when you are laid in your coffin.

"But if you feel a vocation for this life, if you have made up your mind to it, then there is a peace and a happiness in the convent which no worldly life can ever give. On the other hand, I can imagine no greater

torture than being forced into it against your own inclination, or the bent of your own temperament.

"By a vocation I do not mean that you must feel that God has specially called you, created you to the cloister; but I do mean that you must be able to see beyond the hardships to the grand object in view, and to count all temporal things as trivial in obtaining that object.

"If you can school your will so as to have no will, in other words, to be able to put your own inclinations aside to follow as obedience calls, if you can rise superior to the charms of the world, the allurements of society, so as to find that higher pleasure in doing your work, leading the self-denying life of the convent, then come to us. I do not believe in anyone's entering the convent with too great a natural repugnance to be overcome; I think that a nun should be happy in her convent, happy in the life, happy in the work which must be her portion. If she cannot be this, no matter how great her piety, her heroic desire for self-sacrifice, I would say—keep out of the convent. I know that all do not share my views, and many girls have gone to the convent, and some remained there, who would have been better off in the world. Happiness and contentment are the normal conditions of the human heart, and unless these conditions can be had in the convent then, by all means, keep out of it. And I tell you frankly, Marguerite, I do not think your would be happy as a nun. I need not say how tenderly I love you, my child; and if I could see you in the convent and know that you were happy, I would ask no greater consolation. If I hesitate in giving my approval to your desire, it is for your happiness I do so."

MARTHA J. F. MURRAY.

(From the Carmelite Review.)

Miss Murray's parents were among the early Catholic settlers of Buffalo, New York. Her father, Mr. Thomas Murray, a man of deep learning, has always been prominent in every movement for the help of the Irish cause. In the early '50s her uncle, Judge Michael Murray, was most influential in legal and educational circles in Buffalo.

Her maternal grandfather, Florence MacCarthy Rhe, was married to Joanna MacCarthy Mor, so, through her mother, Catharine Saunders MacCarthy, Miss Murray represents two illustrious families whose lives have been so intimately woven into the history of southern Ireland.

Miss Murray is the second youngest in a family of six children. With such parents, and born at a time when the struggle between the North and South was most desperate, it is no wonder that she is an ardent American and an enthusiastic student of history and national affairs.

After being taught at home until her sixth year, when death deprived the family of their blessed and noble mother, Martha Murray was sent, with her sisters, to the Holy Angels' Academy, where she graduated at the age of sixteen. She then entered the Buffalo Normal School, and, a few years later, graduated from the classical course in that institution.

The subject of this sketch has never published any work of great length, but she has contributed many articles to the different Catholic magazines and papers. She is considered a newspaper correspondent of some skill. Her letters written to the "Union and Times" from the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, in 1893, were considered by many the best public report of that session.

Strange that while her newspaper work has a pronounced masculine directness and vigorous tone, her best and favorite work is writing stories for little children. Some of her best efforts in this line were seen in "Aunt Dorothy's Observatory," a department conducted by her in the "Union and Times." Miss Murray is one of the councilors for the Confraternity of St. Gabriel of Philadelphia. She is deeply interested in young girls of all classes, and among whom she is a great favorite.


Sara C. Loughlin
Martha Murray
Frances R. Howe
Elizabeth Gilbert Martin

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CXXX.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

(From the Carmelite Review.)

It is, perhaps, because the halo surrounding St. Francis de Sales was the illumination of human frailties purified, that the heart of erring humanity clings so lovingly to his memory. No fault was too petty, no sin too heinous for his gentle consideration. A skilful spiritual chemist, he carefully analyzed every act, trivial or serious, with reference to its influence upon the human soul. With great tenderness, he made the sinner conscious of the exact condition of his soul, and then like a loving brother, he firmly grasped that sinner's hand, and with sweet words of encouragement and loving persuasion, he led the poor weary soul to the feet of God, and taught it how to stay there.

St. Vincent de Paul called him the most perfect imitation of our Saviour living among men, and Leigh Hunt, in one of his charming essays, says that like Fenelon, St. Francis de Sales was a sort of angel and gentleman.

Of him it may truthfully be said that he preached and practiced the gospel of love. He exhorted the people to be gentle in manner, gentle in speech, and gentle in prayer. "Be gentle—be affectionate," were the watchwords he gave to his penitents. St. Francis de Sales was no lover of the religious emotionist, neither could he tolerate the melancholy, over-scrupulous Christian, nor those who cultivated a bitterness of spirit, and romantically sighed for a happier land.

"I love independent, vigorous and sensible souls,"

he cries; "what are half dead souls good for?" He taught that God expects nothing extraordinary from His children, that He asks nothing from us but that we serve Him with a strong and fervent gentleness.

He shows us that we need do no violence to our dispositions, for which after all we are not accountable, in order to merit the name of saint. We nineteenth century people are apt to consider a saint a most uncomfortable individual, who stands apart from us, and rolls his eyes whenever we show symptoms of our humanity. Human frailties are not such insignificant factors in our make-up, after all. Properly directed, these propensities to do wrong can accomplish much good. St. Francis de Sales made them his life study, and illustrated successfully how they could be used as a powerful means to our salvation. He was not like those stoics who professed such a profound indifference to the joyful and tender qualities of the heart. "Cultivate not only a solid love, but a gentle, meek love for those about you," he says; and again, "Live joyfully; how can you be sad, who possess the love of an indulgent and eternal Father?"

How honestly he says "I love these three little virtues: gentleness of heart, firmness of mind, and simplicity of life." And the more we meditate upon these three virtues, the more we too love them and grow to realize that they represent the germ of sanctification in every child of earth. In cultivating them we are simply living a pure, upright life, whose end will be eternal happiness, for, "How can a child perish who remains in the arms of a Father who is Almighty?"

CXXXI.—HELPED ALONG.

(From the Carmelite Review.)

When Albert Alden had served the last day of his term in the reformatory, he realized how much the place had been to him. It had screened him from unkind glances and cutting remarks. The officers were kind, and the warden had often found time for a quiet talk with the boy who always seemed so reserved and sad.

The boy's parents were in medium circumstances, and lived in a pretty little village on the Ohio. At sixteen years of age, Albert suggested that he ought to bear his share of the family expenses; and, after many efforts, he succeeded in obtaining a clerkship in a large flour and feed store.

Affairs went on smoothly, until one day the proprietor put three hundred dollars into the safe, intending to bank the amount on his way to lunch.

Albert saw the money, counted it, and, in an evil moment, slipped it into his pocket. The theft was detected, and the boy sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The reformatory was but a short distance from one of the largest cities in Western Pennsylvania, and as Albert wandered through its busy streets, his heart filled with bitter feeling. His nature was affectionate. He loved his father, and worshiped his mother. Thoughts of the home he had so suddenly disgraced brought tears to his eyes. He brushed them away hastily. Touching cries for mother rose from his heart, but he closed his lips tightly, and the sobs he would

not utter formed in great lumps in his throat, almost suffocating him. "I must show mother that I can be trusted," he kept repeating over and over.

All that day he tried to get work, but each attempt was a failure. He had no friends to speak for him, and could give no satisfactory account of himself.

Almost disheartened, he applied about five o'clock to the proprietor of a wholesale fruit store. After five minutes' talk, he was almost certain the owner would engage him, and so, indeed, had the man intended. But, just as his mind was in the critical condition of coming to a decision, a familiar hand was laid upon Albert's shoulder.

"Hello! Served your term?"

Albert crimsoned.

"Served his term where?" asked the proprietor.

The boy's humiliation was a silent answer to the old merchant, and without waiting for a reply he asked:

"What was your offense?"

Albert hesitated. Then a red spot burning on each cheek, he bravely looked the man in the face, and said:

"I stole three hundred dollars from my employer."

"Well, we don't employ jail-birds here. Look some place else for your game."

Albert had fainted when the iron cuffs were snapped upon his wrists, and when these cruel words rang in his ears, he felt that same chilling feeling creep over him. He left the store, and after walking about an hour, heedless of everything, he found himself on the pleasant highway leading to the farther end of Squirrel Hill.

Just then a lady drove down a narrow lane, and

coming face to face with her, Albert, on the spur of the moment, said,

"Have you any work for me?"

"Where did you come from?"

"From prison," he said, almost defiantly, as he turned to walk away. Was his sin to pursue him forever?

"You don't intend to go back again, do you?"

Miss Barton's voice was clear and sweet; inspiring, her friends said. Albert must have felt the magnetic tone, for he turned back, and a pitiful little smile crept from the corners of his mouth, as he answered:

"Not if I can help it."

Besides having an inspiring voice, Miss Barton possessed a deal of tact. She asked no questions. She appeared not to notice that some tears were being stealthily brushed away. Her quick womanly instinct told her that a heart so easily affected by a kind tone, needed sympathy. And so she reached out her hand, laid it on the boy's shoulder, and said cordially:

"You're just the boy we need—jump in, and drive home with me."

Every day Albert expected Miss Barton to ask why he had been in prison, and if he had no home to go to. But Miss Barton knew that some time Albert would tell her unasked, and so he did. It happened one day when Albert was training a refractory grape-vine, that Miss Barton, strolling by, stopped to talk with him. When they returned to the house together, about an hour later, Albert thought of angels in disguise every time he looked at his friend. Her strong sympathy had already aroused all his manliness, and the determina-

tion to rise above the position his sin had forced him to occupy, grew deeper and firmer.

Meanwhile Miss Barton studied the boy carefully. She sent him to the bank, gave him money to pay her bills, talked over her business affairs with him, and in many ways helped him to test his moral strength. She corresponded regularly with Mrs. Alden, and they both agreed that Albert should be allowed to "bide his time" in going home.

About six months after his arrival at Squirrel Hill, Miss Barton sent Albert to transact some business with her lawyer, who lived at a day's journey from her home.

"I'd like to stop on my way back to see mother, Miss Barton," said Albert, when leaving, and that lady answered pleasantly:

"Do so, Albert."

When Albert did enter the familiar little home parlor with his mother, who had gone to the door to meet him, he found Miss Barton talking with the children. She had gone down to prepare Mrs. Alden for the joyful return. When she started soon after to take her train, Albert said:

"Mother wants me to stay."

"And Albert wants you to stay, too," laughed Miss Barton; "so I think you ought."

And so it was settled. Mrs. Alden was not an emotional woman, but in saying good-bye to her guest, she threw her arms around Miss Barton's neck and sobbed:

"God bless you! You have saved my boy!"

"No," said Miss Barton, as she gently stroked Mrs. Alden's hair, and then pressed a warm, loving kiss upon the trembling lips, "His mother did that. I only helped him along."

MRS. SARAH CATH. HANLY LOUGHLIN

was born in Ireland and brought to America when but six months old. She was educated with the Sisters of Charity. Early after completing her education she passed a brilliant examination, receiving a state certificate at Albany. She obtained a position in one of the public schools of New York City, where she taught for a number of years, until, actuated by zeal for Catholic education, and finding the number of candidates few for the parochial schools, she resigned a lucrative position and taught on a nominal salary in the parochial school attached to St. Jerome's Church, New York City, returning again to the public schools when she found new candidates for parochial work. Miss Hanly continued teaching until her marriage to Mr. Thos. J. Loughlin, a young man much interested in Catholic literary progress. Mrs. Loughlin gave early signs of literary taste and talent, which through a timidity of character did not develop as it might have with more self-reliance. Most of her work, for many years, was done in school papers and songs and those little divertisements which, though deemed of little moment to the inexperienced or unthinking, go far toward the development of the young mind. It is gratifying to learn that Mrs. Loughlin has resumed her pen to add to current literature. None of her writings have been gathered into a volume, but many are scattered far and wide, like the seed, wind-tossed, on perhaps a barren spot to sprout and brighten an otherwise dreary waste.

CXXXII.—THE URSULINES OF NEW YORK.

In 1847 a little band of holy women left their home in Bavaria, and sailed away to a new land to found a Convent for Ursulines in the city of St. Louis. There was no hesitation, no drawing back as it were, from the good work they were called upon to do. Calmly and firmly they rent in twain the clustering tendrils that bound their hearts to scenes made dear by association. Their affections were not of the earth, earthy, but were simplified and purified by Holy Religion; and though the sundering of these ties may have caused them wordless pain, yet strength was given them to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Years rolled on in one continual round of duty, and the little band from beyond the sea was increased by many new members. Calls came from other cities.

In 1855 Reverend Mother Magdalen Stehlin, accompanied by ten sisters, left St. Louis to found an Academy and Boarding School at Morrisania, New York. At that time it was an arduous task, as land beyond the Harlem was in an unimproved condition and sparsely settled. They encountered many difficulties, and were obliged to board with a good lady (Mrs. Nichols) during the time required to erect an unpretentious home, which, however, was pleasantly located, as the surrounding scenery was very beautiful.

Year after year many women sought the shelter of its hallowed walls to expend a life in the Lord's vineyard, which at that time was "running wild" for the want of laborers. They soon found a plenteous harvest

in the number of pupils, increasing to such an extent as to render it necessary to enlarge the building, which they did in 1868. The natural beauty of the ground was enhanced by winding walks and terraced banks, interspersed with many beds of lovely flowers. A vine-wreathed grotto, sweet, silent, formed a lovely spot for meditation and prayer. To the right of the Convent, towering above the trees, was a magnificent cross, (erected during the night; its donor being unknown unless to Reverend Mother Dominick), which marked the silent city of the dead. Within this inclosure lay the remains of the good sisters who, with sheaves all garnered, had passed away in Christ.

While all this change was taking place within the Convent inclosure, the surrounding neighborhood, through the march of Progress, was subject to changes, too; and being no longer a desirable place for the Mother House, a beautiful spot at Bedford Park was selected as the site of their new home, to which they moved in 1892, taking with them their beloved dead.

Mount St. Ursula, as the new Convent is called, is a fine structure, and stands one hundred and fifty-five feet above tide-water. It is two hundred and fifteen feet front, four stories high and fifty-five feet at its widest part, with an annex, in which is located the Chapel and the exhibition hall. The grounds cover ten acres. The surrounding scenery is beautiful. It is a healthful spot, and I am sure that the young ladies, who have the good fortune to become pupils of this house, will find it a comfortable home.

Of the founders of the old Convent, only three remain—Rev. Mother Dominick Weiss, who has been Superior for thirty years; Mother F. de Sales Tredow,

who has been associated with the former lady as Mother-Assistant and Mistress-General of the Academy, and Mother Rose, who has ably seconded their efforts. Godspeed this trio of holy women, and their able followers, in their future work. If reward for a life of sacrifice be given in this world, surely, as they review the past and see the result of their labors and trials, they must feel a foretaste of that happiness which fills the soul when it hears from the lips of the Divine Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The old home at Morrisania will henceforth be known as Lebanon Hospital. In the past the laborers assembled within these cherished walls were employed enlightening minds and healing souls. Their successors hope to help the bodies; to these, too, we will say Godspeed, and may the echo of the many prayers recited in that dear old Chapel reverberate within the hearts of the poor sufferers, until they unite in one grand appeal for help to Him who alone can give.

When seed is planted in good soil it sends out roots beneath the ground. The good work going on within the heart of the plant is not seen until the shoots appear. These continue to grow and gladden us with their presence, and as time rolls on some Heaven-sent wind will waft a little seed to other parts, which, in its turn, will live its life, and dying, leave behind others to perpetuate its memory. So it was with the work of the good Sisters at Morrisania. From the parent stem new seeds were sprung, which, in their turn, have flourished, and to-day stand second to none in the United States.

In 1871, at the invitation of Rev. John J. Hughes, Parochial schools were opened at St. Jerome's by Sis-

ters Seraphine, Clara and Baptista. Being the first Catholic schools organized at Mott Haven, they had many difficulties to overcome. Through the untiring zeal of the founders great success was achieved, and to-day a fine Mission House and Academy, presided over by Mother Clara Ward, stands as a record of their united labors. This was the first seed cast from the parent plant, and its success is very near to my heart. May it continue to flourish, and in the coming years may sister houses owe their foundation to the good work of the Ursulines of St. Jerome's.

In 1873, by invitation of Rev. James Boyce, Mother De Sales opened an Academy and Parochial school at St. Teresa's, in Henry street. Into the midst of the "madding crowd" these holy women went from the pure air and calm repose of their suburban home. Behold the result! With an Academy the curriculum of which stands equal to any in the land, and a Parochial school that ranks among the first, this second seed from the time-crowned stem has done its work faithfully and well. The good sisters of St. Teresa's have helped to swell the stream of good works flowing steadily onward to the ocean of Eternity. Connected with the Academy is a normal class, where young ladies are prepared to pass the examination at the Board of Education, and fitted to become teachers. Music and literature receive their measure of attention.

In 1881 a Novitiate was opened by Mother Seraphine Leonard, at the instigation of Rev. M. C. O'Farrell, then pastor of St. Teresa's church, thereby forming an independent house. Here many a youthful maiden has turned aside from all the world can give to follow in the footsteps of St. Angela Merici, the holy

foundress of the order of Ursulines at Brescia in 1535. In 1882 the first public reception of novices was held in the church. They received the white veil from his Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan.

In 1888 an Academy and Boarding School was established by Mother Seraphine Leonard at Middletown, New York. Its name, "Sunshine," is a true index to the spirit of this house, as well as of the situation of the grounds. It is said that the sun shines on some portions throughout the entire day. Here we will leave them surrounded by the sunshine of God's love, until other years and other writers shall bring to light the good work done by the Ursulines of New York.

CXXXIII.—IN MEMORY OF A CHILD OF MARY.

"The first flower culled from terrestrial garden, transplanted to form an eternal bouquet in the celestial Paradise."—(Rev. J. J. Hughes.)

Our little band is broken,
A loved one is at rest;
Tho' we deeply grieve at parting,
What our Father wills is best;
Like all earth's beauteous flowers,
She has left us, ah! too soon,
And in deep, in heartfelt sorrow,
We gather around her tomb.

Would we call her back again
To this dreary vale of tears,
To cheer us with her sunny smile,
As in happy by-gone years?
Our deeply loving, grieving hearts
Will promptly answer—Yes,
But Religion softly whispers,
Her home is 'mid the blest.

We will miss our dearest Marie,
When the Sun's declining ray
Throws shadows o'er the distant hills,
And proclaims the close of day;
We will miss her low, sweet accents,
Falling gently on the ear,
And for our loved one gone before,
We will drop a heartfelt tear.

"When the silver moon is beaming"
On that little, new-made mound,
And soft winds chant a requiem,
With their sad, sad, lonely sound,
We will miss her from our circle,
There will be one vacant chair,
But her name will be remembered
At the holy time of prayer.

FRANCES R. HOWE.

Miss Howe, sister to the late Miss Rose Howe, was born in Indiana, and received her education partly at home and partly at St. Mary's of the Woods, Indiana, under the Sisters of Providence. Much time was spent in Europe with her widowed mother and invalid sister, Miss Rose. Now she lives very retired on her estate in Indiana in the Bailly homestead, engaged in works of benevolence. Miss Howe's writings are not numerous. The "Life of St. Catherine of Genoa," a pamphlet on the "Higher Education of Women," a serial on "Louise Lateau," and a number of articles for the "Ave Maria." Her writings are characterized by a strong tendency toward theological questions, which prove that a woman may think and write deeply as well as piously.

CXXXIV.—THE DOCTRESS OF THE CHURCH.

"There are many doctors in the church, but very few doctors of the church," is one of the terse sentences uttered by Pius IX,—a remark which holds good also with regard to women. There are many good women who are able to impart instruction, either orally or by means of their pens, but of these there are very few who have merited the title of Doctress of the Church. This title has been accorded to St. Catharine of Genoa, who is usually styled the great Doctress of Purgatory; but she may also, with truth, be styled Doctress of the Science of Divine Love, for, as St. Francis de Sales tells us, "no one has ever expressed the celestial passion of holy love better than Catharine of Genoa."

To love she gave the keys of the house, and full power to do all, and love unlocked not only rare jewels of spiritual delights, but also a rich storehouse of infused knowledge, so that she who was a seraph through love became, through knowledge, worthy of a place among the cherubim.

In an age of the world when men proudly relied on their own knowledge, and thus lost sight of Him who is the Eternal Wisdom, God, to rebuke the folly of their intellectual pride, gave a degree of knowledge to certain holy women beyond the power of mere human effort to attain; in an age when men, despising the companion given them by God to aid them on their heavenward route, sought to relegate her into the position into which she had been thrust by Paganism, of being something worse than a slave, God elevated her to a

loftier state than men had ever reached—it was then that there were given to the world doctresses in and of the church. St. Bridget and St. Catharine of Sweden, St. Catharine of Siena, St. Teresa, St. Catharine of Bologna, St. Mary Magdalen Pazzi, and St. Catharine of Genoa, are called by Maineri the brightest stars of that galaxy of inspired learning composed of those who were the worthy companions of that first Catharine, the virgin martyr of Alexandria.

It is said by many, among them St. Francis de Sales, that St. Catharine of Genoa was by nature a very stupid person; others, however, tell us that she had received the education proper for her rank, and that she excelled in all the branches of knowledge which she studied. It is easy to reconcile these two statements, contradictory as they may seem. We have seen that St. Catharine was one of those to whom people are unwilling to give a due meed of praise. It was said that she was devoid of piety, and probably the same persons who asserted this also found her devoid of intellect. There is a certain brilliant affectation of knowledge which often passes for intellect, and there is a quiet intelligence, a genuine comprehension of truth, which fails to attract general praise. Probably St. Catharine's mind belonged to the latter class. We may know that St. Catharine never went through a course of philosophy. Italians teach metaphysics thoroughly or not at all. With them there is no sham philosophy, and genuine philosophy is only for exceptional intellects.

However, the knowledge that won for St. Catharine the title of doctress was of so sublime a degree that acquired learning can only admire it. For such

science there is no other tutor save the Holy Ghost, and the foundation upon which he builds infused knowedge is not human learning, but humility and purity. In her the Holy Ghost is shown to be the source of all knowledge, for her doctrine is always expressed in terms consonant with the very highest scholastic learning. There is a depth in her arguments which acquired knowledge may emulate, but which it can never equal.

As a teacher of the science of Divine Love, St. Catharine has no equal, and no one who reads her utterances devoutly can ever again bestow the name of love on aught else save the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. This Divine Love St. Catharine, with the rigid simplicity of scholastic theology, was accustomed to term Love, without any qualifying adjuncts. She objected to saying Love of or in or for God, for this did not express the idea in the naked truth. That Love of which she spoke is defined by St. Paul as the charity of God poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost dwelling within us.

Love untainted by self-seeking, she tells us, no matter what its object may be, draws the soul nearer to God, and those affections which separate us from God are no longer Love. She tells us, also, that no matter where the will of God may place us, the circumstances which surround us will be no real obstacle to our possession of this love. Her praises of love are almost equaled by the great severity of her censure of self-love, which she tells us appears under two forms, temporal and spiritual self-love. The latter type she denounces as the most powerful, dangerous and insidious enemy of the soul.

Perhaps one of her most sublime definitions regarding love is contained in her celebrated controversy with a certain friar preacher. He argued that she, being a secular person, could never love God as he did, being a religious, free from all worldly cares. It was a foolish argument, and it shows us how careful we ought to be not to imagine ourselves more highly favored by God than others; for it was in reality exceedingly absurd to compare ordinary good persons with one who was called to take a high place in that choir of love, the Seraphim.

St. Catharine was aroused to a holy indignation, and she exclaimed: "Why is it that you can love God more than I? Does it lie in your habit? Then take it off, and let me put it on, that I, too, may love God. Whatever you merit more than I, through the renunciations you have made for God, and through your religious life, which gives you continual merit, I do not seek to obtain; these merits are yours, but you can never make me believe that I cannot love God as much as you do. Would God put us anywhere in the world so that we could not love him? If the love of the husband and children whom God has given should separate any woman from the love of God, it would then be no longer love, but weakness." What a beautiful realm the human heart would be were it without self-love or weakness, a clean and holy habitation for the charity of God!

MRS. ELIZABETH GILBERT MARTIN

was born in Albany, N. Y., December 21, 1837, of Protestant parents. She graduated first from the Albany Female Academy in 1855, and again from the State Normal School of Albany in 1858. In June, 1861, she was married to Mr. Homer D. Martin, and became the mother of two sons, both still living (1895). Mrs. Martin was received into the Catholic Church May 27, 1870, never having before connected herself with any religious body. Mrs. Martin has been a prolific writer, though she has but two works in book form, namely: "Katherine, or Whom God Hath Joined," and "John Van Alstyne's Factory"; both of these novels were first published as serials in the "Catholic World," for which magazine she wrote the articles, "A Talk About New Books," for several years. She has been engaged for some time in translations for Charles Scribner & Sons, and is now translating M. Imbert de Saint Amand's "Famous Women of the French Court," nine volumes of which have already appeared.

Besides the works cited above, Mrs. Martin has contributed short stories and poems to several magazines, notably "Lippincott's" and "Harper's."

CXXXV.—THE BABY CAMPAIGNER.

During one of Napoleon's Austrian campaigns there was living near the City of Augsburg a young widow who was the mother of a baby son. Her husband had been killed in battle only a few months before. When hostilities broke out anew the widow moved into Augsburg, thinking that she would be safer there than elsewhere. But the rapid advance of the French troops soon began to make the Austrian sympathizers in Augsburg tremble. They had taken advantage of the early defeats of the French in the Spanish peninsula, in the spring and summer of 1809, to harass their Bavarian neighbors; and, now that the French army was at their gates and about to march through their city, they dreaded a terrible retaliation.

Among those whose fears were most excited by this expected advent of hostile troops was this young widow. Her personal knowledge of the dire horrors of war drove her almost to her wits' end with apprehension. Hastily resolving to flee to a neighboring town where she had relatives, she seized her baby and set out. But, in her confusion, she took a wrong direction, and passed out of the city by a gate which led her directly into the presence of the French outposts.

Here she was soon found by General Lecourbe,—but not soon enough to save her from an agony of alarm. Trembling, sobbing, almost distraught, she threw herself at the General's feet, imploring him to kill her at once rather than abandon her to the insults of his soldiers. General Lecourbe was a kind-hearted

man; her tears were answered by his own, and, raising her, he gave her a safe-conduct through the French ranks and an escort to take her to her friends.

While this was going on the order was given for the troops to march. In the hurly-burly that ensued the mother was somehow separated from her baby, which was left behind, while she was hurried forward by her escort to her place of destination.

And now a curious thing happened,—a thing strange and touching in the testimony it bears to the depth of goodness latent in human nature. Perhaps it may have been the cries of the deserted baby that arrested the attention of a French grenadier. He may have been a father, with little ones at home, the memory of whom was tugging at his heart-strings. I do not know. Constant, who tells the story, and declares that he witnessed part of it, does not mention even the name of this hero of kindliness. He was only a common soldier. But he picked up the baby, inquired whither its mother had been taken, and silently promised himself that if his life were spared he would yet restore it to her arms. He had a leather bag made, in which he put the child, and slung it about him in such a way that his knapsack would afford it some shelter, and marched off with his company thus burdened. His comrades jeered him at first, but they soon came to appreciate the beauty of this golden deed; and doubtless many a man among them played nurse to the baby in the intervals of fighting during the long campaign. For it was six months before the French came back to Augsburg, after the great battle of Wagram had once more enabled Napoleon to dictate his own terms of peace to the Austrians.

During all those months our soldier—fortunately never wounded—had carried the little waif about with him. When fighting was going on he would dig a hole in the ground and lay the baby in it, taking care that it should have air enough to breathe. When the battle was over he would come back for it, feed and play with it, and perhaps look on it as a sort of warrant for his own safety,—a pledge deposited in the bank of Divine Providence. And he grew so attached to it that, as the army turned again toward Augsburg, he began to suffer from the thought of having to part with it, should he find the mother alive.

And what about that mother all these many months? Of course she had missed her child immediately, and implored the soldiers who were escorting her to take her back to look for it. But they were under orders, and did not heed her entreaties. She reaches her friends in safety, but, mother-like, she rushed back at once to Augsburg as soon as the French had left it, seeking for her child, or some tidings of it. She sought in vain; no one could tell her anything about the little fellow, and, after bitter mourning, she gave him up for dead.

Six months later she was sitting at work in her room when a message was brought to her from one of the French soldiers stationed in the great city square. He could not leave the ranks, so said his messenger; but if she would come to him he had something precious that belonged to her, and which he wanted to return. The poor woman never once thought of her baby. He was dead and in heaven. But it was worth while to see the soldier, even if she could not imagine what treasure of hers could possibly have fallen into his

hands. So she went to the square and asked for the grenadier by his name. He stepped out of the ranks, lifted the baby from the leather bag that had cradled it so long, and put it in its mother's arms. Imagine her joy and gratitude!

One other trait that lends a finishing touch to this portrait of one of the world's unrecognized heroes of charity is to be added. The grenadier, fancying that the mother might be in poor circumstances, had taken up a collection for her among his comrades, and, without referring to it, left twenty-five gold louis in the pocket of the little fellow's frock. A gold louis was worth about five dollars of our money.

In the scale of divine justice which do you think will weigh the heavier—this victory over himself by a private soldier in behalf of human kindliness, or all those combined which were won by Napoleon in behalf of human pride and ambition?

ELIZABETH BUDD McCULLOUGH SMITH.

Elizabeth Budd McCullough was born in Warren County, New Jersey, June 18th, 1827. Her father, William Budd McCullough, a physician, was the son of Judge William McCullough, proprietor of the town of Asbury, New Jersey; and her mother was a daughter of Judge Benjamin M. Piatt of Cincinnati, Ohio, and died when she was a young child. She grew to womanhood in the house of her grandfather, Judge Piatt, and was brought up in the Catholic faith by her grandmother, Mrs. Piatt, who was one of the early converts in Cincinnati.

Elizabeth Budd McCullough married in 1848 Thomas Kirby Smith, a lawyer of Cincinnati, who was afterward distinguished for his services in the Civil War and was brevetted major-general at its close.

At the close of the war, General Smith removed with his family to Torresdale, Philadelphia. He died in 1887. Besides his widow, six children survive him. Her quiet, domestic life, devoted to the duties of home and nursery, shows itself in Mrs. Smith's writings; but her warm interest in great affairs and her earnest patriotism has found strong expression also. Some of her poems inspired by incidents of the war are stirring and finely descriptive. We have selected two of her poems as indicative of her style. It is simple and sincere. She shows an exquisite sensibility to the beauty of nature and an admiration of all that is noble in man. Her religion speaks through her life and thought, without effort or affectation. It seems to be a part of her being. Her charity reaches out to the unfortunate both in thought and in deed. She has suffered heavy bereavements, but has been sustained by a faith that trials have but strengthened. In her declining years she has found reward for her submission in a peace and calmness that come only to those who place their hopes beyond this world and its transient joys.

"In such a life the rivers seek the ocean,
In such a peace the ocean whelms each zone;
Such love upholds the universe in motion,
Which God has made His everlasting throne."

CXXXVI.—THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

To arms, my brave comrades; make ready each man,
With musket and knapsack, and follow your van!
The reveille reverberates along the redoubt,
Light dawns in the east and the watch-fires are out;
The sentinel ceases his slow, measured tramp,
The roll-call is echoed afar through the camp;
Unfurl, then, the flag, let our banners wave free,
We follow our chief on his march to the sea.
On his march to the sea,
On his march to the sea,
We follow our chief on his march to the sea.

Through forests of pine, where the high mountains frown,
O'er hill and o'er plain, through the village and town,
Destroy the fair fields of the beautiful South,
Make crimson each stream from its source to its mouth.
Bright flowers of glory shall spring where you tread,
A harvest of fame from the blood that you shed.
For liberty, law, for our land's unity,
We follow our chief on his march to the sea.
On his march to the sea,
On his march to the sea,
We follow our chief on his march to the sea.

Up, up, and away, boys; the pickets are out;
Abroad on his beat roves the bold, daring scout;
For freedom the slaves are all fleeing in fear,
To seek for a refuge they crowd to our rear.
Heed not their wild cries, and halt not to look back,
Though hosts of our brethren are strewn on the track.
Press onward, right onward, though stern the decree,

We'll follow our chief on his march to the sea.
On his march to the sea,
On his march to the sea,
We'll follow our chief on his march to the sea.

'Tis not for revenge on the helpless and weak—
Rebellious and proud are the foes that we seek;
For the prayers of the loved who await our return
We cherish the war flames that in our hearts burn;
For lessons of wisdom our forefathers taught,
The flag of our union for which they have fought;
To win the fond goal be our hearts' prophecy
As we follow our chief on his march to the sea.
On his march to the sea,
On his march to the sea,
As we follow our chief on his march to the sea.

Then forward, quick forward, in firm phalanx wind,
Leave ruins of yesterday's battle behind,
The smoke from great cities ascending in light,
In distance receding, all lost to our sight.
We'll march till the ocean our tired feet laves
And see the sun glorious arise from the waves;
We'll stand on the beach, shout aloud, Victory!
We have won for our chief the long march to the sea.
The long march to the sea,
The long march to the sea,
We have won for our chief the long march to the sea.

CXXXVII.—ELLEN'S MERE.

The shining lake is placid and so clear,
 You see the fish, down deep where pebbles lie,
The brilliant clouds that 'round the sun appear
 Are here reflected from the distant sky.

Against the darken'd background of the height,
 Half in its shadow, just across the way,
With every window glistening in the light,
 Is seen the many-gabled quaint chalet.

Far up the leafy crested hill, so high,
 Winds the steep road, now seen, now lost again,
Where you may win, expanding to the eye,
 A view of river, city, vale and plain.

Below, a flowery mead and clover field,
 Where the freed horse bounds swift, with head erect,
Crushed 'neath his hoof, the blooms sweet odors yield;
 Above, the sky with fleeting birds is flecked.

The chirping songsters call their mates to rest,
 Each wooing bird close nestled by his love,
There scarce a branch but hides a new-made nest,
 Of bluebird, sparrow, oriole or dove.

Tripping along a little maiden sings,
 With shortened skirt, and feet all brown and bare;
Suspended from her arm, her bonnet swings,
 And zephyrs toss at will her waving hair.

Now startled passing by the lake, she stands,
 Gazing around with look of shy surprise,
And deftly shading with her small brown hands
 Her childish forehead and her laughing eyes.

She timid shrinks behind a leafy screen,
With blushing cheek, her crimson lips apart,
Reveal white pearls in shining rows between,
While 'neath her light robe swells her throbbing heart.

Pure is the soul that beams from those sweet eyes,
Unconscious both the maiden's mind and mien;
Unknown to her the nectar of the wise,
She cannot drink the glory of the scene.

Yet should we loose imagination's rein—
So rare the beauties of the maid appear—
She seems a nymph, strayed from Diana's train,
A lovely maiden risen from the mere.

As memory from the past brings back this view,
I snatch it eager ere it flies with time,
And linger over it, with pleasure new,
As now I paint it with my pen in rhyme.

CXXXVIII.—PARTING.

Thou didst come as a vision of joy to my sleep,
Thou hast flitted as quickly, and left me to weep;
My thoughts now are following far on thy track,
While my heart whispers vainly, come back, oh! come back.
Thou art wearily drooping 'neath sorrows of life,
As a deer that is wounded sinks down in the strife.

Though thy step is less free, and thy fair cheek less fair,
And thy voice falls subdued as it floats on the air,
Yet the love that I bear thee shall know no control,
But shall live as a melody born in my soul.

Oh! well may I love thee—thou art linked with the past,
A gem on the wave of my memory cast;
In each thought that comes stealing of thee I can trace
Now pensive, now smiling—my sister's sweet face.

Oh! would thou hadst left me some token to wear,
Thine image reflected—a tress of thy hair.
Though mute the remembrance, around me 'twould shed
Light peaceful as that when the sun's beams have fled.

May God grant the blessing of peace unto thee,
And moor safely the bark that now bears thee from me,
While my heart breathes a prayer that my voice may not tell,
And my lips whisper sadly, farewell; O farewell!

HELEN GRACE SMITH.

Miss Smith's greatest ambition is to be known as the daughter of Mrs. E. Budd Smith, whose biography precedes this. The selections given below emphasize the fact of maternal parent and reflect much of her mother's gift, though possessing a strong individual style.

CXXXIX.—THE PASSING OF THE ANGELS.

All in the fair October days—
 The calm, still days of gold and blue—
God's Angels wend their silent ways,
 The sweet world through.

There is no sound of rushing wings;
 We do not hear them, but our heart
Folds close the thought of holy things,
 Which they impart.

For they are near us, and we feel
 What meaning sweet their presence hath,
As slow their sacred shadows steal
 Across our path.

We know them, and our spirits, thrilled,
 Burn high with love for these so fair,
So holy ones, whose songs have filled
 Our silent air.

O Month of Angels, poets oft
 With words angelic sing thy praise,
And picture thee in colors soft
 As thy soft haze.

Yet know they not that heaven bends
 To bless the world with God's own smile,
Who, in His love, the Angels sends
 For this sweet while:

And at their passing, all the earth
 Grows beautiful and glad and bright,
Till Summer, waked to second birth,
 Walks forth in light.

And we—we only fold our hands,
For joy our hearts can never tell,
And, quiet as the quiet lands,
We own the spell.

CXL.—AN AMERICAN GIRL'S GIFT OF FAITH.

(From the Sacred Heart Messenger.)

Once, when all the world lay breathless beneath an August sun; when even the lilies lay still on the quiet bosom of the lake, a child was born, and her Guardian Angel did not sing but wept, as he came to the earth, for the baby's mother died, and Angels know that motherless children often need their tears. His weeping fell on the seed of Faith implanted by baptism in the little child's heart, and so it came to pass, that even in darkness and sorrow the seed grew and flourished, and the child always kept her wonderful gift of Faith.

This was a gift that had also been bestowed on the little one's mother, and, perhaps, when she knew that she was dying, and that she had nothing to leave her child except loneliness and poverty and danger, she prayed that the faith in her religion and in all else that was pure and true, which had been to her so supreme a consolation, might ever be a flame that would burn in the heart of her daughter. And so it was, though the child never knew it for many years, that her mother had been a Catholic and that the water of baptism had been poured on her own brow.

The mother died; and the father?—I do not know about the father, except that he never had the Faith, and when his child was still a helpless baby he gave her into the keeping of strangers; strangers who had no children of their own, and who took this one gladly, and kept her as a precious charge. Then fond eyes watched her grow in beauty, and gentle hands guided

her faltering baby-steps, and she learned to trust with a child's implicit trust the mother who was all to her, but who had never known the sweet privilege of motherhood.

She was to be brought up in her adopted parents' faith, and then I think her Angel must have wept again and covered his face with his wings, for he knew how her own mother's heart yearned over her, and how she prayed in Paradise that darkness and error might not always encompass her child.

The little one grew to be the light of her parents' eyes.

Oh, how we love these little children! How we take them in our arms, and hold them above our heads! How we exalt them in our hearts, and bow down most humbly before the royal grace of babyhood! And then, while we are still loving and exalting them, they grow out of their childhood, and often, too often, we forget that their hearts have not also grown, and we fail to show the love and tenderness they still need. In our mistaken zeal we crush the flower that blooms in their soul, and still we expect them to laugh and to cheer us on our way.

Her parents loved her, the child I tell you of, and, like other children, she learned to say her prayers at her mother's knee, nor did she yet begin to long for other prayers. Sitting in the solemn gloom of their church, opened only on Sunday, she did not yet long to kneel in the golden light of the Real Presence, nor did she know how some day she would look with wondering eyes up to the fretted arches of her own Cathedral aisles, and listen to the wonderful music that has come down through the ages.

How she first came to know about the Catholic Faith is hard to tell. Her parents dreaded that she might have inherited the "evil," as they called it, and Protestant servants were employed to take care of her. She was kept apart from all Catholic influences, and yet, so early that she herself cannot remember the time, the knowledge came to her and the wish to be a Catholic entered her childish heart. Perhaps it was her mother's prayer, or perhaps her Angel's tears.

All her dolls were "Catholic dolls." She looked with delighted wonder in the windows of Catholic shops where little prints and crucifixes are kept and, as she grew older, she studied with care the history of the Church, which in her heart she called her own. There seemed no special life-work before her. She was loved, petted, admired, and, because of her own gentleness, spoken to gently. She did not have to be generous, for there was no one with whom she had to share, and no real work for her little white hands to do, so she might be lazy to her heart's content. Occasional illnesses and natural delicacy of constitution made this seem right, and, except that her sweet presence brought pleasure with it, her life seemed no more useful than a flower's life might be. But the flower grew in her heart—the flower of Faith—and nothing seemed able to hurt it, neither bitter allusions nor prejudiced stories, and, surrounded as she was, she must have heard many of these. There was nothing seemingly strong or wonderful about her, but God gives His grace to the little and weak.

Some religious training; a fashionable education as a preparation for a worldly life; as much discipline as is needed to form a quiet manner, and to teach the

reserve necessary in society—this was all given to the little girl; and then she was considered ready for all that might come to her. And oh! so much comes in this life, so much temptation and sorrow! The child was happy enough, but still, though no one knew it, the desire for something greater and better filled her soul. It seems to me that most of us, who think at all, have this feeling, this desire. We cannot name or describe it, yet it comes to us in great waves that fairly flood our souls. A sunset, a thrush's song, or perhaps a little bit of blue sky, or a strain of music may inspire it. There is always some beauty about us to bring the deeper thought to our minds and perhaps the tears to our eyes. This child, now older grown, has often told me how the same thoughts come to her still, and how she stretches her arms out eagerly to grasp the goodness and the beauty that always seem just beyond them. It is so with all of us, only perhaps just at the times we want this goodness most, it is most within our grasp, and we do not know or understand the shining mystery.

Suffering comes to us all, no matter how bright the morning of life may be, and the time came before her sunny girlhood was quite over, when the child had to part with her second mother. Death came once again to take all that was most precious away from her, only the first time she was unconscious of her loss; and now she felt all its sting, its bitterness, and, in her loneliness and utter despair, there seemed no light, no consolation. There are many sorrows in this world. The pain of separation, or exile; the loss of a friend; or the misery of knowing that some one we love is misjudged; but, among them all, the pain of death is keen-

est, and the loss of a mother must stand by itself above all the griefs death brings.

This sorrow came with sudden force to a heart all unprepared; for now there was no one to lean on, and her father's grief seemed so great and awful that she could not intrude her own. She was very lonely, and during the first weeks of mourning wandered listless and subdued through the still house; but the everyday routine of studies had to be taken up again, and then she began to remember that there was some one else lonely and sad, who had to be comforted. Everything now was done to please her father; he was her first thought, and she became the idol of his heart, and, as the months grew into years, happiness came back to her. The wish to be a Catholic still lived in her heart, but there seemed no way for its accomplishment. She had no friends who could advise her on this subject, and she shrank from even mentioning to her father what she knew would give him greatest pain.

In the meantime she still hoped and waited, without any seeming reason for hope, and though nothing seemed gained by waiting.

Then the time came after a few more years, for her, the simple child, to become what the world calls a "success"; an attractive society woman who must certainly marry well. The days of study were turned into days of new pleasure. Beautiful gowns, amusement provided, many admirers, all that falls to the lot of fortunate girls in her station, all these things were hers, and she found in them plenty to delight her, nor did there seem one sorrow in her way. And all this time her Angel watched, and no one who loved or admired her could quite understand what it was that made the

clear light in her eyes, or the look of absolute purity on her young face. After a while she grew tired. One must have a very brave heart and tireless nerves to stand so much excitement, and besides even pleasure palls in time for all of us, and so it did for her.

Then a perfect longing to accomplish her great purpose entered her soul, and she carefully watched and prayed for her opportunity. It came strangely and unexpectedly in the midst of a brilliant season at a summer resort, where she was spending a few weeks. So does God hear our prayers, when it seems to us that He is not listening.

In a quiet corner of a hotel porch some one had left by chance a volume of Lacordaire's works, little knowing how eager eyes would watch for the owner's return, and eager hands long to turn the fluttering pages. To the watcher's surprise a friend of her own came and picked up the book, and then a timid question was asked in a low voice of half surprise:

"Are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, but why do you ask? Is it such a dreadful thing?"

"Oh, no! I am only glad, for I am one; I mean—I want to be one, too."

After this, long, earnest conversations took place, and often, in the early mornings, though tired from the revels of the nights before, the delighted questioner and her friend made their way to the little Catholic Church. What joy it must have been for the exiled child, exiled all her young life, to kneel at last in her Father's Presence! It seemed very natural to her to be there, as if she had so knelt and prayed all through the weary years.

Before her return to her home, many plans were made; first, to gain her father's consent, and then to visit a church or some near convent for instruction, and at last to be baptized in the Faith she loved. It all seemed so easy in her first excitement, for she had not quite considered all that such a step might mean. But when she came home again, and received her father's greeting, she began to fear the thought of causing his kind heart to grieve. And then commenced her worst struggle. Many converts know what dreadful suffering it is to break away from old traditions; to cut the cord bound with tender care about sweet associations and recollections; and, worst of all, to bear the angry look from eyes that have beamed with most affection on them. Through all of this her gift of Faith strengthened the poor girl's heart, and she could even bear her father's bitter words, and harder still to bear, his grieving and his tears.

She could not gain his consent. Argument was useless, pleading of no avail, but she learned from his lips that her own mother had been a Catholic, and how he had feared and dreaded the same thing for her, his child. He added that he could not bear such disgrace, reminded her of her duty to him, and said that, should she disobey him, he would cast her off, send her adrift in the world, and that she might support herself. To her, the tender, petted child, this threat was awful. What could she do? Where could she turn? And yet, give up her Faith? That was impossible!

So she waited longer, and it was a very weary waiting, but she trusted that her father might become used to the idea and in the end relent. She knew, however, that not only would her father grieve, but many rela-

tives whose opinion she valued, and the friends who praised her now would soon withdraw their praise. At last she found an opportunity of visiting a priest and telling her sad little story, and through him she learned to know the nuns at a convent near her home and, with infinite difficulty, went to them often enough to receive the necessary instruction for baptism.

It was harder now than ever, for she was ready and prepared to embrace the Faith, but the priest who instructed her would not baptize her without her father's consent, and that consent could not be gained, so she waited for another year. All the while she suffered, and he was so blind to her suffering, the father who had taken her, a little baby, into his heart and home, had given her all the wealth of his love, had made her his joy and pride, and now—now, because she wanted to follow the light of her conscience, he would cast her away from him. There was no longer the ready trust, the same sweet confidence between them, and this, too, was a source of suffering to the child. She could no longer bear it, and begged her instructor for the grace of baptism, and it was arranged that she should become a Catholic without her father's knowledge.

To her open, candid nature this was another trial. No thought of emotion had ever been hidden by her from her father, and it was hard to accomplish this, the greatest act of her life, without his consent or even his knowledge. She learned from him that she had been baptized in her own mother's faith; but it was not certain; she had no certificate, no proof, so the conditional baptism had to be given.

It was then at the height of the social season, and the much-sought-for social belle was gay with the very

gayest. How quickly and how impatiently her heart beat, as one long day drew to its close, and she was dressed with special care for a brilliant evening. Not because the color had deepened in her fair face; not because her gown fell in such graceful folds about her; not because she knew that admiring glances would follow her every movement, did her eyes so sparkle and shine. No, not for these things, but because, in just a little while, the great wish of her life would be fulfilled.

Not one of those who watched her knew why she was happier, gayer than usual; but her Angel knew, and he hovered very closely at her side through the long evening, and he heard her heart beat fast, as she drove through the lighted streets, not to her home, but to a certain chapel where the priest was waiting to perform for her the sacred rite.

Oh! how her mother must have joyed in Paradise, and her Angel sung in ecstasy, as she knelt, careless of her unsuitable attire, unconscious of anything but the thought that now, now she was free to follow her Faith, which she felt had been hers all through her life. Quietly in the early morning, she crept from her bed and down the long stairway through the darkened hall, where every half-drawn breath seemed to echo; and then, then at the early Mass, unnoticed and unseen, she made her First Communion.

You have followed her with me now till the great end has been accomplished. I will not ask you to watch her through a long year when, afraid of her father's anger and her friends' contempt, she faithfully practiced, unknown and with greatest difficulty, her dear religion. At the end of that time, another sacri-

fice was required of her, and I will not dwell long upon it, except to tell you that, in tears and sorrow of heart, she learned that a stranger had taken her place in her father's heart, that some one was coming to preside where her mother had presided—the mother whose memory for a thousand sweet reasons was dear to her.

Her father knew what a trial this would be and, when he asked his child to bear it bravely for his sake, she answered:

"Yes, Papa, if you will bear something bravely for mine."

And so, through bitterest sacrifice, the long-wished-for consent was gained.

Her trials are not yet over. She feels now like an outcast among her own, but the seed planted by her Angel in her heart has grown to a flower that shines on the darkness of her life with wonderful whiteness.

Will you pray for her, that temptation may leave her unhurt, and those she loves may share her Gift of Faith?

CXLI.—HER SONG.

"And I would sing," she said, "some wondrous thing,
To lift high souls to higher planes of thought,
And I would wear a crown of fame all wrought
With jewels, and the world would hear me sing."
And, while she spoke, the sunlight fell around,
And crowned her with its glory, and a bird
Filled the bright space with music, while she heard
And wondered, and was silent, as spell-bound.

Then cried she, "God!" she cried, "and must I sing
 While no one heedeth, even as but now
 This bird hath sung and asketh never word
Of praise?" Then from her heart, song, triumphing
 In joy, arose, loud, clear, and on each bough
The blossoms burst, and all the springtime heard.

MRS. SALLIE MARGARET O'MALLEY

is of Kentucky-Virginian ancestry and wife of Charles J. O'Malley, formerly connected with the "Poor Soul's Advocate," but at present editor of the "Angelus Magazine."

Though young, Mrs. O'Malley is reaching merited recognition through her contributions during several years past to "The Southern Bivouac," "The Round Table," "Fetter's Southern Magazine," "Wide-Awake," "Catholic Reading Circle Review," and other leading journals.

CXLII.—A JULY NIGHT.

(From Catholic Reading Circle Review.)

Like the cool in a desert well at noon,
In the deep heaven shines the frost-white summer moon;
And on burnt fields, sun-cracked, bound in with briars, drouth-made,
The weary toilers' aching feet, flame-touched have strayed,
Until, at night the waters falter drop by drop,
To emerald cups upheld in every field and glade.
At rest the friendless, tortured wanderer may stop
And cool his quivering lips against the chaliced dew.
Somewhere God's mercy opens breezy gates, and through
The scorching heat, the whirling day and brazen light,
The cooling peace of heaven fills all the July night.

CXLIII.—STORY OF A QUIET STREET.

One moves into a town and begins house-hunting. The houses are numerous, all desirable, all healthy locations, so say their biographical advertisers, and splendidly located as to neighbors.

Being of an ostentatious front and rearage, several localities displeased us, and finally, quite by chance, we stumbled into an ancient street, grass grown, bordered with old-fashioned gardens, fragrant with lilac odors, and gay with bright-colored early flowers.

"This is the place!" we exclaimed. "If only a house can be found empty."

After knocking several times at an ancient door overhung with vines, we caused a real old lady to appear: real, because she was of such appearance as ap-

pealed to our old-timey liking, so different from the ultra-fashionable old person of to-day. Her dark dress hung full over her ample hips, while about her neck was fastened a white embroidered collar, held by a miniature brooch, the size of a turnip. Her serene blue eyes looked at us inquiringly, while the half-closed door suggested to us her doubts of our respectability.

"We are house-hunting," we explained politely. "Can you tell us if this street has a house to let?"

"N-n-o-o," came the long-drawn answer, that said plain as could be that "no" meant "yes."

"The street is such a beautiful one, we so wished to find a vacant house," said Miss Mary, sadly.

"Folks object to it," said our old lady, opening the door sufficiently wide to admit her full width. "The streets need raisin', and the houses mostly need fixin' up, but in spring its rale purty."

"It's just lovely," I exclaimed. "Just smell those lilacs!"

"Do say! and you like laylocks! Some folks think their smell too heavy, but I allus liked them, color and all. Laylock used to be my special favorite when I wuz young for my dress goods. I wuz fair, you know, and it just suited me."

"I only regret one thing," answered the depressed Mary, "and that is that we can't find a house here."

The old lady adjusted her glasses and studied the tree-tops. "There's a house," she said slowly and impressively, "you could git,—but there's Lizbeth Roberts, 'n' I wouldn't have her a-askin' me 'bout you women for nothing. Jist come into my back yard; yes, right through." And the front door closed emphatically on the inquisitive stare of "Lizbeth Roberts."

"I thought you'd like to see my old laylocks, anyhow; 'n' here's some old cheers Jeems an' me went to housekeepin' on. You can break a bunch a-piece, but I don't like to break 'em. You see it's planted on my last baby's grave. This used to be our farm, this addition, but times bein' hard we sold all 'ceptin' this lot. When 't wuz a farm Ruth died, just two days old, an' we buried her right here. It was an orchard then, forty-seven years ago in June; and nex' spring I put the slips of laylock here, and here it is yet, allus tellin' me 'bout Ruth—allus whisperin' 'bout them days when Jeems 'n' me felt so young 'n' well, 'n' built so much on the futur'. Well, well!" and she sighed, cheerfully. "But this hain't a talkin' 'bout house-rentin'. I said there wuz a house, 'n' there is, but—I can't tell how desirable it may be. Ev'ry one that moves in moves out mighty quick, and of course, though I can't say what, there's somethin' wrong. It's been empty now 'bout since November. Mr. Armen owns it, but he lives at Crawfordsville, and Mr. Renfu tends to it for him."

"Have you no idea what is wrong, at all?" asked Mary.

"That's what I don't like to say," she answered, "'cause if you moved in you might say I heard so and so, and tell who told you, 'n' I p'intedly try to 'tend to my own business. But 'Lizbeth Roberts says it's all along of the family next house. Their name 's Johnson, 'n' the old man drinks awful, 'n' may be 's guilty of worse, I don't know. Anyhow, they're allus in trouble in the courts, an' of course they hain't nice for neighbors."

"Can't they be ousted, anyway?" I asked.

"Oh, they bought the place, years ago, an' a daughter, who's on the stage, keeps up the old lady, 'n' the rest live someway. They're a wild set, I 'spect, 'n' I don't want to know them any better."

"If you will promise us your good will and advice," said Mary sweetly, "I think we will try it awhile."

"Well, you do seem nice folks, 'n' are you married?" she queried.

"I am," I answered. "I am Margaret Reavis, and this is my sister, Mary Hinton. My husband, George Reavis, is the new superintendent at the Homing Mills——"

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "Jeems' nephew works at the mill, an' I heard him talkin' to Jeems 'bout Mr. Reavis. Me, me! why didn't you tell me?"

"If we get the house," I went on, "you must visit us and sustain us in our endeavor to be quiet. My sister is quite worked down, and we want a place where we will be free of fashionable appearance and can really rest."

"If you don't mind I'll put my sun bunnet on, an' we will go look at the house."

The wide yard was sweet and green, while flower-beds, tastefully arranged, promised healthy exercise. The old-fashioned house was not too large for us three, and over the cistern a gnarled plum-tree stretched its fragrant, white branches.

"When did I eat a plum right from the tree?" sighed Mary with vast content, "or see a winter onion bed!" And she pointed to the young onion-shoots in a square bed near the back fence.

"I don't know what George will say, but we must come here, I think."

"George!" exclaimed Mary. "He's always at the mill. Why should he care whether we have Pan or Pandora for our neighbor?"

Our old lady, meanwhile, was telling the history of all the houses, and prodding into the various out-houses with cautious zest. "I hain't set foot onto this yard for fifteen years, an' that wuz when old Grandma Armen died. Mr. Armen sold his household goods an' moved to Crawfordsville. I bought her cedar churn, 'n' I use it now. I said to Jeems, then, 'I guess I won't come round this path again, soon,' 'n' I didn't ever till this minute."

"Dear, dear!" she went on, after peeping in the kitchen window "things do change in a few years. This paper wuz right new, then, 'n' it's powerful ragged now."

"Now these neighbors," Mrs. Arthur our old lady, said, "allus stay at home. You won't see 'em once in a month. They're three sisters, all a gettin' grey and mighty cross, even for old maids. They do weavin' and some sewin', an' collect the rent of their farm. Altogether they're real comfortable, and don't bother nobody."

Mary was on in the distance swinging her parasol and sniffing the delicious air.

"Your sister's a right purty girl," said Mrs. Arthur. "It's a kind of shame to settle in this street, an' there hain't a single man worth noticin', from one side or t'other."

"Oh Mary!" I said, and then stopped, for the air was full of gossipy bees and birds, and I thought in time to listen.

"Now, Mr. Armen hain't married, but he don't come

down once in a year. He's a little old, but right nice mannered, but I allus told Jeems I'd live and die Hanner Arthur rather then marry an Armen, if I had to—they're that set in their ways. Yes; I'll turn across here, 'n' if you can stay in the house, I hope you will."

I caught up with Mary, and said: "This is a veritable Paradise."

"Not without its serpent," laughed my sister.

The hens were cackling loudly in the "old maids" chicken-house as we walked by. "What a sense of home this gives one," remarked Mary, "but I suppose for all its quiet quaintness the street has its tragedies. I wonder what is the matter with the Armen house, and if it is the neighbor?"

"Don't wonder—don't grow inquisitive, and we will be safe," I answered. "You are surely emulating 'Lizbeth Roberts.'" We laughed. "I like these odd characters," said Mary. "It seems to me much more according to God's plan to be home-like, bustling, busy and inquisitive, than coldly polished, conventionally uninterested and lazily luxurious."

George was pleased, if we were, "and the rent is next to nothing," he said with evident pleasure.

"It's only for three months anyway," explained Mary, paying her last regret to the fashionable world.

We were so busy for a week that our nights were as happy as those in which the cares that infest the day

> "Shall fold their tents like Arabs
> And as silently steal away."

Mary and I were swinging in our rocking chairs on the back porch.

"This is the tenth day," she said, "and not a whisper have I heard of any neighbor—not even Mrs. Ar-

thur. Not a blind on this side the dreadful Johnson house has been drawn. No ghost infests our back stairs, and nothing bothers but a poor rabbit who will eat off our sprouting peas."

"Wait," I said laconically and sleepily.

"Does a prophet exist with honor in his or her own house?" queried Mary. "Do you mean to insinuate that some dreadful catastrophe—"

And there she stopped, for a long, low wail came vibratingly around us. Where was it? We could not tell. Mary gazed at me with terror-spread eyes and white face, and I was shaking like a castanet.

"It's the cat," she whispered.

"The cat!" I cried, hoarsely. "There is no cat."

Again came the cry, broken at its height by a heavy thump, and though we shivered through the rest of the day, we were left undisturbed.

By the time George came, we had grown brave; had even resolved to say nothing to him, and were developing reasons for the noise that would have astonished all philosophical experts.

"Probably the wind blew the shutters slowly in and out, which would cause the shrieking as well as the bumping," Mary said with conviction.

"I think it can be explained," I answered, "but I wish it had not happened."

"So do I," she coincided.

Mary went to bed very late. "I wish I could lie down on the cot in your room, but that would start George to asking questions."

"I am afraid, too," I replied, "but we must be calm." I was just beginning to feel sleepy, when I felt convinced something awakened me. Had I heard a loud

noise? or what had happened to so quickly arouse me? I touched George.

"'Sh!" he merely breathed, and I heard the click, click of his revolver. At the same time I heard a match scratch, and the next instant our lamp was lit.

"I'll be dogged," exclaimed George. "I could have sworn I heard something to wake me up that way, and I felt sure that some one was after my pocketbook, or watch. You women chose such a conveniently lonely house just to please thieves. I've been expecting a visit from one every night. One of my men tells me the next door isn't occupied by the best-recommended people. Now I'm awake I'll see if Mary's all right."

He opened the door. "Mary!" he called, but had hardly uttered it before a wild plunge and rush landed Mary beside me, while George retreated ingloriously to the wall, where he stood with his pistol threatening the empty open door.

"Something woke me up, but I was afraid to get out of bed until George opened the door," explained Mary tremblingly.

George laughed. "What a brave set you women—we are," he corrected, and he strode across to the door, shutting and locking it. "You can sleep on the cot; and now, for heaven's sake, let us get to sleep again, for I can't stop for spooks."

And he did go to sleep, but Mary and I shivered until dawn, when we slept heavily, waking at eight after our cook, who slept away from the house, rang for us, as she declared, a hundred times.

A note on my pillow explained that as we were sleeping so well, and breakfast not on, "George" would take that meal down town.

"I am going over to ask Mrs. Arthur to come and spend the day as soon as I drink my coffee," said Mary.

"And I will help to cook an extra dish for dinner," I thoughtfully remarked, for I was afraid to be alone.

They came, in a little while, Mrs. Arthur cheerfully garrulous and Mary looking comparatively bright. "I have not told her a word," she whispered, "and don't you."

Our courage came up wonderfully, and Mrs. Arthur was encouraged to tell us her rambling family histories until the clock struck five. "Well, I swan!" she cried. "If I hain't stayed a whet, and Jeems is out in the country coverin' Lem Pritchett's barn, an' won't be home till plum dark an' I've got all the chores to do, even to bringin' the cow from the pastyur."

"Oh, don't go," urged Mary, "stay to tea."

"Sakes alive, honey, I couldn't possiblee. I hev got to hustle—" but she paused with her "bunnet" raised over her head as the low wail came sweeping in, clear and full, now muffled and choked.

"My!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "What animal's that?"

To my surprise Mary began laughing hysterically, ending in heavy sobbing, while good Mrs. Arthur seemed stupefied. I explained to her our situation as well as I could.

"Mercy on us!" she cried. "I wouldn't stay another night. If Jeems 'n' me wuzn't obleeged to be up an' a-doin' so early, we'd come over to-night an' stay, but ole folks can't lose sleep like young ones, and Jeems an' me's mighty parshal to our own bed."

We tried to persuade the cook to stay. "No, mum,"

she said decidedly. "I've got to git along home to my baby. I can't stay from home of nights."

We hung over our front gate until George came. The moon was just full and hung, beautifully golden, low in the eastern sky. The lilac's fragrance was about us, but we heard nothing, saw nothing, wished for nothing but George, so we could tell him our direful story.

George was more patient than we hoped.

"Now, I am going to tell you my plans," he said. "First, I don't have any use for spooks; second, I won't be fooled with. Now, I am going to put my overcoat on, and you women will wrap up, and we will stay out on the porch all night, for I mean to solve this mystery. Whatever I hear I shall investigate."

We were reinforced at eight o'clock by a gentleman whom George introduced as Mr. Merton, and whose business-like air of keeping quiet told me without any explanation that he was there for a purpose. Ten—eleven o'clock went by. Mary began to snore slightly and George was yawning dismally, when a loud scraping noise came raspingly through the air, and I saw the heavy shutter of our neighbor's house violently open, and a figure swing out over the casement, to be drawn back, while that long, low wail broke through the stillness.

"Come on," said Mr. Merton tersely, and in an instant they were, with us at their heels, climbing our neighbor's steps. It took several sharp knocks and calls to bring an old lady to the door. Mr. Merton explained his presence, politely enough, but firmly, and displayed his badge, while George, with his revolver, and us frightened women must have impressed her with our earnestness.

"I'm just tired of it all," and she began to cry pitifully. "Yes, I will—I will tell it," she exclaimed, as a young man, heavy but good-natured of face, entered the room. "You see, there wasn't a soul, but Martha, earning a cent, and William a-drinking his life away, and Bertrand reckless and always getting into trouble, and Robert not finding work because of Bertrand's bad name. We were just nearly starving, when Mr. Armen, who has known us a long time, came here and said, 'My father's old, and gone wrong in his head since mother died. I can't bear to put him in an asylum. When he's quiet he wants to come back to be near the old house. Every full moon he's pretty wild and needs care. Now, I will give you a good sum if you'll keep father here, and as I know how hard it is for Robert to find work, if he will take charge of father I will see you are both well paid.' "Mr. Armen's a good man," she continued, crying softly, "but it's made us a deal of trouble, for our neighbors got to accusing us of nearly everything. But we had to live, and we've just had to keep him. When I saw these ladies," she looked at us timidly, "I knew just how it would be. They think I am some terrible wicked thing, too, but it's all true. It's just old Mr. Armen. This is the full of the moon, and he screams and dashes against his shutter, which is next your house, until the fit is gone, and he staggers, falling about, until insensible."

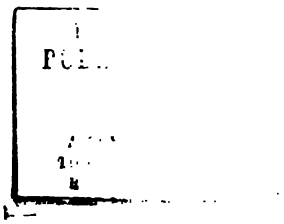
"This is true," said Robert, raising his solemn, sad eyes. "I'm glad mother's told, for now Mr. Armen will have to take him away. If I can't find work, I can starve," he added bitterly.

Need I say that our wraith was at rest, and the quiet street was still our quiet street? George found

work for Robert, who developed into a merry home-loving man, and Mary and I often visited the poor troubled mother and had her with us, much to Mrs. Arthur's discomfort, who insisted on taking 'Lizbeth's view and regarding her as uncanny.

"Them laylock seeds hain't ripened yet," she said one day. "An' you come when they wuz in full bloom, an' there's more happened in that time then I ever 'speerienced. Jeems an' me's been a-talkin' 'bout it. And Mr. Armen—old man Armen! Jist to think!"


Mrs. V. Ellen Burke
J. Gertrude Menard



MRS. B. ELLEN BURKE.

Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, née Burke, was born in Helena, a small hamlet in the northern part of New York State, January 31, 1848. At an early age she began teaching, and has followed the profession ever since, except a few years in her early married life. Her strongest work has been done in the schoolrooms with the children, in method work in normal schools, and in lecture halls addressing bodies of teachers upon educational topics. Her writings, prose and poetry, have been published in current periodicals. When friends have urged her to put her writings into book form she quotes for them a few words from a poem of her own:

"What matters who say the words,
If the thought they cage be sublime?
Better die unheard and unseen
Than live in a commonplace rhyme."

CXLIV.—THE ANGELUS.

In Gruchy, a quaint little hamlet in the Normandy country, in France, the people go out into their fields every day during the long summer months and till the ground and tend their flocks and think of the good God who is watching over them.

The maidens often sit on the hillsides and guard the sheep feeding on the tender grass, and, while the flocks are quietly eating, the watchers knit the long warm stockings for the brothers and sisters.

Peaceful, industrious, beautiful lives these simple people lead, striving from day to day to love more and more the good God, thinking, as they step from place to place about their daily tasks, that thus they will unite their steps with the ones our dear Lord took for them when traveling over the mountains and plains of Palestine, or up the weary, blood-stained road to Calvary.

Often the grandmother, guarding the children at home, checks the impatient words that spring to the lips of her charges by reminding them of the guardian Angels beside them.

Simple and quiet as are their lives, these people think many great and beautiful thoughts. Philosophers have wondered and wondered why we were put here on this earth, and they have studied the stars and the suns, and all the world to find an answer to this question. The peasant people of Normandy can tell the wise philosophers why we were created—these people are wiser than many of the philosophers—for they not

only believe that we were put here on earth to love and serve God so that, when we take the short journey from this world to the next, we can see and enjoy Him forever and ever, in Heaven. They believe this, and they live as if they believed it.

What grand simplicity! One beautiful thought is enough to lift the soul out of the valley—above the commonplace.

In this country lived a boy named Jean Francois Millet—a happy, thoughtful little lad. Often he watched the shepherds and farmers and peasant women at work at their tasks, and the pictures of the places and people, formed on his mind in childhood, remained with him during life.

His mother went daily out into the fields to work, and left him with his grandmother. Sometimes the mother would begin her task while the little one was asleep, and, after a time, the grandmother would go to the bedside and say, "Wake up, my little Francois, wake up. The birds have been singing praises to God for some time." Little Francois would open his eyes, and, as his grandmother had taught him, he would think first of God and say, "Oh, my God, I offer Thee all my thoughts, words and actions this day."

One of the joys of the little Millet's life was the sweet-toned bell that hung in the tower of the church at Gruchy. It seemed to speak words to him as its soft notes went sounding over the hills and valleys, when the old gray-haired sexton rung it morning, noon, and night to recall to people's minds the story of another little Boy who used to watch the blue skies and the floating clouds over the country of Galilee. The tones of the bell in the morning made the child Fran-

cois think of a garden in which was seated a beautiful, beautiful young Woman, and, kneeling before her an Angel. He knew the Angel had been sent from Heaven with the grandest message ever brought to earth. The Maiden seemed to listen and then to bow her head, and the leaves on the trees and the flowers in the garden, and the birds on the branches all seemed to bow and utter words of praise.

Over and over again the Child would repeat the words the Angel had said to the Maiden and her reply to the Angel.

The bell's tones brought to his mind another picture; a cottage in the mountains and his loved Maiden just nearing the door, a noble woman meeting her and tenderly, lovingly bending over the younger woman and saying, "Blessed art thou among women."

The stories the bell told him! As he grew older the worth and beauty of the bell's sweet stories grew nearer and dearer to him, when he often saw the toilers in the shops and fields stop their work, fold their hands, bow their heads, and repeat the beautiful, beautiful words said to the Maiden by the Angelic messenger, and the noble woman.

His love for his own dear bell increased when he learned that there were many bells in the world doing the same work; many pairs of hands pulling the bell-ropes on mountain and in valley, and away across the ocean in other lands—hands like the hands of his own old sexton ever willing, at the rising and the setting of the sun and at the noonday hour, to aid in reminding the world of the gospel story of "The Angelic Salutation." And the grandeur of the work the bells were doing grew and grew in the boy's mind and when

he became a man he longed to tell the world some of his thoughts.

The musical bells encircled the world until it seemed to him as if the very planets moved to their rhythm; and often and often he thought he could see their sound weaving golden threads into the lives of humanity.

At last his soul became so full of holy, prayerful thoughts that they found utterance in a grand picture. In the foreground two workers in a field, a meadow in the distance on the one side, and the spire of the village church on the other, over all a peaceful sky, and the mellow light of departing day. The time, the attitude of the toilers, the church, the whole picture tell us that the bell's sweet sounds are filling the air and that the people in towns and hamlets and peaceful country places are repeating the words the Angel said to Mary two thousand years ago. The bells take up the echoes of the message sent from Heaven and keep the grand Gospel-story alive in the hearts of the people.

As the man Millet stood before his own picture, he saw the setting sun tenderly kissing the earth, its last rays lingering lovingly on the heads of patient, prayerful toilers, the lines of light made more beautiful by the tones of the bells, and he heard the prayers of the world ascending to Heaven, and as voice after voice joined with the notes of the bells, the sounds grew sweeter and stronger until they filled the whole earth, and the world pulsated with musical waves, and the Angels' voices echoed the sounds and made one grand united harmony.

CXLV.—THE BEAUTIFUL BELLS OF THE WORLD.

The beautiful Bells of the world,
The working Bells!
Their music that's swelling and swelling,
A story tells
Of love alike for the strong and the faint;
Of tender love for the sinner and saint;
Of prayerful love for the great and the lowly,
Of a love divine, love deep and holy,
The working Bells.

At morn they call us to prayer
With music sweet;
In the busy hours of the day
The call repeat.
When the shadows fall and the day is done,
They sing adieu to the setting sun,
And tenderly greet the approach of night,
By lifting hearts to the Source of Light
With music sweet.

With zones of sound they girdle the earth.
Angelus Bells!
O the thoughts they bring, as they ring and ring,
The love that wells
In our hearts and souls when we hear their notes
And catch the music that floats and floats
Over the world to the heavens above,
Telling low and clear of a Saviour's love!
Angelus Bells.

CXLVI.—TREES.

Beautiful trees on the hillside,
 Touching the cloud-hills above,
Doing the work of the Master,
 Telling a story of love.
Swaying bright leaves of the forest,
 Restful and peaceful you seem;
Shaggy old trunks are now beauties
 Decked with soft garments of green.
Shading the ferns of the woodland,
 Kissing the flowers at your feet,
Guarding the vine climbing upward,
 Bending the brooklet to greet,
Making one spot in the wide world
 A haven of beauty and rest,
Whispering hope to the tired ones,
 Telling them God knoweth best.

The tiniest bud on your branches
 Repeats the great story of power,
Creation as old as the ages,
 Creation as new as the hour,
The breeze softly touching your garments
 Sings a sweet song heard above,
A wonderful, wonderful anthem
 Of wonderful, wonderful love.
You bring me a message from over
 The rivers of space and of time.
Carry my message to angels
 And ask them to read every line.
Tell them the letters are graven
 On a heart darkened with sin;
Ask them to aid me in cleansing
 The heart I offer to Him.

Now kneeling here in your shadow,
 Thinking of time fleeting fast,
Praying that I may be faithful,
 Hoping for Heaven at last,
I thank you, dear ones of the woodland,
 For wonderful lessons of love;
Beautiful trees on the hillside
 Touching the cloud-hills above.

CXLVII.—GRAND ISLAND IN THE NIAGARA RIVER.

What a vision of beauty unfolds to our eyes!
Above us the fairest and brightest of skies
With the blue in the east and the gold in the west,
And the halo around as the sun sinks to rest.
Beneath, the clear water rippling along,
Bearing to ocean its burden of song,
And, like a rare jewel shining so bright,
Lovely Grand Island appears to our sight.
Beautiful, peaceful the river is here,
Tender caresses for this island dear,
Soft, loving kisses for its pebbly beach,
Telling a story no language can reach.
Soon the same waters, now gliding along,
Will dash on the rocks and break into song;
The whole world will wonder and list to the story
The wild river tells of its strength and its glory!
Dear river, how little we know of your power
As we gaze at you here in this sweet twilight hour;
How little we know of your wonderful birth,
Of the Infinite Mind that placed you on earth!
We only can say, "If this world is so grand,
What a beautiful world is the Heavenly land!"

CXLVIII.—SALUTE TO OUR FLAG.

Our Flag! May your folds ever wave on the breeze
As an emblem of peace on lands and on seas.
A sign of our courage, the red of the dawn
Which flushes the sky at the day's early morn;
A symbol of loyalty, tender and true,
We take from the sky its own beautiful blue;
For purity, innocence, loyalty, right
We've chosen the color most fitting—pure white!
What a story you tell to countries and climes!
What a lesson you teach to ages and times!
In your stars and your bars the whole world may see
You stand for a nation, the home of the free!

We salute you, dear Flag, with your red and white bars,
May your union shine ever with glorious stars,
Your folds shelter freemen; as years roll along
May all nations and people learn liberty's song.
We promise you here that we'll always be true
And, if need be, we'll die for the "Red, White and Blue."

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

Miss Smith dates her ancestry to the earliest settlers on the banks of the Delaware, hence of Swedish origin. She is a convert from the High Church Episcopalian, and has contributed in prose and verse to the leading Catholic periodicals for some years. At present her time is devoted wholly and enthusiastically to Catholic literature, being engaged on the editorial staff of the "Catholic Standard and Times" of Philadelphia. She has as yet published no volume, but it is hoped her many poems and prose articles will yet be collected into a volume, or, that she will give to the world which she has labored so long to elevate, a literary souvenir in the form of a copious work.

CXLIX.—OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE.

Into the fields at eventide I bore my heavy heart;
From anxious love's all-kindly eyes I went to grieve apart;
My sorrow darkened noon and night, my days were filled with pain;
The singing of the brook was sad as leaden falling rain.

The golden dust of sunset rays streamed level on the grass;
The bramble blossoms, white and wet, dropped in the narrow pass;
A rounded slope of green hillside beyond the orchard rose—
So still, so sweet the waning day that breathed but of repose.

I looked into the northern sky's depths of azure calm:
Eastward, I saw the placid moon float up through mists of balm;
In the far southern heaven pulsed a star of purest light,
And westward, every glorious flame burned slowly into night.

With folded hands, I stood before the loveliness of earth,
And in my soul, too sad for prayer, a strange, deep peace had birth.
Home from the fields at eventide, I came with glowing heart,
For Love Divine had met me there and set my grief apart.

CL.—THE ARAB'S LESSON.

"Go forth, my son," Ben Ahmed said one day,
"To the fair gardens where the fountains play;
Take thou this basket, and return to me
With limpid water from the Golden Tree."
The boy went forth, light-hearted, light of tread,
Light borne the burden of his graceful head;
Went and returned, again; and yet once more
Stood empty-handed at the tent's low door.
"My father," cried he, "'tis in vain, in vain!
I would obey thee, but upon the plain
A fading shadow marks my path to thee,
Where the sweet waters dripped away from me.
Lost all my labor, wasted time and strength,
Whilst thy lone hours wear out their dreary length."

Ben Ahmed's visage brown, yet pale and old,
Beamed on his boy with wealth of love untold.
"Son of my age, not every hour is lost
Which bears no imprint of the pain it cost.
True is it that the water slipped away,
But mark the basket where your treasure lay!
Behold how clean, how fresh, how strong,
The withered bands and each long-woven thong!
Thus the good words men speak when thou art near,
Let them not fall unheeded on thine ear;
And though the meshes of thy memory fail
To bind and hold them when thy foes assail
With evil meaning, still thy heart shall be
Kept clean and pure, and happiness shall see.

For happiness, belovéd, is for those
Who count impurity among their foes."

Long since the Arab chieftain passed to Him
Whose light illumes the Hidden Wisdom dim.
The father's love, o'erreaching time and space,
Left us this message caught from lips of grace.

CLI.—THE GROWTH OF A BEAUTIFUL SOUL.

I have watched it for ten years from just that distance where the light falls clearest upon it. I have been moved in my noting of it neither by personal affection nor interest. It has simply and unconsciously ascended and expanded towards the Sun of Righteousness, while its tinting and its texture, its perfume and its dew-fall of charity have been the work of that divine radiance. It is the soul of a Child of Mary.

Ten years ago I was a visitor at a certain convent chapel. A convert, strange to Catholic life and to Catholics, I liked to go into that quiet holiness and think and wait and learn silently. I soon began to distinguish others who came on a like errand. Frequently I found there a very pretty woman, young, elegant, married, and evidently of high rank in the fashionable world. She used to glide noiselessly up the aisle, slip into one of the narrow benches, kneel for a few minutes in motionless prayer, tell her beads, and pass away again—unobtrusive, unobservant, yet so perfect in her every appointment, so at ease and so unclouded in her brilliant style, that she seemed to have nothing for

which to ask, and to take everything too unquestioningly for acknowledgment.

There was something charming to me in her serene, refined face, her grace of movement, her exquisite toilets; but I could not then quite reconcile the evidences of untrammeled wealth and luxury with her apparent devotion. Something of the narrow-mindedness of Protestantism clung to me, and I had not learned that it is indeed "the Spirit which quickeneth" even the dead forms and ceremonies of an outwardly worldly life. Even then I thought of her with admiration unpoisoned with censure. She always made me think pleasant thoughts.

After a time I, too, became a Child of Mary. Then we met constantly; for at every mass, at every benediction, at every retreat, at every meeting, she was there surely as the day came round. That acquaintance which arises from such association soon grew up between us. In her polished way she greeted me and parted with me; and if it so chanced we were near each other, we spoke together of the matters under discussion. I do not remember that I was ever introduced to her, or how long it was before I learned even her name, but it was some time. I lived out of the city and lacked that knowledge of prominent people's faces which comes unsought through eye and ear. Nor can I recall when it was that I first saw a change in her, but all at once it was there.

Her pleasant acquiescence in all the others did became cordial interest, and then intelligent and earnest activity. Now her name was among those who would visit the poor during the next month; now she was appointed to visit the prisoners; now she was mistress

of ceremonies. And such a mistress! Carrying into her beautiful duties all the grace and sweetness of her home manner; welcoming, winning, brightening with smiles, with such a cordial hand, with such a warmth of tone, such unconscious earnestness in the distribution of work, such pretty acknowledgment of its return! There was not the slightest affectation about her—not even the allowable affectation of doing her best to please everybody. It was simply feeling all kindness and affection for the Blessed Mother's children, and showing it gladly.

From that time she has not dropped out of the active circle. Whatever there is to do, she does it if she can, and whatever she does is beautifully done. Little by little—a word from this one, a word from that one—I have come to know that she has a busy life and far from an irresponsible one. She is the idolized wife of a prominent man; she is the mother of several sons now nearly grown, and of several little ones. Her children have all grown out of her arms, but not out of her heart nor her prayers. Simply, sweetly, steadily, she fulfils her many duties—entertains, sees to her house, suggests, sympathizes, smooths over rough places, helps to strengthen weak barriers against temptation, and cares for her own soul. At what a cost of never-failing effort and self-renunciation these things are done every woman among us knows. What one of us does, the rest of us should blush to leave undone; or, rather, to leave unstriven for against our separate odds.

As I have said, I have watched this living and growing soul for ten years. I met her this morning on the street, and, lightened at heart by her smile, I walked home thinking of the lessons she has taught me in many

ways. And first, in her beauty. Ten years have not marred it. She is changed, but not faded; a little paler and thinner, perhaps, but the soft eyes are so deepened and cleared, the curves of the beautiful mouth so much more tender and loving, the serenity of the smooth brow so unmistakably established, the whole countenance so purified and illumined by the fervent, holy soul within, that where one used to say "What a pretty creature!" now ten exclaim, "What a lovely woman!" Hers is now a beauty that shall never fade. The fire of life within her, "shining more and more unto the perfect day," shall consume all that is perishable, only to render radiant forever the truest beauty.

And, next, in her position. Where God placed her she has been faithful. Growth in holiness has not been growth away from what He gave her here; she has drawn closer and closer to Him, taking them with her. Loving and longing with her have wrought for His glory and their salvation. Self-denial and renunciation with her has never been at the expense of others. She still wears perfect toilettes, and they cost a great deal—at first. But they are bought with an eye to unobtrusiveness, and constant and exquisite care and neatness keep them fresh and dainty far longer than a casual glance reveals. I have learned that good people are needed in the fashionable world by our Lord, who has not renounced His kingdom there, and that as fair a soul may be robed in an imported toilette as in sackcloth and ashes.

This is not a very stirring history, is it? It has all been as simple and plain as the daily lives of most of us. But when I think of that sweet woman moving toward God through His world, just step by step; desiring,

hoping, believing that she goes as He wills; modest, matronly, filled with pure thoughts and tender charity for all His creatures, I think I surely must tell of it to some gentle life, and encourage the humble and loving to go onward in joyful hope. She has no thought of it; but only to pass her as I did this morning—only to meet her eyes and their smile of peace and good-will—is to waken in me the desire to be good and to do good for our blessed Lord's sake.

Is there surer proof of a soul's growth in beauty and heavenward?

MISS J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Miss Menard was born and has always resided in Woburn, Mass. Her father is a Canadian, and her mother a daughter of Erin. Her literary work began, in the poetic line, early, as, during her school days she contributed to Boston publications. Later she wrote prose stories and sketches and descriptive articles for numerous magazines and papers, and was connected with local periodicals for a short time. Frequent visits to Canada interested her in the picturesque country, in the descriptions of which have been her best work. She is still engaged in literary pursuits, and, being young, we may hope for much efficient work from her pen.

CLII.—THE BELLS OF STE. ANNE.

Now from their turret gray and old,
 Where call the swallows in the gloom,
The tender bells of eventide
 Float out across the night's perfume;
The music from their throbbing throats
 Stirs through the shadows like a flame,
And all the drowsing world grows glad
 With love for holy one they name.
"Ste. Anne!" their mellow voices cry:
"Ste. Anne!" "La bonne Ste. Anne!"
 "St. Anne!"

The far dim stretch of meadow grass
 Is all a-glimmer with the dew;
Its shining drops fall soft as tears
 When slips the evening zephyr through.
From out some mesh of soft brown blades,
 A last, late thrush pipes low and sweet,
And once again the faithful bells
 Their sacred melody repeat.
"Ste. Anne!" they murmur in reply:
"Ste. Anne!" "La bónne Ste. Anne!"
 "St. Anne!"

Along the river's winding length
 The tide is running fleet and white;
It drowns the reeds along the shore,
 And hides the sandy bar from sight;
Vague sadness freights the misty air;
 Night settles like a thing of woe;
And in their watch-tower high and still
 The bells are swaying soft and slow.
"Ste. Anne!"—the faint notes break and die:
"Ste. Anne!" "La bonne Ste. Anne!"
 "St. Anne!"

CLIII.—A CANADIAN MARKET DAY.

What an air of festivity, what a delightful bustle and confusion pervades that most interesting of Canadian cities, Montreal, on a pleasant Friday in midsummer! Friday is the market-day par excellence, and as soon as sunrise begins to crimson the great, gloomy mountain top, dozens upon dozens of quaint little charrettes, brought to the city by every in-coming ferry boat, go rattling cheerily through the quiet streets, bound for that Mecca of all thrifty Canadian farmers, the big, gray market of Bon Secours.

The charrette, light, two-wheeled, and therefore frolicsomely adaptable to any situation, takes the place of the cumbrous market wagon seen in New England, and one can easily understand the reason, who is familiar with the unpleasant peculiarities of Canadian country roads. The Canadian farmer in his native vehicle, however, scoffs at the cavernous ruts and multitudinous little log bridges that beset his way, and, his city load disposed of, whirls homeward as gaily as a ten-year-old boy in a new dog-cart, setting to the rattle of his wheels some favorite chanson such as:

"Par derrier chez ma tante
Lui y-a-t-un bois joli;
Le rosignol y chante
Et le jour et la nuit.
Gai lon la, gai le rosier
Du joli mois de mai."

No plodding two or four-horse teams for him, with their consequent temptation to melancholy meditation.

At sunrise on Friday then, the sturdy habitans, and their no less energetic wives, muster in full force in their dearly loved city, and that peaceful metropolis takes on with their arrival a charmingly Old World appearance, not to be duplicated in all the continent. The smaller shops put forth their gayest wares; the hotels in the neighborhood of the market show that animation which precedes the satisfying of many hungry guests; quaint looking vehicles crowd the streets; quaint looking costumes appear on the sidewalks; while over all, as the converging country folk meet and exchange their voluble greetings, is that Babel of shrill French which completes the foreign illusion.

Madame, as has been stated, is no less a person of business than her husband, and indeed, she appears even more conspicuously as a seller of the less unwieldy produce of the farm. Seated a-top her parti-colored load, and driving the loose-limbed young horse smartly, she is early in reaching the market, where, after choosing a stand as near as possible to its looming entrance pillars, she proceeds to back up the charrette, get out the bundle of feed for her animal, and then to arrange her merchandise in the manner best suited to beguile the would-be purchaser.

And what a wealth of material she has to work with, to be sure! and how artistically, either consciously or otherwise, she sets forth her country wares! An artist with truest eye for color effects could not improve upon her native cunning.

In the background, that is, just behind the single high seat, which is all this cart possesses, stands the

rough wicker cage containing the poultry—chickens, hens, ducks, a goose perhaps, and sometimes pigeons. A state of excitement, consequent upon the long ride, prevails here, and the air is filled with a chorus of disturbed clucking, hissing and cooing, that diminishes only with the sacrifice, at irregular intervals, of the carefully fatted prisoners.

In front of the cage, potatoes rise in a neat brown mound which forms a very effective setting for a bunch of golden carrots. A heap of purple-skinned onions is flanked by an equal quantity of snowy turnips; great glossy cabbages, whose leaves curl outward like the petals of a full-blown rose, have for neighbors a dozen or so ripe tomatoes; the yellow necks of summer squashes protrude from convenient corners; ears of green corn, peas, beans, cucumbers, beets, have each a carefully chosen space; while madame's own particular property—wedges of dripping honey, pats of butter covered with cool, green leaves, and a section of creamy cheese—rests high upon this vegetable bed in order that the connoisseur in such articles may have no difficulty in deciding at a glance as to their freshness and general excellence. Odd nooks and crannies are utilized for the display of bunches of sage, thyme, parsley and those other fragrant herbs, without which no Canadian soup or ragout is considered palatable. Such fruits as the farm may produce, and they are not numerous, stand well toward the front, which fact bespeaks the value in which they are held. The berries and eggs having exceeded perhaps the capacity of the cart are set upon the sidewalk, where may also repose a jar of cream and a pail of fresh buttermilk.

And last there are the flowers—those big, fragrant

bunches of sweet-peas, mignonette and nasturtiums, which are scattered everywhere over the homely merchandise, giving it a gala air quite in keeping with the spirit of the day and, better still, bringing refreshing glimpses of sweet old country gardens into the dusty city street. One rarely sees even the humblest display without these dainty accessories. The bouquets are arranged with all a florist's skill and neatness, and although, no doubt, primarily brought for the purpose of decoration, they are usually converted into shining silver pieces before the day is ended.

Such, briefly, are the principal articles which make up the stock-in-trade of that alert and loquacious saleswoman of Bon Secours; but although the principal, they are still not the only treasures she is capable of producing. There is usually, attached as a sort of fringe to the commodities just named, a selection of minor curiosities that the good people at home, mindful of the roving city eye, send as private ventures. The old grand-mere tucks in her latest-knit pair of enormously thick woolen stockings, August though it be. The children contribute a couple of carefully whittled wooden spoons or a bowl of the same material. Some one else adds a pair of quaintly made moccasins, a bunch of goose feathers to be used as a brush, a knitted night-cap, a worsted belt, and so on through a list that might be endless.

Everything indeed, that a Canadian farm produces (and what does it not produce?) appears here in sample, and the black-eyed proprietress is courtesy itself as a vender. Do you want a chicken for a fricassee? She displays her brood, expatiates upon the price and plumpness and, when you have chosen, draws the poor

bird from its retreat, thrusts her sharp knife into its neck, plucks it, binds it, and in a twinkling, indeed before you have had time to count out the required amount, hands you smilingly, one of those neat packages which fit so cosily into the bottom of a dainty market-basket. In no other place may one carry a fowl more unostentatiously than in Montreal. Lolling necks or stiffened legs protruding from the mouth of a vulgar paper bag are unknown horrors there. The bird is plucked all but the wings, which are allowed to retain their natural length of feathers; the neck is folded around and tucked under the left wing; the legs are doubled back against the breast; and the whole, tightly bound, forms a compact pink ball, that might almost be dropped into a coat pocket without inconvenience to the wearer. Small wonder that the sale of this edible is large, since its transportation entails so little discomfort.

Given over then, to the riotous display of good things of nature, and to the limitless hilarity of the owners thereof, is this historic corner of a historic city on the fifth day of every week.

Yet even here, where cheer of every kind abounds so lavishly, and where sun and sky and air contribute with equal joyousness to the perfecting of the scene, there creeps in a touch of pathos that cannot be overlooked by even the most casual observer.

All too often in that long line of charrettes which stretches entirely around the market and up and down the slope of Jacques Cartier Square, the loiterer chances upon a display of salable goods, so meagre, so pitiful in its details that he cannot but pause to marvel

at the capital with which one may claim the right to trade in this hospitable mart.

A pail of tiny red cherries, a bundle of dried roots and a strip or two of bark, some skeins of coarse gray yarn, a few eggs, and the inevitable supply of nosegays, make up perhaps, the entire contents of the shabby vehicle, beside which, with a patience unruffled by heat, or dust, or much fruitless bartering, sits the aged creature whose task it has been to get together this scanty hoard. She is poorly dressed even for the humble country woman; her brown and weather-beaten face is lined with a hundred wrinkles; her bent form and knotted hands betray long years of unbroken toil; yet her little black eyes still look out keenly upon the world, and one knows that very little of importance occurring here in the market-square can escape their alert gaze. Vigilance which is supposed to bring so many good things in its train, obviously rewards this watchful woman, and should the roots and the yarn and the eggs fail to find a purchaser, the material for many a lonely day's reflection and comment that may be stored away during these few hours in the heart of the busy city, is in itself of almost more value than dollars and cents. Decidedly Friday's excursion is not to be missed by even the humblest of traders.

As summer declines, so also diminishes in gorgeousness the spectacle about Bon Secours; and when winter finally closes in and the river is sealed up white and fast, and drifts of snow block the narrow streets, then begins the gloomiest period in the life of the market. The rattling charrettes give place to heavy sledges, and the piles of gay-colored vegetables to various dull

brown sacks whose sides bulge with the flour, peas, beans, and grains that have now their time for sale.

Madame, however, still appears upon the scene. She wears numberless warm petticoats, a huge coat, a fur bonnet and fur mittens, and thick stockings drawn over her boots, and her animation is consequently not quite so apparent. But think of the miles she has traveled across the windy ice-road of the St. Lawrence! What hardihood and courage does she not possess, and above all what a constitution! Her turkeys, killed but that morning, are as stiff as ramrods; her milk may be sold in squares; her butter needs no longer its leafy covering. A great blight seems to have fallen upon everything, except indeed the wearer of those layers of fur and homespun, and she refuses to be impressed by anything so intangible as temperature. Her mother, her grandmother, and a long line of female ancestors tucked their feet in straw and rode away over the snowy roads, and it has not occurred to this modern representative to depart from their ways. As long as the good people of Montreal continue to indulge in Sunday dinners, so long will she brave wind and ice and snow in order to supply the essentials for that feast.

But it is on the Bon Secours of July and August that the memory likes best to dwell. And who having once spent a Friday morning at that time of the year in the midst of this busy scene, can ever forget the picture?—the setting of gloomy, time-stained stone, the brilliant confusion of masses of luscious fruits and vegetables, the outer ring of primitive little carts, and beyond and surrounding all, the blue reaches of the mighty St. Lawrence.

A visit to this place awakes thrills of enthusiasm in the least domestic of souls and fills one with a single overwhelming desire—to seize a generous basket and to buy and buy and buy of those delicious green things, until the lid shall refuse to close upon its super-abundance.

